00052439

NOT TO BE ISSUED
OUT OF THE LIBRARY.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 26 July, 2016

POEMS,

AND

52439
ae

A TRAGEDY.

BY WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE,

TRANSLATOR OF THE LUCIAD, &c.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY A. PARIS, ROLLS BUILDINGS;

FOR EGERTON, CHARING CROSS; RICHARDSON, ROYAL EXCHANGE;
AND FLETCHER, OXFORD.

00052439

CONTENTS.

ANECDOTES OF MR. MICKLE, WITH LETTERS FROM LORD LYTTELTON, &c. . . . . Page i

POLLIO, AN ODE 1

SIR MARTYN 15

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS 95

KNOWLEDGE, AN ODE 113

HENGIST AND MEY 127

THE SORCERESS 141

ALMADA *HILL* 157

STANZAS ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY 199

SACRED TO THE HEIRS OF * * * * CASTLE 201

FRAGMENTS 202

STANZAS ON THE DEATH OF THE PRINCESS DOWAGER OF WALES 204

EPITAPH ON MR. MORTIMER 205

TO THE MEMORY OF COMMODORE JOHNSTONE 206

STANZAS ON MR. GARRICK 213

THE SIEGE OF MARSEILLES, A TRAGEDY 215

ANECDOTES

OF

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE,

IN WHICH ARE COMPRISED,

SEVERAL LETTERS FROM

THE LATE LORD LYTTELTON.

ANECDOTES

OF

WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE.

IN the hiſtory of a man whoſe early life was employed in trade, or in the mechanical branches of literature, and who finding neither his fortunes advanced, nor his feelings gratified by either of theſe occupations, afterwards devoted himſelf to the more congenial, tho' ſtill more precarious *purſuits of poetry*, little can be expected that will much intereſt or amuſe the world; but of him who has written ſo happy an imitation of *Spenſer*, as the Poem of Sir Martyn, and ſo beautifully transferred the Spirit of Camoens into our own language, every reader will wiſh to know ſomething.

MR. MICKLE'S family was very reſpectable. His father was a miniſter of the church of Scotland; at one period of his life reſided in London, frequently preached at Dr. Watts's meeting-houſe; and was one of the tranſlators of Bailey's Dictionary. In the year 1716, he was preſented to the living of Langholm *, in the ſouth of Scotland, by George

* The Parſonage houſe where he was born, is built on the ſame ſcite, and with the materials of an old caſtle, belonging to the Dean of the Knights Templars, and uſually called the *Waas (Walls)*; at this place the Wauchope and the Ewes join the Eſk, which forms that beautiful part of the country called Eſk Dale, thus depicted in a few introductory lines to a little Poem, printed in the year 1781, and written by the ingenious Mr. Telford, who was born in the ſame neighbourhood.

the First; and about the same time, married the daughter of Mr. Thomas Henderson, of Ploughlands, near Edinburgh, by whom he had seven children, and died in 1758.

William Julius Mickle, his third son, was born at Langholm; on Sunday, September 29, 1734: the early part of his education he received from his father, and was afterwards a pupil at the High School, Edinburgh. He often declared, that he was by no means attached to his books until the age of thirteen, when, accidentally meeting with *Spenser's Faery Queen*; struck with the beautiful imagery of that enchanting writer, he contracted a passion for poetry, and attempted to imitate his manner.

At the age of sixteen, he quitted school, and was employed to superintend the books of an aunt, whose husband had been a brewer, and who continued her husband's trade; and in October 1755, commenced business for himself. The event added another to the numberless instances which prove that the pursuits of poetry and trade are incompatible with each other; for though, from the extent of his dealings, he paid more duty to the excise, than any brewer in Edinburgh, he was unsuccessful. Much of his time was probably devoted to study, as he frequently declared, that before he was eighteen years old, he had written two Tragedies, and half an Epic Poem, all which he prudently consigned to the flames. Some of his early performances appeared in the Edinburgh Magazine, and some which are alluded to in the following letters, and were published separately, are not reprinted in this collection, for (as Mr. Mickle, at a later period of his life, seemed fully conscious), they are not worthy of their author.

In

Esk Dale, or the Dale by the River Esk, a country most beautifully Arcadian, lies about the centre of that district on the border of Scotland, which is thus described by Doctor Percy, in his Relics of Ancient Poetry: "*Most of the finest old Scotch songs have the scene laid within twenty miles of England, which is indeed all poetic ground; green hills, remains of woods, clear brooks. The pastoral scenes remain; of the rude chivalry of former ages, happily nothing remains but the ruins of the castles.*"

In the ſpring of 1763, he quitted Edinburgh, and came to London; but having a very exalted opinion of Lord Lyttelton, whoſe character was then high in the literary world, he, previous to his departure, ſent one of his juvenile Poems for his Lordſhip's opinion and criticiſm. The letter which accompanied it was, in a few months afterwards, anſwered in a very polite manner; and a correſpondence commenced between the Peer and the Poet, in which will be found many particulars of Mr. Mickle's purſuits and difficulties, from the time of his leaving Edinburgh, until he became corrector of the Clarendon preſs at Oxford. In his firſt letter he aſſumed the ſignature of William More.

LETTERS FROM MR. MICKLE TO LORD LYTTELTON.

"My Lord,

Nothing but *your Lordſhip's known character could have given* me the boldneſs thus *to trouble your Lordſhip*. Mr. Pope complains of being peſtered with poetaſters, and no doubt one who appears at the head of the *Belles Lettres*, as your Lordſhip does, muſt often be troubled with ſuch intruders. Yet though my fears would tell me I am to blame, I have ventured to add one more to the number; it is for a piece lately publiſhed by Becket. Providence, or Arandus and Emilec, which made its appearance under very diſadvantageous circumſtances; none to recommend it, and the author ſome hundred miles from London. The Critical Reviewers, among other things for and againſt it, have been pleaſed to ſay, "They conceive the greateſt hopes from this bud of genius," &c. The other Review ſnarls; but the opinion of your Lordſhip would determine the Author more than them all.

That the Piece is the work of a young man friendleſs and unknown; and that this comes in an abrupt manner, perhaps before ever you heard of ſuch a performance, will, with your Lordſhip, I hope, be no means of prejudice againſt it.

I am very ſenſible of many defects in it; but were another edition to have the honour of Lord Lyttelton's name at the head of a Dedication, I am hopeful that the pleaſure ſuch a thought would give me, would enable me to put it in a much better dreſs than it at preſent appears in; but if the ground-work be unworthy your Lordſhip's countenance, it cannot be worth any man's pains to cultivate ſo bad a ſoil.

No man can judge properly of his own productions; but there is a laudable ambition that ought to prompt one to try. That ambition, my Lord, and your own character, have occaſioned this intruſion; and theſe, though perhaps I am not ſo happy as to gain acceptance, will, I hope, at leaſt plead forgiveneſs to

MY LORD,

Your Lordſhip's

Unknown, yet moſt reſpectful ſervant,

WILLIAM MORE."

P. S. If it be not too much for me to deſire, your Lordſhip's anſwer, directed to be left at Seagoe's Coffee-houſe, Holborn, will infinitely oblige."

The above was written at Edinburgh, January 21, 1763, and tranſmitted to Mr. Mickle's brother in London, to be forwarded.

FROM LORD LYTTELTON.

"SIR, *Hagley Park, July 7, 1763.*

A great deal of various buſineſs, together with the illneſs of my ſon, prevented my reading your Poem till juſt before I left London; and I was ſo hurried then, that I could not give myſelf the pleaſure of ſeeing you, as I intended to do. I therefore write now to make amends for that omiſſion, and can truly aſſure you, that I think your genius in poetry deſerves to be cultivated; but would not adviſe the republiſhing of your Poem without conſiderable alterations. The dedicating it to me would be of no ſervice to you, as no body minds dedications; but it might be of ſome uſe to you, if next winter, on my return to town, you were to come and read it over with me, that we might diſcourſe together upon what I think its beauties and faults. In the mean while, let me exhort you to endeavour to acquire greater harmony of verſification; and to take care that your diction do not *loiter into proſe*, or become hard by new phraſes, or words unauthoriſed by the uſage of our good authors.

If my criticiſm can be of any ſervice to you, it will be a great pleaſure to,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

(Signed) LYTTELTON.

Direct to me at Hagley Park, near Stourbridge, Worceſterſhire."

FROM MR. MICKLE.

"My Lord,

The honour of a letter from your Lordſhip was more than I durſt promiſe myſelf, it is improper to ſay how agreeably I was ſurpriſed with your condeſcenſion.

I am extremely ſenſible of the juſtice of your remarks on my Piece; two thirds of it loiter in more than the diction, and the grandeur that the title requires is not attained, yet if ever a performance could plead excuſe for making its appearance in ſo unfiniſhed a manner, this has much to plead. It was written in ſickneſs, and ſent to town by piece meal—But why publiſh? Among many reaſons, I ſhall now only ſay *inexperience.*

The proſpect of an opportunity of hearing your Lordſhip's criticiſm on it affords me the greateſt pleaſure, and encourages me to hope that I ſhall yet be able to correct a performance that I never intended to own.

It was not, my *Lord, till after I had* reſolved, and re-reſolved, that I could bring myſelf to preſume to trouble your Lordſhip about a piece that I *then* ſaw had been ſent to preſs hurried and unfiniſhed, and as it was with the utmoſt diffidence I made the trial, I beg excuſe for having done it under the borrowed name of *More*, for I was very averſe to forfeit by its means, any opportunity I might afterwards find, of having your Lordſhip's advice on any other piece—A very ſingular honour and advantage, and of which I have been long ambitious.

Your Lordſhip's goodneſs has emboldened me to incloſe an Elegy—It was lately ſhewn to Mr. Dodſley, who offered to publiſh it in his next Annual Regiſter, if it be ſo happy as to gain your approbation; a line to the care of Mr. Lord, Printer in Dean-ſtreet, Fetter-lane, *London, would find me; begging* that your good nature would plead in excuſe for this preſumption,

My Lord,

I am, with the utmoſt reſpect,

Your Lordſhip's moſt obliged and moſt humble ſervant,

WILLIAM MICKLE."

FROM LORD LYTTELTON.

"SIR, *Hagley Park, July 15, 1763.*

I have read with the greateſt pleaſure the very beautiful Ode you did me the favour to ſend me. The correction of a few lines would make it as perfect as any thing of that kind in our language. When I have the pleaſure of ſeeing you, I will take the liberty of ſhewing you what I think are the faults, and will now only obſerve, that ſhort poems, ſuch as this, require the higheſt poliſh, and ought not to have one inelegant or unharmonious word. The praiſe which Ovid gives to Horace is what every writer of odes ſhould labour to attain.

"Et tenuit noſtras *numeroſus* Horatius aurés,
Dum canit Auſoniâ Carmina *culta* Lyrâ."

But the *Limo labor et mora* is as unpleaſant to our poets, as Horace complains it was to thoſe of his country, for which reaſon few of them have reached to his perfection. I hope, Sir, you will cultivate your genius with care, and pardon the freedom of this advice from,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

LYTTELTON."

I will bring your Ode to town with me at my return thither.

FROM MR. MICKLE.

"MY LORD,

The honour you are pleaſed to do my Ode cannot but give me the moſt ſenſible pleaſure. I can but ill expreſs the thanks I owe your good nature that prompts you to take notice of any thing of mine. No pains or delay in correcting can be other than the moſt pleaſant, when honoured with the direction of one of the firſt rank in letters. But as it far exceeds my power to give it the higheſt poliſh, it muſt be much indebted to your Lordſhip's advice and criticiſm, ere it merits a place in the claſs where your Lordſhip is willing it ſhould be ranked. That I may never loſe, but add, to any favourable impreſſion my Ode may have made on your Lordſhip, is the greateſt ambition of, &c.

W. M."

London, Aug. 1, 1763.

FROM MR. MICKLE.

"My Lord,

Quite unknown to any who might direct me, and unexperienced myſelf, I find myſelf much at a loſs whether or no I ſhould wait your Lordſhip's commands; but encouraged by your former goodneſs, I have preſumed to trouble your with this, and truſt to the ſame goodneſs to pardon my boldneſs.

The honour you did my Ode gives me reaſon to wiſh it were leſs faulty, and that it were publiſhed this winter, together with ſome other pieces, could they be ſo happy as to gain your approbation. As your Lordſhip talked of conſiderable alterations in the thing on Providence, I have, as yet, done nothing towards altering it till I ſhould have the pleaſure of availing myſelf of your Lordſhip's remarks.

Allow me, my Lord, to renew my acknowledgements for your former condeſcenſions to me, which, tho' I have not as yet mentioned to any one, I could wiſh were known to all; and permit me, my Lord, to ſay, that no one can exceed me in that reſpect and deference *with which I am, &c.*

Dean-ſtreet, Fetter-lane, W. M."
Dec. 5, 1763.

On Saturday, Jan. 28, 1764, the following note was ſent to Mr. Lord.

FROM LORD LYTTELTON.

"Lord Lyttelton preſents his compliments to Mr. Lord, and deſires, that if Mr. Mickle be ſtill in town, he would let him know that Lord L. would be glad to ſee him tomorrow morning, at eleven. Lord L. ſent to enquire for him at every houſe in Dean-ſtreet, from whence his laſt letter was dated, but could not find him."

Next morning, Mr. Mickle's brother waited on his Lordſhip with the following:

FROM MR. MICKLE.

"My Lord,

I am quite aſhamed of the inattention in my laſt that has occaſioned your Lordſhip the trouble of ſending to a wrong ſtreet for me; my fears told me I had given offence, and tho' I could not but regret it, did not know how to attone for it without becoming more troubleſome.

Being confined with an accident, my Brother Charles, by whoſe hand my firſt letter to your Lordſhip was written, waits on you with this.

Whatever ambition and keenneſs I may have to ſee any pieces of mine in any tolerable degree of eſteem, my inexperience and obſcurity give me juſt cauſe to be diffident of ever attaining it, though my pieces were much more perfect than I am capable of makng them. When I knew little of the matter I thought poetry was eaſily written; now I know otherwiſe; but were any thing of mine ſo happy as to ſhew any bud that might claim the indulgence of your Lordſhip's countenance, it would give me the greateſt happineſs, as it is an object worthy of deſiring. The two pieces I propoſe publiſhing along with the Ode you have ſeen, ſhall, in a few days, be ſubmitted to your Lordſhip's opinion; meanwhile, begging your excuſe for this and other liberties I have taken in writing to your Lordſhip. I am &c.

W. M."

FROM MR. MICKLE.

"My Lord,

I have again troubled you with a copy of the piece on Providence, with the corrections propoſed to your Lordſhip, and other alterations; yet though I have endeavoured to free it from the more glaring errors, there are ſeveral parts of it, of the propriety of which I cannot rely on my own judgment; among thoſe is the preſent introduction.

Tho' it were no excuſe to the public, yet I am hopeful that the provincial accentation of ſome words, *govern*, *event*, &c. will be allowed for ſome of the faults of the printed copy, and in this one I cannot be certain but that ſeveral of the ſame, and other blunders, may have eſcaped my attention. The names I am afraid are ſtill not right; however, were it otherwiſe paſſable, that, as ſoon altered, would give me little concern.

I ſhall not offend your Lordſhip with compliment; only allow me to ſay this for myſelf, that I am fully ſenſible of the neglect and contempt ſuch a crude piece muſt have met with from any, my Lord, who did not counterbalance the juſt ſeverity of criticiſm.

I am, &c.

Dean-ſtreet, Fetter-lane,
April 5, 1764.

W. M."

May 11, Mr. Mickle was ſent for by his Lordſhip, and next day waited on him.

FROM MR. MICKLE.

"My Lord,

According to your Lordſhip's appointment, I call'd on Saturday, May 26; as far as you had read of the piece on Providence, when I laſt had the honour to wait on you, I had written out anew, as corrected by your Lordſhip; and tho' I might have gone farther, and made ſeveral alterations; my diffidence and uncertainty prevented my proceeding with any degree of ſatisfaction. As it was from your Lordſhip's condeſcenſion in offering to read it over with me that I was encouraged to hope it might riſe above the exploded mediocrity, ſo it is only from the continuance of that condeſcenſion that I can hope it will do ſo; but however great my ambition may be of having it finiſhed under your Lordſhip's direction, my inexperience of ſuch an affair leaves me much at a loſs what to think of it. The unlucky miſtake that prevented my ſeeing your Lordſhip till the beginning of February, in a great meaſure defeated my hopes of getting it done during this winter, ſo as to be in readineſs by the beginning of the next; and ſtill gives me the uneaſineſs to ſuſpect that *my other views in life will not allow* me the time neceſſary to get *it finiſhed* in the manner propoſed by your Lordſhip. Your Lordſhip needs not to be told of the ſolicitude of a young Author, as he would rather be blameable were he without it; I hope that will plead ſome excuſe for this confeſſion of my anxiety. I have incloſed the Ode your Lordſhip bade me bring with me, and beg leave to acknowledge how much it is indebted to your Lordſhip's criticiſm. One that is ſo ſenſible of this, as I am, muſt regret even the ſmalleſt fear of loſing the advantage of that criticiſm on the piece that is already ſo much obliged to it. I beg leave to aſſure your Lordſhip, that on no account would I be willingly troubleſome, and that it is not without pain I have troubled you with this,

I am, &c.

Dean-ſtreet, Fetter-lane, W. M."
June 18, 1764.

FROM MR. MICKLE.

"My Lord,

Having lately altered the parts of the Ode which you was ſo good as to mark for correction, and being very deſirous that if poſſible it might be what your Lordſhip once pronounced ſome proper corrections would make it, I have again incloſed it for your peruſal.

On looking into the other piece I can ſee a great deal to alter and ſhorten. The examples I have had of the parts ſtruck out by your Lordſhip muſt be of the greateſt

advantage to me; but there are things relating to the plan of it of which I am both diffident and unresolved. As I can explain myself here, I am happy to take this opportunity to say what I could not so well when I had the honour to wait on you. What is called God's moral government of the world may be reduced to a few general classes, which may be represented each by a particular fable, and however contrary to common practice such fable, as was no way out of nature, seemed most proper to me, only heightening it by laying the scene in the east. In the speech of the Angel, which is particularly unfinished, I thought once to avail myself of the philosophy of Mr. Pope's ethics, but found his system, if I rightly understood it, not clearly compatible with the real miseries that human wisdom cannot forsee, nor human virtue prevent; and that there are such must be owned. That in the scale of being there *must* be such a rank as man in his present condition seems to want proof, and is much further than Mr. Locke goes, who only asserts the probability of a scale of gradation above us; nor, were it granted, is it a satisfactory method to solve the complaint of the sufferer. And though the argument drawn from man's blindness, and that hope is its own reward, may prove the duty of submission, it seems but ill fitted to beget a chearful resignation. I have mentioned these, my Lord, to shew what scheme I would wish for: One that owned there was sometimes "to virtue woe," though it affirmed,

"The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tear."

A scheme that considered the individual in the moral world in a manner analogous to what is said of every seed in the natural, that it contains a perfect plant in itself. I never intended to run into discussions, yet what the Angel asserts, and the shorter the better, must be consistent with, or tend to form some scheme. Doubtful and unsatisfied as to this part of the plan, and the propriety of some of the fables, it gives me great pleasure, my Lord, that by the notice you have taken of the piece, I am in some measure allowed to talk of the parts of it, of which your opinion would enable me to proceed with spirit and certainty; in which case I should hope it might be less faulty by the time your Lordship returns to town. I am much afraid that the Ode yet requires many touches. I am well enough apprised of the consequence of having, what some may think, but trifling errors corrected, for that *hæ nugæ seria ducent in mala*, is a truth I am thoroughly convinced of.

Were either the Ode, or the piece on Providence, to arrive at such maturity as to be thought by your Lordship not unworthy of being allowed the honour of an inscription, or the indulgence of your countenance; but your Lordship best knows, and I do not pretend to judge, only while, on the one hand, my fears and anxiety would tell me I

have little reaſon to expect ſuch a favour; on the other, I ſhould blame myſelf were I not to aſpire to it. To be ſuſpended on hope is but an unpleaſant ſituation of mind, and the *non poſſit emergere niſi occaſio*, &c. of Pliny, makes me often think I have been too raſh in an undertaking which, however ill ſuited to me, would now be ridiculous to drop.

I am, &c."

P. S. I have preſumed likewiſe to incloſe an Ode on the unfortunate Mary of Scotland, which I had once thoughts of publiſhing laſt winter. Politics are avoided in it, as it was no bias of that kind which made me chuſe her fate for a ſubject.

London, Auguſt 16, 1764.

FROM LORD LYTTELTON.

"SIR, *Hagley Park, Aug.* 28, 1767.

I SHOULD have ſooner returned the verſes you ſent me, if I had not been hindered by a great deal of company from conſidering them enough to give you my thoughts on the beauties or faults of them with the neceſſary ſtrickneſs of criticiſm. But having now read them over with a good deal of attention, I dare venture to aſſure you, that the firſt of the two Odes has all the merit that juſt ſentiment, fine poetical imagery, elegant diction, and harmonious numbers, can give to ſo trite a ſubject. There is alſo in ſome ſtanzas a ſublimity of thought and expreſſion which raiſes it above the ordinary pitch of mere deſcriptive poetry. Some few blemiſhes I have marked, and endeavoured to correct, but I could not ſatisfy myſelf with any correction I could make of this line, "The gentle ſtranger feebly buds and dies." Gentle is certainly an improper epithet applied to a vine, but I do not know how to mend it. I alſo diſlike the change of the tenſe in this ſtanza,

"Reſtor'd creation bright before them lay,
The parch'd up deſarts ſmile as Eden's plains," &c.

It ſhould be ſmil'd. *Quere.* Is not burning better than parch'd *up?* the *up* ſeems unpoetical.

As to the poem on the death of Mary, queen of Scots, I will not criticiſe any part of it, becauſe I wholly diſapprove the ſubject. Poetry ſhould not conſecrate what hiſtory muſt condemn; and it is as certain as hiſtory can render any fact, that (beſides her criminal amours with David Rizio and Bothwell), ſhe was an accomplice in the murder of the king, her huſband. Read Thuanus or Hume, (who have written her hiſtory more truly than Robertſon), and you will be inclined to pity, but not to praiſe her; nor

will Robertſon himſelf, though he ſhades her crimes as much as poſſible, give you ſuch an idea of her as to make you *think* her a *proper ſubject* for the encomiums of a writer who means to ſerve the cauſe of virtue, and not of party.

With regard to the plan of your Poem on Providence, I think what you propoſe is a far better ſolution of the difficulties that appear in the moral government of the world than Mr. Pope's. Whoever is miſerable will feel that his philoſophy is *vana & ficta*; but if he be virtuous, and reads the latter part of your firſt Ode, he will find *there* a real and effectual conſolation. You cannot, therefore, do better than to have recourſe to that Hope in your juſtification of Providence; any other, I am ſure, will prove inſufficient. The analogy between the *plant* contained *perfect* in the *ſeed*, and the *angel* in the *man*, I like extremely. St. Paul ſays, we ſhall go to the ſpirits of juſt men *made perfect*. All here is imperfect; but the tendency to perfection, and the capacity of attaining it, juſtify the Creator. Adieu.

Dear Sir, do not be diſcouraged at difficulties, but cultivate your fine genius, and employ it as you have begun, in the ſervice of virtue and religion. This will give you a crown far exceeding the poet's laurel, *unfading in the heavens!* I am with the moſt ſincere eſteem and regard,

SIR,

Your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

(Signed) LYTTELTON."

FROM MR. MICKLE.

"MY LORD,

THOUGH you have diſapproved of the Ode on the Queen of Scots, I muſt think myſelf very happy in having ſhewn it to your Lordſhip. Nothing was ever farther from my intentions than either to vindicate or deny her crimes; and if, while taken up with the ſubject, I have fallen into what might be looked on as endeavouring to give an amiable caſt to her vices, now, when your Lordſhip has been ſo good as to warn me of it, I can have no reluctance to ſuppreſs a piece that was merely à ſport of fancy. That Buchanan, Knox, and others, have ſometimes forgot the honour of the hiſtorian, and indulged the rancour of party, is pretty certain. This, with the greatneſs of her ſufferings (in ſome inſtances, beyond what the moſt crooked policy could demand), pleads ſomething in her favour; and it was this that miſled me to think of writing an Ode on her death, without ſufficiently weighing the propriety of the ſubject.

Your opinion and advice as to accounting for the difficulties that appear in the moral world gives me the greateſt happineſs. "The tendency to perfection, and the capacity of attaining it," throws new light on the ſolution, and is a ſentiment that ſhould be

particularly enforced. The *parched up* in the following ſtanza of the Ode was very bad; it was *ſandy* when you formerly ſaw it, which I diſliked—*burning* is the proper epithet. I am diffident of the alteration in the third line, but it removes the confuſion of the tenſes which you marked.

Reſtor'd creation bright before them lay,
The burning deſarts ſmil'd as Eden's plains;
Fearleſs the lamb friſk'd round the beaſt of prey;
The flow'ry mountains ſung Meſſiah reigns.

And in place of,

The *gentle ſtranger* feebly buds and dies.

Perhaps the ſhy exotic might do; but as I would fain retain the word ſtranger, I am hopeful a proper epithet may yet be got.

Though I am aſhamed, my Lord, to tax your patience any longer, I would fain take this opportunity to mention the plan of a Poem which I have long had ſome thoughts of, though I have *not written one line of it*, nor know when I ſhall. The ſubject of it, *if not the title*, to be, "*The Cave of Deiſm.*" Mr. Hume has aſſerted, that Mahometaniſm has been more ſalutary to the world than Chriſtianity. And thro' all his works there runs a moſt diſingenuous manner of blending Revelation with the fopperies and ſiniſter inventions of men; and in a variety of ſuch ludicrous dreſſes, he would expoſe Chriſtianity to the contempt of his reader. Yet in the midſt of ſuch an unfair and unmanly conduct, he pretends to be above prejudices, and to be an advocate for the natural right of mankind, freedom of thought. Such a conduct, with his ſhameleſs aſſertion, that *Polytheiſm* was the firſt religion of mankind; his malevolence at the Reformation; the nonſenſe he writes about miracles; together with ſuch like ſentiments from other infidel writers, would furniſh out a part and a character for the Keeper or Genius of the cave.—The deſcription of the gloomy cave itſelf, with the vices that take ſhelter in it.—The genius of Mahometaniſm, with the fineſt countries lying in ruins behind her:—That of Popery, and that of genuine Chriſtianity, introduced as perſonages with ſome proper action, might, I ſhould think, afford materials for a poem of five or ſix hundred lines, which would fall naturally enough into the manner of Spenſer. Begging your Lordſhip's excuſe for this.

I am, &c."

Sept. 8. 1764.

FROM MR. MICKLE.

"My Lord,

Having gone over the piece on Providence with ſome attention, I have again preſumed to leave it with your Lordſhip, fully ſenſible of the advantage of your Lordſhip's criticiſms, with which it has already been honoured, I would fain hope, that by the ſame indulgence it might, this ſeaſon, be got ready for the preſs.

I am very ſenſible that the fondneſs and ſolicitude of an adventurer in literature is often apt to betray him into ſome things that may appear ridiculous. Whatever of that kind may have been in the freedom with which I have talked of this, or any other ſubject of poetry, I beg that your candour would excuſe, as it is on the allowances I hope from it that I have ever adventured to lay any of my pieces before your Lordſhip.

Dec. 19, 1764. I am, &c."

FROM MR. MICKLE.

"My Lord,

Despairing of the piece on Providence, I have preſumed to incloſe an Ode to beg your opinion, if it could be made proper to appear this ſpring along with the one you have already approved.

As my anſwers to your Lordſhip's queſtions about the Eſſay on Providence, and what I propoſed by it, were indiſtinct, I beg leave to take this opportunity of explaining myſelf.

To preſent the few claſſes into which mankind are divided, and to point out the difference between the appearances and realities of their ſeveral conditions, is a ſubject that is not exhauſted; and to ſhew them in thoſe circumſtances that, to a curſory view, appear as incomptable with the direction of a benign providence, and afterwards to unravel them, yet ſtill ſtrictly adhering to veriſimilitude in the Fables, without which I conceive no explanation can be ſatisfactory, was the primary intention of my Eſſay; and tho' I have reaſon to be aſhamed of its languid execution, I would fain hope that, in this idea of it, it has ſomething different from any thing already publiſhed on the ſubject.

There is nothing more certain than that the miſerable often view their condition in a much worſe light than it deſerves, and the poſſibility of its amendment, which is juſtified by daily experience, is ſurely not an improper leſſon. Theſe, with the abſolute

neceſſity that a Poem of this kind ſhould end happily, were my reaſons for reſtoring the Bride, and which I would hope will have their weight againſt the objections to which this part of the conduct is liable.

THAT virtue is happy, and vice miſerable, is commonly ſaid; and indeed were that all that is to be ſaid, it were in vain to attempt a Poem on the ſubject; but the field is extenſive, and in ſome walks untraced. Neither is a good man in misfortunes happier than a vaillain in the ſame circumſtances, for the good principles of the one will, in ſeveral inſtances, imbitter his condition in a manner which the other is incapable of feelings; therefore, the ſolution muſt lie ſomewhat farther off than in the boaſted ſuperiority of virtue; but if ſuch ſolution leaves the mind unſatisfied, the performance is to no purpoſe. But your Lordſhip's former opinion of it ſtill inclines me to think it capable of this amendment. Were a happineſs of language attained, and the force of the arguments drawn from the preſent advantages of virtue from hope and immortality properly collected, it might do much. And tho' labour can do little, at leaſt it was always ſo with me, yet attention can ſurely do a great deal to ſome ſuch faults as your Lordſhip was ſo good as to point out to me, and which, however abſurd, carry at leaſt this excuſe along with them, that nothing but inattention could have eſcaped them, and of conſequence they preclude not the hopes of amendment; for, however great a fault inattention may be, it is ſtill leſs than incapacity. And if I am conſcious of cauſes for this inattention, and if in one piece I have gained your Lordſhip's ſuffrage to my numbers, it cannot be preſumption to hope that I may yet better a piece which, tho' it has been near two years in agitation, has not had the forenoons of two months beſtowed on it.

THE obſcurity of ſeveral parts, and ſome other faults of which I am now aware, I can with confidence promiſe to amend. The many liberties which I find in the beſt Engliſh poets, made me paſs ſeveral lines where I very well knew the harmony was not properly attended to. The ſame words variouſly accented by the beſt writers, and my own knowledge of that particular at preſent defective, have occaſioned the ſame fault in others, but which I would hope thus accounted for will not amount to a want of ear. But after all the dangers to which blank verſe is particularly liable,

——Sectantem Lævia nervi,
Deficiunt animique, profeſſus grandia turget.

And the difficulty of riſing to the perfect ſtandard your Lordſhip requires almoſt forbid me to hope, and indeed, unleſs

——In metii deſcendat judicis aures,

(And a Metices Tarpa is not found in every critic who either can, or will point out quid deceat quid non), I neither can, nor would have hoped.

THE motives to which publiſhing is commonly aſcribed I diſclaim; but there remains a *je ne ſçai quoi* of no ſmall weight, and beſt underſtood by thoſe who have felt it. Poetry, ſays Shenſtone, is the moſt flattering of all diſeaſes; and it is my unhappineſs to ſay I know the truth of it. An inclination that way is, in the trading world, eſteemed but an idle and unhappy turn of mind. I ſhould have no feelings were I not earneſt to wiſh that ſome value were ſtamped on mine. The bulk of mankind judge by hearſay, and are very willing to be pleaſed with what, without ſome value ſtamped on it, would to them appear ridiculous. That a poem which your Lordſhip even laſt day did not think preferable to mine, has met with the ſucceſs I ſhould in ome reſpects have been glad of, is ſome motive likewiſe; tho' by no means would I be underſtood as wiſhing to ſee any thing of mine publiſhed that failed of the character *Quæ digna legi ſint*; for, whatever ambition I may have had that ſome of my pieces might merit the public regard, without a bluſh I may ſay, the wiſh was ever as pure as ardent.

As to the queſtions your Lordſhip was ſo good as to aſk about myſelf: A ſituation that would allow me to cultivate the ſtudies to which nature has led my inclinations was all the happineſs I ever wiſhed for; but any weak attempt I have made has neither procured ſuch, nor left much hope of it doing ſo. To write for the bookſellers is what I never would do. To imagine the profits of the ſale of any thing I might write would do much, I never could yet; tho' I foreſaw difficulties enough to diſcourage me, an interval between my arrival at London and intention of going abroad afforded a ſort of opportunity to make an attempt, *quo me quoque poſſim tollere humo*, and which your Lordſhip has not thought ridiculous. Did my fortune enable me to do for myſelf in trade, I might expect ſome encouragement under Governor Johnſtone, of Weſt Florida, to whoſe family my father was related; but as any advantage of that kind is loſt to me, and as I prefer going abroad to any thing I could expect in a counting-houſe in London, I think I have reaſon to hope that Major James Johnſtone, brother to the Governor, will befriend me ſo far as to procure me, if in his power, ſome ſettlement in the Eaſt or Weſt Indies.

IT remains that I ſhould beg your Lordſhip's pardon for troubling you with a piece ſo unfiniſhed as the copy I laid before you, but my beſt apology muſt riſe from what your good-nature will ſuggeſt; and I have ſaid before, that I have been too raſh in an undertaking which was but ill ſuited to me.

WERE the incloſed Ode, and I hope the ſubject is popular, thought proper to appear, it would make, with the other, a large enough publication, which I would much

prefer to publiſhing the other ſingly in Mr. Dodſley's Regiſter. And tho' deſpairing of the Eſſay on Providence, yet prompted by the above mentioned reaſons, and urged no leſs by the deſire of retrieving the character you gave it, I ſtill deſign to go over it again while this ſpring affords me perhaps the laſt opportunity.

I am, &c."

March 16, 1765.

FROM MR. MICKLE.

" My Lord,

Prompted by the deſire which I formerly expreſſed of having an Ode to publiſh along with that which you have already approved, I have attempted the incloſed. That there may be ſeveral objections to it I am ſenſible, yet tho' it may be deficient in originality, and ſome other things your Lordſhip would require; if above mediocrity, it might be ſufficient to give me the ſatisfaction to think that my attempt in poetry had not been altogether in vain. And there are many poems above mediocrity which are maſter pieces; the beſt writers have many ſuch; and, if I remember right, Dr. Young, in his Eſſay on Compoſition, *reckons Mr. Dryden's* celebrated Ode the only original *of that great poet.*

Yet, however much I may wiſh that the incloſed may obtain your Lordſhip's approbation, I am fully ſenſible it is doing me the greateſt favour when your Lordſhip is ſo kind as to tell me when my pieces are improper to appear.

The reading it along with me is, I am afraid, too much trouble to your Lordſhip; if it has any merit to claim your attention, your opinion of it would add new value to your former condeſcenſions, and would do me the greateſt favour were any alterations pointed out which might fit it to appear while the ſeaſon yet remains for publication. It ſhall be called for in a few days.

* *

The good hopes, and the kindneſs you was pleaſed to expreſs when talking of my Eſſay on Providence, lay me under the greateſt obligations to your Lordſhip, and were I ſo happy as to finiſh it, muſt be of the greateſt advantage to it; and however little I may ſeem to your Lordſhip to have profited by your inſtructions, I may truly ſay, that my ideas of poetry are much altered ſince I have had the happineſs of your criticiſm.

I am, My Lord,
With the greateſt deference,
Your Lordſhip's very much obliged, &c. &c."

Dean-ſtreet, Fetter-lane,
April 9, 1765.

FROM MR. MICKLE.

" My Lord,

I was very happy to find the Ode which I laid laſt before your Lordſhip was not diſapproved. Some of the parts you marked I ſhall ſtrike out; in the others, I hope the corrections will be very eaſy. I ſhall urge no excuſe for its faults further than that it was the child of anxiety and diffidence, and I was unwilling to loſe time in correcting it fully till I might know your opinion of it. The note, or advertiſement your Lordſhip mentioned, will be very neceſſary. I was aware that the religion of the Druids was in many inſtances very different from what I have uſed; I therefore choſe an æra (the beginning of the reign of *Ninus*) when it is moſt probable, even ſetting the Bible aſide, that Polytheiſm had made but ſmall advances, notwithſtanding the aſſertion of ſome modern philoſophers, that ſuch was the firſt religion of mankind.

However ardently I may have wiſhed to have given an Ethic Poem that might have claſſed with the works of good authors, and which, from its being under your Lordſhip's direction, I flattered myſelf with the hopes of doing; however much, I ſay, I may have wiſhed for ſuch a thing, I can very chearfully reſign it when once it appears unattainable; but though I lay it aſide for the preſent, I hope that ſome period of my life will yet afford *Cette liberté et ce doux loiſir* (to uſe the words of a french writer), *ſi propre et ſi neceſſaire pour les productions de l'Eſprit*; in which caſe the advantages in point of philoſophy, which your Lordſhip has frequently ſaid I had over any others who had treated of the ſubject will, with me, outweigh the fear of removing the objections, for I am fully ſenſible of the conſequence of correctneſs, and ſhall never publiſh raſhly; and though my blunders have been moſtly of one kind, and I know what Horace ſays of him, *chorda qui ſemper oberrat eadem*, yet they were of that kind which few have avoided, and theſe have confeſſed that it was not without great pains and attention they did ſo.

Your Lordſhip has frequently aſked me ſome queſtions about my future intentions; however happy I might think myſelf, had I intereſt to procure a clerkſhip in ſome of the public offices, yet as ſuch is beyond my preſent expectation; my reſolves are to try my fortune abroad. Were it not too far preſuming, your Lordſhip's recommendation to *Jamaica* would lay me under the greateſt obligations; but if this is preſuming too far, there is one conſideration that will at leaſt acquit me, where your good nature is judge. To be ſelf intereſted, however diſagreeable, is

ſometimes ſo much one's duty, that no leſs than what ſort of member of ſociety we ſhall turn out, often depends upon it.

To a man that has any feeling it muſt afford very real ſatisfaction to think that if he has been ſo fooliſh as to make a languid attempt in poetry, he has nevertheleſs ſomething that he need not bluſh for before good judges. But as the bulk of mankind are not ſuch; in proportion as he would avoid being ridiculous, he muſt be earneſt to wiſh that ſome value were ſtamped upon it. The liberty to ſay in an inſcription, or note, to the firſt (or both) of the Odes, that the author eſteems it an honour to acknowledge they are indebted to your Lordſhip's peruſal. If it is too late for publication this ſeaſon (and I fear the time is loſt), it will nevertheleſs be a real ſatisfaction, if I have it in my power to leave ſuch orders for its publication next winter. Were your Lordſhip ſo good as to ſignify your pleaſure in a line to me, it would relieve me from ſuſpenſe, and greatly oblige.

ALLOW me, my Lord, before I cloſe this affair, once more to acknowledge my obligations to your Lordſhip's condeſcenſions and kindneſs, of which I ſhall always retain the moſt *grateful remembrance.*

I am, &c."

Dean-ſtreet.

FROM MR. MICKLE.

"MY LORD,

I ſhould be very inſenſible did not I feel the ſincereſt pleaſure in the farther proofs of your Lordſhip's regard which you was ſo good as to give me.

IN this I beg leave to ſupply what perhaps I may have left indiſtinct when I had the honour to wait on you.

IF a young man keeps his health (and I hope the chances are for me), with a few years diligence and good behaviour as a merchant's clerk, he has almoſt a certainty of bettering himſelf in the Weſt Indies much preferable to what he can expect if unconnected in London. The riſque of being cut off by the climate would no wiſe deter me from going to Jamaica, did it otherwiſe appear as the moſt proper ſtep I could take; in which caſe your Lordſhip's recommendation to Beckford or Fuller, and mentioning me to your Brother the Governor, would be every thing I could wiſh. But as your Lordſhip likewiſe mentioned the Eaſt Indies, and as next to a clerkſhip in ſome of the public offices at home, I ſhould prefer going thither, ſo I ſhould be very happy could any thing be done in it.

The Company have many reſident clerks, and various places to beſtow; and no doubt your intereſt with the Directors would do a great deal. Your Lordſhip's advice has always the greateſt weight with me, and if this be not contrary to it I ſhould have hopes of leaving England in the beginning of winter, with the next India fleet.

THE ſilly ambition of becoming rich, God knows, is very far from my heart; but there are cares and anxieties that in ſome circumſtances will ingroſs almoſt all one's attention; and to be above theſe is what one ought to deſire.

MR. JOHNSTONE, my couſin German, who was Capt. of Marines, of the Edinburgh Man of War, and is uncle to the Governor of Weſt Florida, has offered me letters to the Weſt Indies, where his ſhip was long ſtationed; and ſome time ago I wrote to Lady Kinnard, at Edinburgh, deſiring a letter to her Brother the ſaid Governor; ſhe returned for anſwer, ſhe was pretty ſure that any places he had to beſtow were diſpoſed of; but ſhe gave me a very kind letter to introduce me to her brother, Major Johnſtone, whoſe advice and recommendation, ſhe ſaid, would be of ſervice to me; but unluckily when I went to call on him, which was about Chriſtmas laſt, he was gone to reſide in Norfolk, ſo I have never ſeen him, and have hitherto delayed writing. He has a brother in the Eaſt Indies who has been very fortunate.

AFTER finding that I had not been able to give my Eſſay on Providence the proper finiſhing, I turned my thoughts to another Ode, that, with the firſt, might make a larger than a ſixpenny publication, which, in hopes of its gaining your Lordſhip's countenance, I deſigned to own to ſome of my friends, who knew nothing of my attempting to be a writer. An inclination for poetry often proceeds from a mere frothyneſs of mind, and I always felt ſomething that would never allow me to ſhew about my verſes.

WHAT your Lordſhip ſaid as to taking notice of my Odes does me the greateſt honour and favour, and particularly ſo, as it gives me the real ſatisfaction to think myſelf above the cenſure of thoſe who might otherwiſe condemn my giving my mind to poetry. I ſuppoſe your Lordſhip would not adviſe the publication of the Odes before winter, if ſo, I ſhall take care that your Lordſhip ſhall know when they are printed.

I AM unwilling, my Lord, to finiſh this letter without once more ſpeaking of the piece on Providence, and ſhall freely own that it was with ſome difficulty I brought my mind to give it up, though at the ſame time I condemned myſelf for

giving it in to your Lordſhip without having had it in my power to beſtow the attention and leiſure on it that ſuch an attempt would require; however, my deſires to give an Ethic Poem that may live are ſtill the ſame, though I now ſee that the *prematur in annum* is the beſt way to accompliſh theſe deſires. What your Lordſhip has ſaid of it will incline me ſtill to adhere to the ſubject. The diction and harmony I ſhall not ſo much deſpair of, as of attaining the happineſs that is required in leading the mind to aſſent in accounting for the particular events, in which I would propoſe the inſinuating force with which Thompſon cloſes his Winter, as a better model than Mr. Pope's exclamations, after giving an oddly ſupported ſyſtem of his own building.

BEGGING your Lordſhip's pardon for this, with the moſt grateful ſenſe of your Lordſhip's goodneſs.

I am, &c."

FROM LORD LYTTELTON.

"SIR,

IN anſwer to your laſt letter, I can only ſay that I have no acquaintance with any of the Eaſt India Directors, but if a recommendation to my brother will be of any ſervice to you, I will give it in the manner I mentioned. I have not been able to ſee either Beckford or Fuller; but it will be time enough to ſpeak to them ſometime next winter. As to your poetry, I muſt again repeat my advice, that you ſhould publiſh nothing in that way which is not very correct.

I am,

With great regard and eſteem,

Sir, your moſt faithful humble ſervant.

London, Monday. LYTTELTON."

FROM MR. MICKLE.

"MY LORD,

I BEG leave to acknowledge the receipt of your Lordſhip's of laſt Monday; what your Lordſhip ſays of Beckford and Fuller demands my ſincereſt gratitude; a recommendation to your Brother, in the terms you ſpoke of, muſt likewiſe be in itſelf of the greateſt advantage. On fuller information, there is only one conſideration that would make me prefer the Eaſt to the Weſt Indies, the returning to

England within two years; were I to go Purſer of an Eaſt India-man; but as that is not my choice, my intentions muſt ſettle on the Weſt, whither I ſhall go, as the beſt ſtep I can take, with all convenient ſpeed.

If I have ſaid any thing that is like talking careleſsly of correctneſs, I beg leave to add, that it was very far from my intentions. That the ſecond Ode may be as correct as the firſt I ſhall endeavour, and for which purpoſe your Lordſhip's uſual goodneſs in reading it ſome time before publication will add to the many obligations with which you have honoured,

My Lord, your Lordſhip's moſt reſpectful
And moſt obliged, &c. &c."

FROM MR. MICKLE.

" My Lord,

If the moſt earneſt wiſhes to make the incloſed Ode worthy of your approbation would avail, the many alterations I have made in it would not be in vain; but, however much I may wiſh it were claſſical, and my ambition to appear in the poetical world ſhall never ſtoop to leſs, my fears and inexperience will not allow me the proper certainty; but your Lordſhip's goodneſs in pointing out the faults to me makes me eſteem that character as attainable.

As there is no pleaſure more ſincere than that which flows from what reconciles a man to himſelf, ſo I confeſs, my Lord, that it gives me the ſincereſt ſatisfaction to think, that tho' I have been found unequal to one attempt in poetry, I have yet ſucceeded better in another.

As your Lordſhip has not diſapproved of the ſubject of the preſent Ode, there is time enough for what further corrections are needed between and November, about which time I hope my two Odes will be publiſhed.

Your Lordſhip's returning the incloſed to the care of Mr. Prince, Bookſeller in Oxford, will do the greateſt favour to,

My Lord, &c."

Oxford, Oct. 3, 1765.

The above Ode was returned by his Lordſhip marked in ſeveral places, on November 9, with the following wrote on the laſt leaf. " I think this Ode wants much correction. The worſt faults I have marked. Q. Will it anſwer the trouble of correcting?"

FROM MR. MICKLE.

"My Lord,

It was your Lordſhip's deſire that I ſhould acquaint you when I publiſhed my two Odes. That which ſometime ago received your Lordſhip's approbation, is to be publiſhed ſingly by Prince, at Oxford; and Payne, at the Mews-gate, London. As I am on the point of ſetting off for Carolina, the publication will be within a few weeks.

All your Lordſhip's letters to me are on the table before me; they certainly afford ſome apology for any over fondneſs I may have diſcovered in thinking my pieces would anſwer the trouble of correcting.

I am, My Lord,

Oxford, Nov. 23, 1765. Your Lordſhip's moſt reſpectful, humble ſervant.

W. MICKLE."

FROM LORD LYTTELTON.

"Sir, London, Nov. 26, 1765.

The Quære I made, whether the ode you ſent me to Oxford would anſwer the trouble of correcting, was confined to that alone.

In my laſt letter to my brother, the Governor of Jamaica, I recommended you to him for his favour and countenance, as a man of fine ſentiments, and good genius in poetry, if you ſhould come to that iſland while he continues there. Wherever you go I wiſh you health and happineſs, and am, with great regard,

Sir, your moſt obedient, humble ſervant,

LYTTELTON."

FROM MR. MICKLE.

"My Lord,

I would have ſooner acknowledged the favour of your Lordſhip's, but waited till I could incloſe my Ode; and now that it is publiſhed, allow me to repeat my regret that I had not the honour of owning how much it is indebted to your

many particulars here inſerted, I am enabled to deſcribe the manner in which the Dedication was received, and from his account it is extracted.

"That he might omit no prudential attentions to his future welfare, and with the hopes of reaping thoſe advantages which uſually attend ſo laborious a work, he applied to a perſon of great rank, with whom his family had been connected, for permiſſion to dedicate it to him. "The manner," ſays the author, "in which——— took the Engliſh Luſiad under his patronage infinitely enhanced the honour of his acceptance of the Dedication." The manner, as the author frequently told his friends, was, "by a very polite letter, written with his own hand." But let not indigent genius in future place too much expectation on the generoſity of patrons. After receiving a copy, for which an extraordinary price was paid for the binding, days, weeks, and months elapſed without the ſlighteſt notice. During this time, tho' the author *had too much ſpirit to* ſolicit or complain, it is to be feared that ſome of the miſery ſo feelingly deſcribed by Spenſer, fell to his lot."

"Full little knowſt thou that haſt not tried
What hell it is, in ſuing long to bide;
To loſe good days, that might be better ſpent;
To waſte long nights in penſive diſcontent;
To ſpeed to-day, to be put back to-morrow,
To feed on hope, to pine with fear and ſorrow;
To have the Princeſs' grace, yet want her peers;
To have the aſking, yet wait many years;
To fret thy ſoul with croſſes and with cares;
To eat thy heart through comfortleſs deſpairs;
To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
To ſpend, to give, to want, to be undone."

"At length, a gentleman of rank in the political world, a faſt and firm friend to the author, and who afterwards took him under his protection, and by that means afforded him the independence he latterly enjoyed, waited on the patron, and heard with the indignation and contempt it

deſerved, a declaration that the work was at that time unread, but had been repreſented not to have the merit it had been firſt ſaid to poſſeſs, and therefore *nothing could be then done* on the ſubject of his miſſion. This *paltry evaſion*, the ſolicitor declared he believed, aroſe from the *malicious inſinuations* of a certain perſon about the patron *, whoſe miſtakes had received

* I believe the perſon alluded to is Dr. Adam Smith, who was the profeſt admirer of Hume, to whom Mickle was a declared antagoniſt, and once intended to have written and publiſhed an Heroic Epiſtle from David Hume to Dr. Adam Smith (in which the Doctor and his noble pupil would have been rather harſhly treated.) Many of the verſes he at the time repeated to a particular friend, but the Poem was never compleated.

" Mr. Mickle's account of this interview, in a letter to a friend, dated Aug. 22, 1776, now lies before us, and we might probably do no diſſervice to the general intereſts of literature, were we to print it, as we once intended. But as we feel no ſatisfaction in contemplating human nature in a diſgraceful attitude, though the object of it deſerves no ſuch favour, we *ſuppreſs it*. We cannot, however, omit to ſuggeſt a doubt, where there is not ſome *ſmall* violation of moral rectitude in a great man accepting from an indigent one that compliment which is offered him under, at leaſt, an implied agreement to receive ſome acknowledgement in return for the honour done him. It ought not to be concealed, that when the ſecond edition of the Luſiad was publiſhed in 1778, Mickle was ſtrongly recommended by a friend to ſuppreſs the Dedication. His reſentment at the unworthy treatment he had received had by this time been converted into contempt, and with great magnanimity he refuſed. He ſeemed to think, that having once given the pſeudo-patron a chance of being known to poſterity, it would be wrong to deprive him of it. Whoever will read the Life of Camoens cannot avoid obſerving a ſtriking ſimilarity in the fortunes of the Author and his Tranſlator; and he will probably not be diſpleaſed at the concluding note of the Luſiad. " Similarity of condition, we *have already obſerved*, produced ſimilarity of complaint and ſentiment in Spenſer and Camoens. Each was *unworthily neglected by the Gothic grandees* of his age; yet both their names will live when the remembrance of the courtiers who ſpurned them ſhall ſink beneath their mountain tombs." Three beautiful ſtanzas from Phineas, Fletcher's Purple Iſland, on the memory of Spenſer, may alſo ſerve as an epitaph for Camoens. The unworthy neglect which was the lot of the Portugueſe bard but too well appropriates to him the elegy of Spenſer. And every reader of taſte who has peruſed the Luſiad will think of the Cardinal Henrico, and feel the indignation of theſe manly lines."—

Though the Luſiad had been before tranſlated into Engliſh verſe by Sir Richard Fanſhawe, the manner in which it was done gave but a faint idea of the beautiful original, which being written in a language ſo little cultivated by the muſes, that no other Epic Poem ever appeared in the Portugueſe, Mickle's publication came out under ſome peculiar diſadvantages. The writer was little known in this country, and of the Tranſlator's powers, the public at that time knew ſtill leſs. But Poetry ſo ſplendid, ſo ſpirited, ſo harmonious, could not remain unnoticed. One of our writers aſſerts, that, "If any Author has recovered the freedom of Dryden, without loſing the harmony or force of Pope, it is Mickle in ſome parts of his excellent tranſlation of the Luſiad. Mr. Hayley, in his epiſtle on Epic Poetry, having mentioned Camoens, thus addreſſes him:

"'Twas thine to blend the eagle and the dove,
At once the Bard of glory and of love,
Thy thankleſs country *heard thy varying lyre,*
To Petrach's ſoftneſs melt, and *ſwell to Homer's fire.*"

Doctor Johnſon told Mickle, that he once had the idea of tranſlating the Luſiad himſelf, and afterwards recommended it to Goldſmith, but was glad that it was now fallen into the hands of one ſo capable of doing juſtice to the original.

Mr. Thomas Warton, and many other gentlemen of the firſt literary character, frequently mentioned it in terms of the moſt decided approbation. Notwithſtanding all theſe circumſtances, and the ſubject being commercial, and therefore ſeeming ſo peculiarly calculated for Great Britain, this Poem has not yet attained the celebrity it merits. But the time muſt come when it will be univerſally read, and then it muſt be univerſally admired.

The deſcription of a Moonlight at Sea has been thought equal to Pope's celebrated lines, beginning with, "As when the Moon refulgent lamp of night, &c.

The reader may judge by comparing them.

"The moon full orb'd forſakes her wat'ry cave,
And lifts her lovely head above the wave;
The ſnowy ſplendors of her modeſt ray,
Stream o'er the liquid wave, and glittering play.
The maſts tall ſhadows tremble in the deep,
The peaceful winds an holy ſilence keep;
The watchman's carol echoed from the prows,
Alone, at times, diſturbs the calm repoſe."

During the time which Mr. Mickle employed in this tranſlation, he had no other means of ſubſiſtence than what he received as corrector of the Clarendon Preſs; and when he reſigned that ſituation, he had only the ſubſcriptions he received for the Luſiad to ſupport him. The difficulties that ſo narrow an income muſt occaſion may be more readily conceived than deſcribed. But his ardor was ſuperior to the depreſſion under which a *mean mind would have ſunk*, and when after five years unremitting attention he had completed this great work, thoſe friends who knew his circumſtances, advised him to conſider who would be the proper patron to whom he ought to dedicate ſuch a poem. I am aſſured by one who lived with him in habits of great intimacy, * that Mr. Mickle had repeated intimations from unqueſtionable authority, informing him, that to ſeveral perſons, then high in the India Department, it would be very acceptable; that by the dedication of ſuch a poem as the Luſiad they would think themſelves highly honoured; that he might depend on receiving a princely acknowledgement, and they therefore adviſed him to think of the moſt worthy. This counſel he was at firſt inclined to follow, but the advice of Commodore Johnſtone turned the ſcale, and it was dedicated to the Duke of B———h.

By the authority of another particular friend of Mr. Mickle's, to whoſe maſterly, tho' ſhort ſketch of his life, and Catalogue of his writings, I owe

* The Rev. Mr. Sim, formerly of St. Alban Hall, Oxford.

Lordſhip's criticiſm. I am ſenſible what it owes to you, and ſhall ever retain the moſt grateful remembrance of it.

THE deſire that one's writings may not be unworthy of the public may be ſtrong, yet, diſtinct from that fondneſs of them which is always ridiculous, ſuch deſire, my Lord, I confeſs, I once had of my ſecond Ode. Your Lordſhip was pleaſed with ſome parts of it when you read it with me, and I hoped that the other parts might be made equal to them; and were it not on the whole unworthy of further care, I could think no trouble loſt that would conform it (in any after period) to a taſte like your Lordſhip's; for I truſt that, when abroad, my poetry ſhall ſtill be my innocent amuſement.

YOUR Lordſhip's kindneſs in mentioning me to your brother lays me under the greateſt obligations. But as I would avoid the dangers attending an uncertainty, I ſome weeks ago accepted an offer of going as a merchant's clerk to Carolina.

I am, with the greateſt deference, my Lord,

Your Lordſhip's moſt obliged, and moſt humble ſervant,

WILLIAM MICKLE."

Oxford, Dec. 6. 1765.

Thus ended the correſpondence between the Poet and his firſt Patron; and though the only fruits of patronage he experienced were, the Peers correcting ſome of his early productions, and ſlightly countenancing him when he was little known in London, Mr. Mickle always ſpoke of Lord Lyttelton with a reſpect bordering upon reverence.

From ſome circumſtances with which the Compiler of theſe Anecdotes is unacquainted, he did not go to Carolina, but was employed as Corrector of the Clarendon Preſs in Oxford; a ſituation much more congenial to his taſte and talents than that of a merchant's clerk.

In the year 1765, he publiſhed "Pollio, an Elegiac Ode," written in 1762, on the death of his brother; and as this was the firſt poem which brought him into notice, it is placed firſt in this volume.

A poem in two cantos, intitled, "the Concubine," and written in the manner of Spenſer, he publiſhed in 1769; this, after going through two or three editions, was improved, and in 1777, republiſhed with the new name of Sir Martyn; the former title, as the Author acknowledges in his introduction, giving a very improper idea both of the ſubject and ſpirit of the poem. Among our numerous imitations of Spenſer, it will not be eaſy to point out one that will ſo well bear a compariſon with the original. In 1769, he produced a letter to Mr. Harwood, wherein ſome of the errors in ſupport of the *Arian Hereſy*, contained in his liberal tranſlation of the New Teſtament, are pointed out, and confuted. Mary, Queen of Scots, an Elegy; Hengiſt and Mey, a Ballad; and Knowledge, an Ode; were next year publiſhed in Pearche's Collection of Poems. The note inſerted at the concluſion of the Elegy on Mary, was intended to obviate the objections which Lord Lyttelton, in one of the foregoing letters, makes to Mr. Mickle's *defence of her character*.

In 1770, he publiſhed Voltaire in the Shades, or Dialogues on Deiſtical Controverſy; and about this period frequently wrote Eſſays, &c. for the Whitehall Evening Poſt.

Having at an early period of his life frequently read Caſtara's tranſlation of the Luſiad, he then firſt conceived the deſign of giving it in an Engliſh dreſs; and tho' various circumſtances retarded the project, he retained the idea, and for this purpoſe having firſt learned the Portugueſe language, he, in 1771, *publiſhed the firſt book as a ſpecimen of his powers*, and finding the manner in which that was performed approved by his friends, determined to devote his whole time to the completion of the work. That he might do this without interruption, he quitted his ſituation at Oxford, and went to reſide at a Farm-houſe, at Foreſt Hill, where he adhered to his plan with ſuch attention, that, in the year 1775, the tranſlation which had been printing, while he proceeded on it, was entirely finiſhed.

received a proper correction in the preface to the Lusiad. We know not how true this suggestion may be, though, admitting the fact, it hardly alters the case. But enough of patrician meanness!"

Mr. Mickle, in his introduction to the Lusiad, after enumerating the distrest situation in which Camoens was suffered to languish, concludes his remarks with some stanzas in the manner of Spenser, on the *Neglect of Poetry*, which are so beautifully pathetic, and at the same time so descriptive

"Witness our Colin *, whom tho' all the Graces
And all the Muses nurst; whose well-taught song
Parnassus' self and Glorian † embraces,
And all the learn'd and all the shepherds throng;
Yet all his hopes were crost, all suits deni'd;
Discourag'd, scorn'd, his writings vilified:
Poorly (poor man) he liv'd; poorly (poor man) he died.
And had not that great heart (whose honour'd ‡ head
Ah lies full low) pitied thy woe'ul plight,
There hadst thou lien unwept, unburied,
Unbles'd, nor grac'd with any common rite:
Yet shalt thou live, when thy great foe § shall sink
Beneath his mountain tombe, whose fame shall stink;
And time his blacker name shall blurre with blackest ink.
O let th' Iambic Muse revenge that wrong
Which cannot slumber in thy sheets of lead;
Let thy abused honour crie as long
As there be quills to write or eyes to read;
On his rank name let thine own votes be turn'd,
Oh may that man that hath the Muses scorn'd,
Alive, nor dead, be ever of a Muse adorn'd."

* Colin Clout. Spenser.
† Glorian. Elizabeth, in the Faerie Queen.
‡ The Earl of Essex.
§ Lord Burleigh.

tive of what we may naturally conceive were his own feelings on this occaſion, that I cannot reſiſt inſerting the introductory lines:

" Hence, vagrant Minſtrel, from my thriving farm,
Far hence—nor ween to ſhed thy poiſon here:
My hinds deſpiſe thy lyre's ignoble charm,
Seek in the ſluggard's bowers thy ill-earn'd cheer:
There, while thy idle chanting ſoothes their ear,
The noxious thiſtle choaks their ſickly corn;
Their apple-boughs, ungraff'd, ſour wildings bear,
And o'er the ill-fenc'd dales, with fleeces torn,
Unguarded from the fox their lambkins ſtray forlorn.

Such ruin withers the neglected ſoil,
When to the ſong the ill-ſtarr'd ſwain attends:
And well thy meed repays thy worthleſs toil:
Upon thy houſeleſs head pale Want deſcends
In bitter ſhower, and taunting Scorn ſtill rends,
And wakes thee trembling from thy golden dream:
In vetchy bed, or loathly dungeon ends
Thy idled life—What fitter may beſeem?
Who poiſons thus the fount, ſhould drink the poiſon'd ſtream.

And is it thus, the heart ſtung Minſtrel cry'd,
While indignation ſhook his ſilver'd head—
And is it thus the groſs-fed lordling's pride
And hind's baſe tongue the gentle bard upbraid?
And muſt the holy ſong be thus repaid
By ſun-baſkt ignorance, and churliſh ſcorn;
While liſtleſs drooping in the languid ſhade
Of cold neglect, the ſacred Bard muſt mourn,
Tho' in his hallow'd breaſt heaven's pureſt ardour burn?"

To return to Mr. Mickle—Notwithſtanding the approbation with which the public had crowned his Tranſlation, and the reſpectable name he had now attained in the literary world, it appears by the following letter that he was by no means happy. It was written to a Gentleman,

who warmly patroniſed, and very eſſentially ſerved him while he was at Oxford, and was accompanied with ſome propoſals for the publication of his Poems.

TO THOMAS CALDECOTT, ESQ.

" DEAR SIR, Foreſt Hill, Dec. 20, 1778.

I have herewith ſent you ſome of the propoſals I mentioned to you. I do not intend to advertiſe in the public papers, till the practicability of the ſcheme ſhall ſeem to be ſecured by the ſucceſs of the friends who are ſo obliging as to countenance it. I have, therefore, alſo ſent you ſome receipts, that no time may be loſt in attaining ſome certainty. I propoſe to prefix to her Elegy the beſt head of Mary of Scots (by Bartollozzi), which has ever been publiſhed. Mr. Crowe approved of this, and of one or two other ſubjects I have named: And I myſelf ſhall be previouſly ſatisfied with every deſign by Mortimer.

BESIDES the neceſſity which urges to this ſcheme, I am very deſirous of giving an edition of my works, on which I ſhall beſtow the utmoſt attention. Except on very popular and temporary ſubjects little or nothing is to be made of half crown publications, and this alſo inclines me to a Quarto Collection, which perhaps will be my final farewell to that blighted ſpot, (worſe than the moſt bleak mountains of Scotland), yclept Parnaſſus; for after this labour is finiſhed, if Governor J——— cannot, or does not help me to a little independence, I will certainly bid adieu to Europe, to unhappy ſuſpence, and perhaps alſo to the chagrin of ſoul which I feel to accompany it.

I am, &c.

" W. M."

Previous to the publication of the Luſiad, Mr. Mickle had been tempted to try his powers in a walk which, when ſucceſsful, has generally proved the moſt profitable ſpecies of compoſition. Adopting therefore a ſtory from the French hiſtory, during the reign of Francis the Firſt, he formed it into a Tragedy, which he called the Siege of Marſeilles. This, with ſome recommendations from his literary friends, was tranſmitted to Mr. Garrick. Whether the manager thought the work wanted ſtage effect, or that the Author's talents were not adapted to the theatre, or whatever other motive he might have, certain it is, that the Tragedy was rejected. He

acknowledged, in a letter to a friend, that it contained many beautiful paſſages; but he added, that fine writing was not of itſelf ſufficient to conſtitute a drama fit for public exhibition. Governor Johnſtone, unwilling that the labour he beſtowed on this work ſhould be entirely loſt, ſolicited the aid of the Author of Douglas to make ſome alterations. This was complied with, and the piece after being inſpected by Mr. Thomas Warton, was a ſecond time ſubmitted to the Manager, and a ſecond time rejected. This naturally excited his reſentment; he determined to print the Tragedy, begun it, and ſent the firſt ſheet to Mr. Garrick. The motives which led him to the firſt, appear in the introduction; what induced him to the later, he has deſcribed in the following letter to a friend.

TO J. HOOLE, ESQ.

" DEAR SIR,

I *have juſt received a letter from Mr. Ballantyne,* wherein he acquaints me that you ſeemed ſorry that Mr. Garrick had ſeen a proof ſheet of the preface to my Play. Mr. B. alſo expreſſed his ſurpriſe how he ſhould have obtained it, and ſuppoſed that ſome perſon who wiſhed me ill had ſent it, that he might be prepared to prejudice the public againſt me.

The truth is, I ſent it to him in a blank cover. Let him be prepared as he will. Half a year ago I declared my reſolution to my friend Mr. Boſwell. He wrote me two earneſt diſſuaſive letters; but in vain. I have maturely conſidered every circumſtance; I have paſt the Rubicon, and I will proceed. In a letter to Mr. Boſwell, ſent off only three days ago, I told him, that I ſhould look upon any farther diſſuaſive as thus, in plain *Engliſh*, " What, do you think the public will mind ſuch a ſcribbler as you? No; my friend, take my advice, fold your hands together, ſubmit to the infallibility of Mr. Garrick, and ſtarve." I have alſo cited the ſame ſentence in a letter now on the table to Governor Johnſtone.

I have paſſed the Rubicon, I ſay, but I am not a Kenrick. No friend ſhall bluſh for me. I know what I owe to them, and to myſelf. If I am poſſeſſed of any ſatirical abilities, Mr. G. ſhall feel them. I have planned a new Dunciad of which he is hero. As ſoon as I finiſh the Luſiad I will ſet about it. If you think proper you may mention this in any company.

I have incloſed part of the proof ſheet, wherein I cite Voltaire as cited in your preface to Taſſo, which is different, as I ſaid before, from Voltaire's pamphlet. May I beg to hear from you in about a week, till which time I will delay the preſs. I beg my compliments to Mrs. Hoole, &c.

I am, dear Sir,
Your moſt obedient humble ſervant,
W. J. MICKLE."

Foreſt Hill,
Nov. 15, 1773.

He was, after this, adviſed to try its fate on the Edinburgh theatre, but Governor Johnſtone thinking it might interfere with the completion of the Luſiad, recommended him to lay it entirely aſide until the Tranſlation was finiſhed. To this he conſented, and when the Luſiad was finiſhed, another friend recommended him to reviſe the play, and offer it to Mr. Harris. This was accordingly done, but here alſo it was rejected. After this Mr. Mickle relinquiſhed all expectations of advantage from the theatre, tho' he afterwards permitted a perſon to ſhew this unfortunate play to Mr. Sheridan, and here it had the ſame ſucceſs as with the other managers. Had he lived, he always declared his intention of printing it in the collection of his works.

The applauſe of the public followed the publication of the Luſiad in ſo high a degree, as ſoon to baniſh from his mind theſe momentary mortifications. The firſt edition was ſoon ſold, and he immediately prepared a ſecond edition with improvements, and in June 1778, it was publiſhed. For this Mr. Mortimer preſented him with an etching; and on the death of that excellent artiſt, and moſt valuable man, Mr. Mickle wrote the Epitaph inſerted in this volume. The *Sorcereſs*, (ſee p. 141.) was written at the requeſt of a friend who poſſeſſed Mr. Mortimer's picture of *The Incantation*, as a ſtory to the painting. From this picture Dixon engraved a very fine print.

In the year 1779, he publiſhed a pamphlet, in quarto, entitled, "A candid Examination of the Reaſons for depriving the Eaſt India Company of its Charter," contained in the hiſtory and management of the Eaſt India Company, from its commencement to the preſent time; together with ſtrictures on ſome of the ſelf contradictions, and hiſtorical errors of Dr.

Adam Smith, in his reaſons for the abolition of the ſaid Company. At this time ſome of his friends had it in contemplation to recommend him to the notice of his ſovereign as worthy of a penſion. The Biſhop of London, Doctor Lowth, from a knowledge of his virtues and talents, more than once intimated his readineſs to give him ordination, with a promiſe of ſome proviſion in the church; but this mode of life was not agreeable to Mr. Mickle's diſpoſition.

At this period he was meditating to publiſh a Collection of all his Poems by ſubſcription, in which, from the exertions of his friends, he had great reaſon to hope for ſucceſs; but at this, more than any former period, fortune ſmiled. His real friend and patron Governor Johnſtone, was, in the month of May, appointed to the command of the Romney man of war, and he immediately offered to appoint Mr. Mickle his ſecretary, in order that he might partake of any good fortune which might attend the cruize *. The *offer Mr. Mickle* accepted, and fulfilled his appointment during the remainder of the year. In November, he arrived at Liſbon, and was named, by his friend and patron, an agent for the prizes which were taken. At this place he was conſidered as the Tranſlator of the Luſiad from Camoens, and received with the moſt flattering marks of attention; here, and in the neigbourhood, he remained for more than ſix months. During his ſtay he compoſed the Poem, called Almada Hill, publiſhed in 1761, and collected ſome particulars concerning the hiſtory, manners, and cuſtoms of the Portugueſe, which he never arranged. The Royal Academy of Liſbon being opened while he was at Liſbon, Mr. Mickle was preſent at the ceremony of its commencement, and had the honour to be admitted a member, under the Preſidency of one of the moſt illuſtrious characters of the age, Prince Don John of *Braganza*, Duke of *Lafoens*. On his return to England, it was thought neceſſary

* So ſtrict was his regard to the engagements he had previouſly made with his friends, from whom he had received a few ſubſcriptions for his volume of poems, that it was found a very difficult taſk to perſuade him to accept this offer. It was at length ſuggeſted to him, that a new ſituation would open a new ſcene, which would enable him to add what might render his volume ſtill more acceptable to his ſubſcribers. Under this impreſſion he engaged, and to this circumſtance we owe *Almada Hill*.

that he ſhould ſtay in London to attend the proceedings in the courts of law reſpecting the condemnation of ſome prizes; and he did not therefore accompany the Commodore during his laſt expedition, nor did he go any more to ſea.

In 1782, he publiſhed a little pamphlet, entitled, "The Prophecy of Queen Emma, an ancient Ballad lately diſcovered, written by Johannes Turgottus, Prior of Durham, in the reign of William Rufus; to which is added, by the Editor, an account of the diſcovery, and hints towards a vindication of the authenticity of the poems of Oſſian and Rowley." In this tract there is a vein of tolerable irony.

The following elegant little ſtanzas were built on an incident, ſomewhat ſimilar to that which he has made the ground work of his Poem, entitled Sir Martyn, and may be conſidered as a miniature picture of the conſequences of diſſipation.

An inſcription on an Obeliſk at Langford, in Wilts, the ſeat of the Earl of Radnor, commemorating the unfortunate fate of Mr. Servinton, who was formerly in poſſeſſion of that eſtate.

"While o'er theſe lawns thine eye delighted ſtrays,
Allow a pauſe to hear the tale of woe;
Here ſtood the parent Elm in elder days,
Here o'er its Lord ſlow wav'd the wither'd bough
While pale and cold his famiſh'd cheek full low,
On the rude turf in death's laſt ſwooning lay.

E'en now methinks his anguiſh'd look I ſee,
As by the menials taunted from the door
Fainting he wander'd—then beneath the tree
Sunk down—ſweet heaven what pangs his boſom tore,
When o'er yon lordly dome, his own no more,
He roll'd his dying eyes.—Ah! what compare
To this the leſſons taught of ſages hoar?
By his mad revels, by the gilded ſnare,
By all thy hopes of joy, *oh fortune's child* BEWARE!

W. J. M."

He was once requeſted to tranſlate an Epithalamium, written in Hebrew by Abram Depas, on the marriage of Jacob Franco Eſq. to Miſs Abigail D'Aguilar, daughter of the late Baron D'Aguilar.

I.

The voice of joy this happy *day* demands;
Reſound the ſong, and in our God confide:
Beneath his canopy the bridegroom ſtands,
In all her beauty ſhines the lovely bride.
O may their joys ſtill bloſſom, ever new,
Fair as a garden to the raviſh'd view!

II.

Rejoice, O youth, and if thy thoughts aſpire,
To heaven's pure bliſs, the ſacred law revere;
The ſtranger's wants, the needy ſoul's deſire
Supply, and humbly with thy neighbour bear:
So ſhall thy father's grateful heart rejoice,
And thy fair deeds inſpire thy people's voice.

III.

Sing from your bowers ye daughters of the ſong,
Behold the bride with ſtar-like glory ſhine;
May each ſucceeding day ſtill glide along
Fair as the firſt, begirt with grace divine:
Far from her tent may care and ſorrow fly,
While ſhe o'erjoy'd beholds her numerous progeny.

IV.

Ye happy parents, ſhout with chearful voice,
See, o'er your ſon the canopy unfold;
And thou, O hoary rev'rend Sire, rejoice,
May thy glad eyes thy grandſon's ſon behold.
The ſong of joy, ye youthful kindred raiſe,
And let the people join, the living God to praiſe.

On the 6th of June 1782, Mr. Mickle married Miſs Tomkins, daughter of the perſon with whom he reſided at Foreſt Hill, while he was engaged in tranſlating the Luſiad. What he had acquired when with Commodore Johnſtone, now enabled him to retire to literary leiſure and independence. He accordingly took a houſe at Wheatley, in Oxfordſhire, and devoted his vacant time to the reviſion of the poetical works and Tragedy contained in this Volume, which he propoſed publiſhing by ſubſcription; and to which, had he lived to have completed his plan, he would probably have added more poems. And it is probable, that he had it in contemplation to publiſh alſo ſome remarks which he made during his reſidence in Portugal, as, among his papers, there are many unarranged obſervations on the cuſtoms of the country, and manners of the inhabitants, by whom, during his ſtay, he was treated with great attention. The Duke of Braganza preſented him with his own portrait, as a mark of his regard for the Tranſlator of Camoens. During the laſt ſeven years of his life he occaſionally afforded ſome aſſiſtance to the *European Magazine*. The fragments of Leo, and ſeveral of the Reviews of books have come from his hand.

He was once requeſted by a friend to write a ſong in honour of the place of his birth, and informed that Mr. Balmaine, commiſſioner of the exciſe, and brother-in-law to Sir James Johnſtone, would ſet it to muſic; ſo that we ſhould have an Eſk Dale ſong, written by a Bard of Eſk Dale, and ſet to muſic by a native of the ſame place. In September 1788, he complied with this requeſt, and wrote, what proved his laſt verſes, in commemoration of a ſpot, *in itſelf of little importance*, but dignified by the birth of Heroes who have bled in defence of their country, and Poets who have given new harmony to the language. In this little ſpot, and the vicinity, were born Colonel Sir James Johnſtone, Bart. Lieutenant Colonel Alexander Johnſtone, and Governor Johnſtone; Admiral Sir Thomas Paſley, Colonel Borthwick, and many other diſtinguiſhed characters, whoſe names will be honourably recorded in the annals of Great Britain. Doctor Armſtrong, as well as the Tranſlator of the Luſiad, was a native of this place.

ESKDALE BRAES.

By the banks of the chryſtal ſtream'd Eſk,
Where the Wauchope her yellow wave joins*,
Where the lambkins on ſunny braes baſk,
And wild woodbine the Shepherd's bower twines.

Maria, diſconſolate maid,
Oft ſigh'd the ſtill noon-tide away,
Or by moonlight all deſolate ſtray'd,
While woeful ſhe tun'd her love-lay;

Ah, no more from the banks of the Ewes
My Shepherd comes cheerly along,
Broomholm † and the Deansbanks refuſe
To echo the plaints of his ſong;

No more from the echoes of Ewes,
His dog fondly barking I hear,
No more the tir'd lark he perſues,
And tells me his maſter draws near;

Ah, woe to the wars, and the pride,
That my heroes, Oh Eſk, could diſplay,
When with laurels they planted thy ſide,
From France and from Spain borne away

Oh, why did their honours decoy,
My poor ſhepherd lad from the ſhore,
Ambition bewitch'd the vain boy,
And Oceans between us now roar!

Ah, methinks his pale corſe floating by,
I behold on the rude billows toſt;
Unburied his ſcatter'd bones lie,
Lie bleaching on ſome deſert coaſt!

* The ſcene is laid on the banks where the two rivers of the Wauchope and Ewes join the Eſk; on the banks of the former, was anciently a caſtle belonging to the Knights Templars, on the ruins of which was built the houſe at which Mr. Mickle's father reſided, and where the Poet was born.

† The ſeat of John Maxwell Eſq. author of the celebrated Eſſay on Tune; Deansbanks, ſo called from the Dean of the Knights Templars.

By this ſtream and the May-bloſſom'd thorn,
That firſt heard his love-tale, and his vows,
My pale ghoſt ſhall wander forlorn,
And the willow ſhall weep o'er my brows.

With the ghoſts of the Waas will I wail,
In Warblaw * woods join the ſad throng,
To *Hallow E'ens* blaſt tell my tale,
As the ſpectres, ungrav'd, glide along;

Still the Ewes rolls her paly blue ſtream,
Old Eſk ſtill his chryſtal tide pours,
Still golden the Wauchope waves gleam,
And ſtill green, oh Broomholm, are thy bowers?

No, blaſted they ſeem to my view,
The rivers in *red floods* combine!
The turtles their widow'd notes coo,
And mix their ſad ditties with mine!

Diſcolour'd in ſorrow's dim ſhade,
All Nature ſeems with me to mourn,——
Strait the village-bells merrily play'd,
And announc'd her dear Jamie's return.

The woodlands all May-blown appear,
The ſilver ſtreams murmur new charms;
As ſmiling her Jamie drew near
And all eager ſprung into her arms.†

A ſhort time after he wrote this, *viz.* on the 25th of October 1789, he died at Wheatley, in Oxfordſhire, where he was buried, and left a Widow and one Son.

* The ſkirts of this very pictureſque mountain form a bank for the Eſk and the Wauchope, and are covered with a beautiful and romantic wood.

† In the letter which Mr. Mickle ſent to a friend with this ſong, he ſays,—"The Ballad, indifferent as it is, has too much poetic expreſſion, and is too clear of low nonſenſe and abſurdity, ever to become popular."

The following ſhort character was written and publiſhed by the Gentleman to whom the Compiler of theſe anecdotes has before acknowledged himſelf obliged for many circumſtances contained in them; and he can only add to it, that having known Mr. Mickle intimately, and known him long, he thinks it ſtrictly juſt.)

"To thoſe who are acquainted with Mr. Mickle's writings, we need not point out the beauty, the ſtrength, or the variety of his verſification, the harmony of his numbers, or the vigour of his imagination. Theſe are ſo apparent that we riſk nothing in declaring our opinion, that they muſt, ſooner or later, force themſelves into the notice of thoſe who at preſent are ſtrangers to them. Leaving his literary character therefore to find its own value, we ſhall confine ourſelves to ſpeak of him as a member of ſociety. He was in every point of view a man of the utmoſt integrity; warm in his friendſhip, and indignant only againſt vice, irreligion, or meanneſs. The compliment paid by Lord Lyttelton to Thomſon might be applied to him with the ſtricteſt truth; not a line is to be found in his works which, dying, he would wiſh to blot. During the greateſt part of his life he endured the preſſures of a narrow fortune without repining; never relaxing his induſtry to acquire, by honeſt exertion, that independence which at length he enjoyed. He did not ſhine in converſation; nor would any perſon from his appearance have been able to form a favourable judgment of his talents. In every ſituation in which fortune placed him he diſplayed an independent ſpirit, undebaſed by any meanneſs; and when his pecuniary circumſtances made him on one occaſion feel a diſappointment with ſome force, he even then appeared more aſhamed at his want of diſcernment of character than concerned for his loſs. He ſeemed to entertain with reluctance an opinion, that high birth could be united with a ſordid mind. He had however the ſatisfaction of reflecting, that no extravagant panegyric had diſgraced his pen. Contempt certainly came to his aid, though not ſoon: he wiſhed to forget his credulity, and never afterwards converſed on the ſubject by choice. To conclude: his foibles were but few, and thoſe inoffenſive; his virtues many, and his genius very conſiderable: he lived without reproach, and his memory will always be cheriſhed by thoſe who were acquainted with him."

The Editor thinks it will be agreeable to Mr. Mickle's friends and ſubſcribers, to be informed, that Francis Waſtie Eſq. and Mr. W. Ballantyne, his Executors, have placed young Mickle with the Rev. Mr. Nailor, at Hammerſmith, in order that he may be qualified for admiſſion on the foundation of Wincheſter College. From the great reſpect profeſt for his father's memory by the Rev. Dr. Chelſum, Dr. Huntingford, and other diſtinguiſhed characters in that ſeminary, and at New College, Oxford, it is hoped their kind intentions will be carried into effect, and this deſirable object attained.

LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS.

A.

MRS. ALDER, Savage Gardens
J. M. Arnot, Eſq. Lucknow, Bengal
Richard Addams, Rotherhithe
John Adams, Hylord's-Court, Crutched Friars
Richard Amies, Merchant, Liſbon
—— Ardeſoif, Eſq. Bedford-ſtreet, Covent Garden

B.

Comteſſe De Bocdelievre
James Barry Eſq. *Teneriffe*
John *Booth*, Eſq. Bruſh Houſe
John Browne, M. D. Sheffield
Mrs. Barret, Stockwell
Stephen Briggs, Eſq.
John Briggs, M. D. Madras
Atkinſon Buſh, Eſq. Ormond-ſtreet
James Buſh, Eſq. Doctors Commons
Michael Buſh, Eſq. Norfolk-ſtreet
William Ballantyne, Merchant, Savage Gardens
John Buchannan
William Blair, Eſq. Lucknow, Bengal
John Buker, Eſq. D°.
John Bannerman, Engraver
Rev. T. E. Beaſley, Uxbridge
William Burgeſs, Strand
—— Bratt, Eſq. Stock Exchange
William Beechey, Eſq. Portrait Painter to Her Majeſty
Mr. George Brittain, Merchant, Sheffield

George Thomas Bulkeley, Merchant, Liſbon
Alexander Brander, Do. Do.
James Brander, Do. Do.
Nathaniel Bowden, Do. Do.
Archibald Brownlee, Do. Do.
John Bell, Do. Do.
John Bulkeley Do. Do.
Thomas Bulkeley Do. Do.
Rev. William Beloe, Emanuel Hoſpital, James-ſtreet, Weſtminſter

C.

Thomas Caldecott, Eſq. Middle Temple
Charles Chalmers, Eſq. London
Duncan John Cameron, Eſq.
J. J. Coſſart, Merchant Great St. Helen's
Robert Clutterbuck, Eſq. *Exeter College*, Oxon.
Charles Conſtable, Eſq. Inner Temple
——— Comrie, Attorney at Law, London
Robert Chantrell, Merchant, Oſtend
John Coltſman, Merchant, Liſbon
John Michael Caſſary, Do. Do.
Rev. Dr. Chelſum, Droxford, Hants.
John Clay, Eſq. Bridge Houſes

D.

Rev. John Drake, L.L. D. Rector of Amerſham, Bucks
Dr. Dinwiddie, London
James Drummond, Eſq. London
Mr. William Diſney, Charlotte-ſtreet, Portland Place
Mr. Thomas Douglas, Langholm
Francis Den, Merchant, London
William Davenport, Merchant, Liſbon
Thomas Dryſon, Do. Do.
Mrs. Day
Mr. John Drew, No. 31, Fetter-lane

E.

Nathaniel Elliott, Oxford
Arthur Elliot, Eſq. *formerly of* Langholm, *now of* Sheffield, 10 copies
Vincent Eyre, Eſq. Sheffield

F.

Mrs. Ford, Oxford-ſtreet
George Frend, Eſq. Oporto
Rev. John Fuller, A. M. Cheſham, Bucks
Valentine French, Merchant, Liſbon
Hermann Ficke, Do. Do.
John Thomas Forreſt, Do. Do.
Thomas Furnas, Merchant, Broad-ſtreet

G.

Mr. John Greaves, *Merchant, Sheffield*
Miſs Meliora Gorges
Robert Gregory, Eſq. Lucknow, Bengal
William Goſlin, Merchant, London
Timothy Goodall, Merchant, Liſbon
Walter Groſſett, Do. Do.
Richard Goodall, Do. Do.
Mrs. Greenough, Savage Gardens
Mrs. Grange, Uxbridge
George Buſtard Greaves, Eſq. Page-hall

H.

Rev. Dr. Huntingford, of Wincheſter College
Charles Herries, Eſq. London
Wlliam Herries, Eſq, Do.
Capt. Roddam Home, Royal Navy
John Hoole, Eſq.
Rev. Samuel Hoole
Col. Harris, 74th Regiment

John Charles Haurie, Eſq. Xeres
Edward Hill, Eſq.
Thomas Herbert, Merchant, Liſbon
Peter Henry Hinrichſon, Dº. Dº.
Maurice Hoare, Dº. Dº.
—— Hobſon, Eſq. St. Kitt's
John Hoſier, Eſq. Great George-ſtreet, Weſtminſter 2 copies

I.

Sir James Johnſtone, Bart. of Weſterhall, Dumfrieſſhire
John Johnſtone, Eſq. of Alva
George Lindſay Johnſtone, Eſq. Lucknow, Bengal
John Irving, Eſq. Temple
Edward Joyce, Merchant, Liſbon
Mrs. Inglis, Mark-lane
Rev. Wyndham Jones, A. M. Watford, Herts.
Rev. M. Jones, A. M. Chalfont, St. Giles's, Bucks.
Mr. John Ireland, Poet's Corner, Palace Yard

K.

Joſ. Kirkman, Eſq. Little Gaddeſden, Herts.
Nath. Kirkman, Eſq. Hales Hall, Stafford.
John Kent, Surgeon, Milton, Oxfordſhire

L.

Miſs Lancroft, Ely Place
Tho. Lloyd, Eſq. St. James's-ſtreet
Wm. Ludlam, Merchant, Cheapſide
Chriſtopher Lynch, Eſq. Madeira
Mr. Iſaac Labatt, Caſtle-ſtreet, St. Mary-axe
Wm. Lowndes, Eſq. Trinity-hall, Cambridge
Wm. Lowndes, Eſq. Cheſham, Bucks,
Wm. Laforeſt, Merchant, College-hill
Tho. Lloyd, Eſq. Bronwid, Cardigan
Archibald Little, Eſq. Teneriffe

Cha. Lyne, Merchant, Liſbon
James Little, Do. Do.
Tho. Lempriere, Do. Do.
Henry Lupton, Do. Do.
Richard Warburton Lytton, Eſq. Knebworth, Herts.

M.

John Maxwell, Eſq. of Broomholm, Dumfrieſſhire
Lieut. Col. Mordaunt, Madras Eſtabliſhment
Cha. M'Kenzie, Eſq. Broad-ſtreet
Rev. Mr. Peter Miller, Cockſpur Hall, Worceſter
Capt. George Maxwell, Royal Navy
Capt. Pulteney Malcolm, Do.
Capt. John Maclauren, Do.
Lady Malmſbury
Bellingham, Mauleverer, Eſq. Queen-ſquare, Bloomſbury
——— *Meyſey, Attorney at Law, Oxford.*
Tho. Martin, Watch Maker, London
John March, Merchant, Liſbon
Florence M'Carthy, Do. Do.
A. I. Morrough, Do. Do.
James M'Gibbon, Do. Do.
Henry Man, Eſq. South Sea Houſe
Mr. Samuel Marſhall, Merchant, Sheffield.
Edward M'Culloch, Eſq. London

N.

Joſeph Naylor, Eſq. London
Rev. Mr. Naylor, Hammerſmith
Charles Newman, M. D. Liſbon
John Nicol, Langholm

P.

Admiral Sir Thomas Paſley, Bart.
John Paſley, Eſq. of Colney Hatch, 10 copies

Rev. Francis Parker, Sheffield
Cha. Paſley, Eſq.
Rich. Price, Eſq. Knebworth, Herts.
Edward Poore, Eſq. Saliſbury
John Parminter, Merchant, Liſbon
Joſ. Penwarne, Do. Do.
Daniel Parminter, Do. Do.
Francis Penwarne Do. Do.
Alexander Paris, Printer, Roll's Buildings, Fetter-lane
Alexander Pringle, Eſq. of White Bank, North Britain
Mr. Jonathan Parkins, Merchant, Sheffield

R.

David Alves Rabello, Eſq. Hackney
Rev. Francis Randolph, A. M. Prebendary of Briſtol
Miſs Rumſey, Cheſham, Bucks.
Mr. Henry Rumſey, jun. Surgeon, Cheſham, Bucks.
Rev. David Roderick, A. M. Watford, Herts.
Geo. Rice, Merchant, Liſbon
Geo. Roach, Do. Do.
Rev. Thomas Radford, Sheffield

S.

Jed. Stephens, Merchant, Liſbon
William Stephens, Do. Do.
John James Stephens, Do. Do.
Miſs Salte, Tottenham
Mrs. Stafford, Oporto
W. Snaith, Eſq. Banker, Manſion Houſe-ſtreet
George Slack, Merchant, King-ſtreet, Cheapſide
Rev. John Sim, A. B. Chenies, Bucks
William Sutthery, Surgeon, Cheſham, Bucks
John Skottowe, Eſq. Trinity College, Cambridge
Michael Sealy, Merchant, Liſbon

Richard Sanderſon, Merchant, Mark-lane
Miſs Stanley, Chenies, Bucks,
Rev. Mr. Strachan, Clay Hill, Enfield
Rev. Dr. Stedman, Shrewſbury

T.

L. M. Taylor, Eſq. Lucknow, Bengal.
Thomas Telford, Architect, Shrewſbury
Rev. Samuel Trenowith, Rector of North Benfleet, Eſſex
John Turner, Merchant, Liſbon
Matthew Taylor, Do. Do.
P. Travers, M. D. Do. Do.
Mr. John Taylor, Portrait Painter, Titchfield-ſtreet
Mr. Thornton, Bookſeller, Southampton-ſtr. Covent Garden

U.

John Wheeler Unwin, Eſq. Wootten Park, Staffordſhire
Chriſtian Henry Vermehren, Merchant, Liſbon

W.

Francis Waſtie, Eſq. Great Milton, Oxfordſhire
Dobſon Willoughby, Attorney, Dyer's Buildings, Holborn
Nicholas Wellen, Merchant, Liſbon
Thomas Worthington, Do. Do.
Sir David Williams, Bart. Goldingtons, Herts.
Mr. Thomas Wright, Glouceſter-ſtreet
Thomas White, Eſq.
James Wheat, Eſq. Norwood Hall
Joſeph Walker, Eſq. Eaſtwood
James Waſtie, Eſq. Enſham, Oxfordſhire
Mark Anthony White, Eſq. Sheffield

POLLIO:

AN

ELEGIAC ODE.

WRITTEN IN THE WOOD NEAR ROSLIN CASTLE.

1762.

HAEC JOVEM SENTIRE DEOSQUE CUNCTOS,
SPEM BONAM CERTAMQUE DOMUM REPORTO.

HORAT.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IT has been often ſaid, that Fiction is the moſt proper Field for Poetry. If it is always ſo, the Writer of this little Piece acknowledges it is a circumſtance againſt him. The following Ode was firſt ſuggeſted, and the Ideas contained in it raiſed, on reviſiting the Ruins and Woods that had been the Scene of his early Amuſements with a deſerving Brother, who died in his Twenty-firſt Year.

POLLIO:

AN

ODE.

I.

THE peaceful Evening breathes her balmy Store,
The playful School-boys wanton o'er the Green;
Where ſpreading Poplars ſhade the Cottage Door,
The Villagers in ruſtic Joy convene.

II.

Amid the ſecret Windings of the Wood,
With ſolemn Meditation let me ſtray;
This is the Hour, when to the Wiſe and Good,
The heavenly Maid repays the Toils of Day.

III.

The River murmurs, and the breathing Gale
Whiſpers the gently-waving Boughs among;
The Star of Evening glimmers o'er the Dale,
And leads the ſilent Hoſt of Heaven along.

How

IV.

How bright, emerging o'er yon broom-clad Height,
The ſilver Empreſs of the Night appears!
Yon limpid Pool reflects a ſtream of Light,
And faintly in its breaſt the Woodland bears.

V.

The Waters tumbling o'er their rocky Bed,
Solemn and conſtant, from yon Dell reſound;
The lonely Hearths blaze o'er the diſtant Glade;
The Bat, low-wheeling, ſkims the duſky Ground.

VI.

Auguſt and hoary, o'er the ſloping Dale,
The Gothic Abbey rears its ſculptur'd Towers;
Dull through the Roofs reſounds the whiſtling Gale;
Dark Solitude among the Pillars lowers.

VII.

Where yon old Trees bend o'er a Place of Graves,
And, ſolemn, ſhade a Chapel's ſad remains;
Where yon ſcath'd Poplar through the Window waves,
And, twining round, the hoary Arch ſuſtains:

There,

VIII.

There, oft, at Dawn, as One forgot behind,
Who longs to follow, yet unknowing where,
Some hoary Shepherd, o'er his Staff reclin'd,
Pores on the Graves, and ſighs a broken Prayer.

IX.

High o'er the Pines, that with their dark'ning Shade,
Surround yon craggy Bank, the Caſtle rears
Its crumbling Turrets: ſtill its towery Head
A warlike Mien, a ſullen Grandeur wears.

X.

So, 'midſt the Snow of Age, a boaſtful Air
Still on the war-worn Veteran's Brow attends;
Still his big Bones his youthful Prime declare,
Though trembling, o'er the feeble Crutch he bends.

XI.

Wild round the Gates the duſky Wall-flowers creep,
Where oft the Knights the beauteous Dames have le
Gone is the Bower; the Grot a ruin'd Heap,
Where Bays and Ivy o'er the Fragments ſpread.

'Twas

XII.

'Twas here our Sires exulting from the Fight,
Great in their bloody arms, march'd o'er the Lea,
Eying their reſcued Fields with proud delight;
Now loſt to them! and, ah, how chang'd to me!

XIII.

This Bank, the River, and the fanning Breeze,
The dear Idea of my POLLIO bring;
So ſhone the Moon through theſe ſoft nodding Trees,
When here we wander'd in the Eves of Spring.

XIV.

When April's ſmiles the flowery Lawn adorn,
And modeſt Cowſlips deck the Streamlet's ſide;
When fragrant Orchards to the roſeate Morn
Unfold their Bloom, in Heaven's own Colours dy'd:

XV.

So fair a Bloſſom gentle POLLIO wore,
Theſe were the Emblems of his healthful Mind;
To Him the letter'd Page diſplay'd its Lore,
To Him bright Fancy all her Wealth reſign'd:

XVI.

Him, with her pureſt Flames, the Muſe endow'd,
Flames never to th' illiberal Thought allied;
The ſacred Siſters led where Virtue glow'd
In all her Charms; he ſaw, he felt, and died.

XVII.

Oh Partner of my Infant Griefs and Joys!
Big with the Scenes now paſt my Heart o'erflows,
Bids each Endearment, fair as once, to riſe,
And dwells luxurious on her melting Woes.

XVIII.

Oft with the riſing Sun when Life was new,
Along the Woodland have I roam'd with Thee;
Oft by the Moon have bruſh'd the Evening Dew,
When all was fearleſs Innocence and Glee.

XIX.

The ſainted Well where yon bleak Hill declines,
Has oft been conſcious of thoſe happy Hours;
But now the Hill, the River crown'd with Pines,
And ſainted Well have loſt their cheering Powers.

XX.

For Thou art gone——My Guide, my Friend, oh where,
Where haſt thou fled, and left me here behind!
My tendereſt Wiſh, my Heart to Thee was bare,
Oh, now cut off each paſſage to thy Mind!

XXI.

How dreary is the Gulph, how dark, how void,
The trackleſs Shores that never were repaſt!
Dread Separation! on the Depth untry'd
Hope faulters, and the Soul recoils aghaſt.

XXII.

Wide round the ſpacious Heavens I caſt my eyes;
And ſhall theſe Stars glow with immortal fire,
Still ſhine the *lifeleſs* glories of the Skies,
And could thy bright, thy LIVING Soul expire?

XXIII.

Far be the thought——the Pleaſures moſt ſublime,
The Glow of Friendſhip, and the virtuous Tear,
The tow'ring Wiſh that ſcorns the bounds of Time,
Chill'd in this Vale of Death, but languiſh here.

XXIV.

So plant the Vine on Norway's wintery Land,
The languid Stranger feebly buds, and dies;
Yet there's a Clime where Virtue ſhall expand
With godlike ſtrength, beneath her native Skies.

XXV.

The lonely Shepherd on the Mountain's ſide,
With patience waits the roſy opening Day;
The Mariner at Midnight's darkſome tide,
With chearful hope expects the Morning Ray.

XXVI.

Thus I, on Life's ſtorm-beaten Ocean toſt,
In mental viſion view the happy Shore,
Where POLLIO beckons to the peaceful Coaſt,
Where Fate and Death divide the Friends no more.

XXVII.

Oh that ſome kind, ſome pitying kindred Shade,
Who now, perhaps, frequents this ſolemn Grove,
Would tell the awful Secrets of the Dead,
And from my Eyes the mortal Film remove!

XXVIII.

Vain is the Wiſh—— yet ſurely not in vain
Man's Boſom glows with that celeſtial Fire,
Which ſcorns Earth's Luxuries, which ſmiles at Pain,
And wings his Spirit with ſublime Deſire.

XXIX.

To fan this Spark of Heaven, this Ray divine,
Still, oh my Soul! ſtill be thy dear Employ;
Still thus to wander through the Shades be thine,
And ſwell thy Breaſt with viſionary Joy.

XXX.

So to the dark-brow'd Wood, or ſacred Mount,
In antient days, the holy Seers retir'd,
And, led in viſion, drank at SILOE's Fount,
While riſing Extacies their Boſoms fir'd;

XXXI.

Reſtor'd Creation bright before them roſe,
The burning Deſarts ſmil'd as EDEN's Plains,
One friendly Shade the Wolf and Lambkin choſe,
The flowery Mountains ſung, "MESSIAH REIGNS!

XXXII.

Though fainter Raptures my cold Breaſt inſpire,
Yet, let me oft frequent this ſolemn Scene,
Oft to the Abbey's ſhatter'd Walls retire,
What time the Moonſhine dimly gleams between.

XXXIII.

There, where the Croſs in hoary ruin nods,
And weeping Yews o'erſhade the letter'd Stones,
While midnight Silence wraps theſe drear Abodes,
And ſoothes me wand'ring o'er my kindred Bones.

XXXIV.

Let kindled Fancy view the glorious Morn,
When from the burſting Graves the Juſt ſhall riſe,
All Nature ſmiling, and, by Angels borne,
MESSIAH's Croſs far blazing o'er the Skies.

SIR MARTYN:

A

POEM,

IN THE MANNER OF SPENCER

THE

AUTHOR'S ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS Attempt in the Manner of Spenſer was firſt publiſhed in 1767, ſince which time it has paſſed through ſome Editions under the Title of the CONCUBINE; a title which, it muſt be confeſſed, conveyed a very impoper idea both of the ſubject and ſpirit of the Poem. It is now more properly intitled SIR MARTYN, and the Author is happy to find that the public approbation of the Work has given him an opportunity to alter its name ſo much to advantage.

* *

The firſt Publication was not accompanied with any prefatory Addreſs, by which either the intention of the Writer might be explained, or the candour of the Reader ſolicited. To ſolicit candour for the poetical execution he ſtill declines, for Taſte is

not to be bribed; but perhaps juſtice to himſelf may require ſome explanation of his deſign, and ſome apology for his uſe of the Manner of Spenſer.

It is an eſtabliſhed maxim in criticiſm, That an intereſting moral is eſſential to a good poem. The character of the Man of Fortune is of the utmoſt importance both in the political and moral world; to throw, therefore, a juſt ridicule on the purſuits and pleaſures which often prove fatal to the important virtues of the Gentleman, muſt afford an intereſting moral, but it is the management of the writer which alone muſt render it ſtriking. Yet however he may have failed in attaining this the Author may decently aſſert, that to paint falſe pleaſure as it is, ridiculous and contemptible, alike deſtructive to virtue and to happineſs, was, at leaſt, the purpoſe of his Poem.

It is alſo an eſtabliſhed maxim in criticiſm, That the ſubject of a poem ſhould be One; that every part ſhould contribute to the completion of One deſign, which, properly purſued, will naturally diffuſe itſelf into a regular Beginning, Middle, and End. Yet in attaining this Unity of the Whole, the neceſſary

Regularity

Regularity muſt ſtill be poetical, for the ſpirit of poetry cannot exiſt under the ſhackles of logical or mathematical arrangement. Or, to uſe the words of a very eminent Critic, "As there muſt "needs be a connexion, ſo that connexion will beſt anſwer its "end, and the purpoſe of the writer, which, whilſt it leads "by a ſure train of thinking to the concluſion in view, conceals "itſelf all the while, and leaves to the Reader the ſatisfaction of "ſupplying the intermediate links, and joining together, in his "own mind, what is left in a ſeeming poſture of neglect and "inconnexion."

If therefore the delineation of the character of the Man of Birth, who, with every advantage of natural abilities and amiable diſpoſition, is at once loſt to the Public and Himſelf; if this character has its beginning, middle, and end, the Poem has all the unity that propriety requires: how far ſuch unity is attained, may perhaps be ſeen at one view in the following Argument.

After an invocation to the Genius of Spenſer, and propoſition of the ſubject, the Knight's firſt attachment to his Concubine, his levity, love

of pleaſure, and diſſipation, with the influence over him which on this ſhe aſſumes, are parts which undoubtedly conſtitute a juſt beginning.

The effects of this influence, exemplified in the different parts of a gentleman's relative character,—in his domeſtic elegance of park, gardens, and houſe—in his unhappineſs as a lover, a parent, and a man of letters—behaviour as a maſter to his tenants, as a friend, and a brother—and in his feelings in his hours of retirement as a man of birth, and a patriot, naturally complete the Middle to which an allegorical cataſtrophe furniſhes the proper and regular End.

Some reaſons, perhaps, may be expected for having adopted the manner of Spenſer. To propoſe a general uſe of it were indeed highly abſurd; yet it may be preſumed there are ſome ſubjects on which it may be uſed with advantage. But not to enter upon any formal defence, the Author will only ſay, That the fulneſs and wantonneſs of deſcription, the quaint ſimplicity, and above all, the ludicrous, of which the antique phraſeology and manner of Spenſer are ſo happily and peculiarly ſuſceptible, inclined him to eſteem it not ſolely as the beſt, but the only mode of compoſition adapted to his ſubject.

GLOSSARY.

ACCLOYD, diſguſted, cloyed.
Adred, frightened. Anglo. Sax. Tonæban.
Agone, ago.
Albee, although.
Als, alſo.
Arread, interpret.
Attonce, ar once, together.
Atweene, between.
Ay, always.

Bale, harm, ſorrow.
Beene, Frequently uſed by the old Poets for the Indicative Imperfect of the Verb *To be.*
Beſeene, becoming,
Blin, ceaſe, blinnan. Sax.
Brede. to knit, plait, bnedan.

Carle, old Man.
Certes, certainly, truly.
Chorle, a Peaſant.
Clept, named, called.
Covetiſe, Avarice.

Dan, a Prefix, *quaſi* Mr.
Dearling, Darling.
Deſly, neatly, finely.
Depeinten, figured, diſplayed.
Dearnly, ſadly, ſecretly.
Dight, adorned, clad.
Dreare, diſmal, frightful.

Eftſoons, by and bye, forthwith.
Eke, alſo.
Eld, Age.
Elfe, Young One, Child.
Erſt, formerly.
Eyen, Eyes.

Fay, Fairy.
Frytor, Villain, Deceiver.
Fae, Companion.
Forby, beſide, near to.
Fordone, undone, ruined.
Forefend, to guard beforehand.
Fray, tumult, buſtle.
Frayd, afraid.

Gaer, furniture, tackle.
Gent, fine, noble.
Gin, *gan*, begin, began.
Glen, a dell, a hollow between two hills.
Goody, a Countrywoman.

Han, Preterite Plural of the Verb *To have.*
Heare, Hair. Often uſed by Spenſer.
Hight, called, is called, was called, or named.
Hoyden, ſlattern, coarſe.

Imp, Infant, Child.
Jolliment, Merriment.

Ken, v. to ſee.
Knare, a knotty Arm of a Tree. *Dryd.*

Leache, Phyſician.
Lemman, Miſtreſs, Concubine.
Lever, rather.
Lewdly, baſely, fooliſhly.
Lieſeſt, deareſt.

Malengines, Perſons villainouſly employed, Toad-eaters.
Mint, mingled.

Merrimake,

Merrimake, Paſtime.
Mery, pleaſant.
Moe, more.
Mote, v. might, moꝛ.
Murk, dark.

Nathemore, not the more.
Nathleſſe, nevertheleſs, naðeleꝛ.
Native, natural.
Ne, nor.
Nolens volens, willing or unwilling:

Perdie an Aſſervation, *quaſi* verily.
Pierſant, piercing.
Portaunce, Behaviour, Manner.
Prankt, adorned.
Propine, recompence

Quaid, quelled, conquered.
Quight, to quit, leave.

Read, to warn, to propheſy.
Recks, heeds, cares for.
Requere, require. Often uſed by Spenſer.
Rew, to repent.
Ruth, *ruthleſs*, pity, pityleſs.

Salews, ſalutes.
Sell, Saddle.
Semblaunce, Appearance.
Seneſhall, Maſter of Ceremonies, Steward.
Sheen, bright, ſhining, fine.
Shent, diſgraced, ꝛcenꝺe, ꝛcenꝺiꝺ.
Skyen, adj. Sky.
Sooth, *ſoothly*, truth, truly.
Stownd, *Stowre*, } Emotion, Fit, Stir, ꝛeyꝼian.
Straine, Tenor.

Sues, purſues, follows.

Teen, Grief, Sorrow.
Thewes, Habits, Manners.
Thilk, this, that.
Traines, Devices, Traps.
Tranſmewd, changed, transformed.
Treachor, Traitor, Deceiver.
Troublous, troubleſome.

Vild, vile.

Uneath, not eaſy, difficult.

Wareleſs, unſuſpecting.
Waſſal, feſtive.
Ween, *weend*, or *wend*, think, deemed.
Wend, move, go,
Weet, much the ſame as *ween*.
Weetleſs, thougbtleſs.
Whilom, formerly, hꝼilum.
a Whitt, a jot, any thing, a hꝼiꝛ, *aliquid*.
Whyleare, erewhile, hꝼilæꝛ.
Wight, Perſon, *ꝼihꝛ*.
Wilding, the Crab-tree.
Wonne, to dwell.
Wreathfull, revengeful.

Yblends, mixes.
Yblent, blinded.
Ybrent, burnt.
Yclept, called, named.
Yfere, together.
Ygoe, formerly.
Yode, went.
Youthhede, *quaſi* Youthhood.
Youthly, lively, youthful.
Ypight, placed, fixed.
Ywis, truly, verily.

The letter *Y* in all the old Engliſh Poets is frequently prefixed to verbs and verbal adjectives, but without any particular ſignification. The uſe of it is purely Saxon, though after the Conqueſt the ȝe gave place to the Norman *y*. It is always to be pronounced as the pronoun *ye*.

Spenſer has alſo frequently followed the Saxon Formation, in adding the letter *N* to his verbs, as *tellen*, *worken*, &c. When affixed to a Subſtantive, it forms the plural number, as *Eyen*, Eyes, &c.

SIR MARTYN, &c.

CANTO I.

The mirthfull bowres and flowry dales
Of Pleaſures faerie land,
Where Virtues budds are blighted as
By foul Enchanters wand.

I.

AWAKE, ye Weſt Windes, through the lonely dale,
And, Fancy, to thy faerie bowre betake!
Even now, with balmie freſhneſſe, breathes the gale,
Dimpling with downy wing the ſtilly lake;
Through the pale willows faultering whiſpers wake,
And Evening comes with locks bedropt with dew;
On Deſmonds * mouldering turrets ſlowly ſhake
The trembling rie-graſs and the hare-bell blue,
And ever and anon faire Mullas plaints renew.

* The caſtle of the earl of Deſmond, on the banks of the river Mulla in Ireland, was ſometime the reſidence of Spenſer, the place where he wrote the greateſt part of the FAERIE QUEENE.

O for

II.

O for the nameleſſe powre to ſtrike mine eare,
That powre of charme by Naiads once poſſeſt,
Melodious Mulla! when, full oft whyleare,
Thy gliding murmurs ſoothd the gentle breſt
Of hapleſſe SPENSER; long with woes oppreſt,
Long with the drowſie Patrons ſmyles decoyd,
Till in thy ſhades, no more with cares diſtreſt,
No more with painful anxious hopes accloyd,
The ſabbath of his life the milde good man enjoyd:

III.

Enjoyd each wiſh; while wrapt in viſions bleſt
The Muſes wooed him, when each evening grey
Luxurious Fancy, from her wardrobe dreſt
Brought forth her faerie knights in ſheen array
By forreſt edge or welling fount, where lay,
Farre from the crowd, the careleſſe Bard ſupine:
Oh happy man! how innocent and gay,
How mildly peaceful paſt theſe houres of thine!
Ah! could a ſigh avail, ſuch ſweete calme peace were mine!

Yet

IV.

Yet oft, as penſive through theſe lawns I ſtray,
Unbidden tranſports through my boſome ſwell;
With pleaſing reverence awd mine eyes ſurvey
The hallowed ſhades where SPENSER ſtrung his ſhell.
The brooke ſtill murmurs through the buſhy dell,
Still through the woodlands wild and beauteous riſe
The hills green tops; ſtill from her moſs-white cell
Complayning Echoe to the ſtockdove ſighs,
And Fancy, wandering here, ſtill feels new extacies.

V.

Then come, ye Genii of the place! O come,
Ye wilde-wood Muſes of the native lay!
Ye who theſe bancks did whilom conſtant roam,
And round your SPENSER ever gladſom play!
Oh come once more! and with your magick ray
Theſe lawns transforming, raiſe the myſtick ſcene——
The lawns already own your vertual ſway,
Proud citys riſe, with ſeas and wildes atweene;
In one enchanted view the various walks of men.

VI.

Towrd to the ſky, with cliff on cliff ypild,
Fronting the ſunne, a rock fantaſtic roſe;
From every rift the pink and primroſe ſmild,
And redd with bloſſoms hung the wildings boughs;
On middle cliff each flowry ſhrub that blows
On Mayes ſweete morne a fragrant grove diſplayd,
Beauteous and wilde as ever Druid choſe;
From whence a reverend Wizard through the ſhade
Advaunſt to meet my ſteps; for here me ſeemd I ſtrayd.

VII.

White as the ſnow-drop round his temples flowd
A few thin hairs; bright in his eagle eye,
Meint with Heavens lightning, ſocial mildneſſe glowd;
Yet when him liſt queynt was his leer and ſlie,
Yet wondrous diſtant from malignitie;
For ſtill his ſmyle did forcibly diſcloſe
The ſoul of worth and warm hart-honeſtie:
Such winning grace as Age but rare beſtows
Dwelt on his cheeks and lips, though like the withering roſe.

VIII.

Of ſkyen blue a mantling robe he wore,
A purple girdle looſely tyd his waiſt
Enwove with many a flowre from many a ſhore,
And half conceald, and half reveald his veſt,
His veſt of ſilk, the Faerie Queenes bequeſt
What time ſhe wooed him ere his head was grey;
A lawrell bough he held, and now addreſt
To ſpeech, he points it to the mazy way
That wide and farre around in wildeſt proſpect lay.

IX.

Younkling, quoth he, lo, where at thy deſire
The wilderneſs of life extenſive lies;
The path of bluſtering fame and warlike Ire,
Of ſcowling Powre and lean-boned Covetiſe,
Of thoughtleſſe Mirth and Folly's giddy joys;
And whither all thoſe paths illuſive end,
All theſe at my command didactick riſe,
And ſhift obedient as mine arm I bend.
He ſaid, and to the field did ſtrait his arm extend.

X.

Well worthy views, quoth I, riſe all around,
But certes, lever would I ſee and hear,
How, oft, the gentle plant of generous ground
And faireſt bloom no ripend fruit will bear:
Oft have I ſhed, perdie, the bitter tear
To ſee the ſhoots of Virtue ſhrink and dy,
Untimely blaſted in the ſoft greene eare:
What evil blight thus works ſuch villainy,
To tell, O reverend Seer, thy prompt enchantment try.

XI.

Ah me! how little doe unthinking Youth
Foreſee the ſorrowes of their elder age!
Full oft, quoth he, my Boſom melts with ruth
To note the follies of their early ſtage,
Where Diſſipations cup full deepe they pledge;
Ne can the Wizards ſaws diſperſe to flight
The ills that ſoon will warre againſt them wage,
Ne may the ſpells that lay the church-yarde Spright,
From Pleaſures ſervile bands releaſe the luckleſs Wight.

XII.

This truth to tell, ſee yonder lawnſkepe riſe,
An ample field of Britiſh clime I ween,
A field which never by poetick Eyes
Was viewd from hence. Thus, though the rural ſcene
Has by a thouſand artiſts pencild beene,
Some other may, from other point, explore
A view full different, yet as faire beſeene:
So ſhall theſe lawns preſent one lawnſkepe more;
For certes where we ſtand ſtood never wight before.

XIII.

In yonder dale does wonne a gentle Knight——
Fleet as he ſpake ſtill roſe the imagerie
Of all he told depeinten to the ſight;
It was, I weet, a goodly baronie:
Beneath a greene-clad hill, right faire to ſee,
The caſtle in the ſunny vale yſtood;
All round the eaſt grew many a ſheltering tree,
And on the weſt a dimpling ſilver flood
Ran through the gardins trim, then crept into the wood.

XIV.

How ſweetly here, quoth he, might one employ
And fill with worthy deed the fleeting houres!
What pleaſaunce mote a learned wight enjoy:
Emong the hills and vales and ſhady bowres,
To mark how buxom Ceres round him poures
The hoary headed wheat, the freckled corne,
The bearded barlie, and the hopp that towres
So high, and with his bloom ſalews the morne,
And with the orchard vies the lawnſkepe to adorn;

XV.

The fragrant orchard, where her golden ſtore
Pomona laviſhes on everie tree,
The velvet-coated peach, the plumb ſo hore,
The nectrines redd, and pippins ſheene to ſee,
That nod in everie gale with wanton glee:
How happy here with Woodſtocks laughing Swain
And Avons Bard of peerleſſe memorie
To ſaunter through the daſie-whitened plain,
When Fancys ſweeteſt Impe Dan Spenſer joins the train,

XVI.

Nè to Syr MARTYN hight were theſe unknown;
Oft by the brooke his infant ſteps they led,
And oft the Fays, with many a warbling tone
And laughing ſhape, ſtood round his morning bed:
Such happineſs bloomd fair around his head.
Yet though his mind was formd each joy to taſte,
From him, alas! dear homefelt Joyaunce fled,
Vain meteors ſtill his cheated arms embraced;
Where all ſeemd flowrie gay, he found a dreary waſte.

XVII.

Juſt when he had his eighteenth ſummer ſeen,
Lured by the fragrance of the new-mown hay,
As careleſſe ſauntering through the elm-fenced green,
He with his book beguild the cloſing day,
The dairy-Maide hight KATHRIN friſk'd that way;
A roguiſh twinkling look the gypſie caſt,
For much ſhe wiſhd the lemmans part to play;
Nathleſſe unheeding on his way he paſt,
Ne enterd in his heart, or wiſh or thought unchaſt.

XVIII.

Right plump ſhe was, and ruddie glowd her cheek,
Her eaſie waiſte in milch-white boddice dight,
Her golden locks curld down her ſhoulders ſleek,
And halfe her boſome heaving met the ſight,
Whiles gayly ſhe accoſts the ſober wight:
Freedom and glee blythe ſparkling in her eye
With wanton merrimake ſhe trips the Knight,
And round the younkling makes the clover flye:
But ſoon he ſtarten up, more gameſome by and bye.

XIX.

I ween, quoth ſhe, you think to win a kiſs,
But certes you ſhall woo and ſtrive in vain.
Faſt in his armes he caught her then ywis;
Yfere they fell; but loud and angry then
Gan ſhe of ſhame and haviour vild complain,
While baſhfully the weetleſſe Boy did look:
With cunning ſmyles ſhe viewd his awkward pain;
The ſmyle he caught, and eke new courage took,
And Kathrin then a kiſs, perdie, did gentlie brook.

XX.

Fleet paſt the months ere yet the giddy Boy
One thought beſtowd on what would ſurely be;
But well his Aunt perceivd his dangerous toy,
And ſore ſhe feard her auncient familie
Should now be ſtaind with blood of baſe degree:
For ſooth to tell, her liefeſt hearts delight
Was ſtill to count her princely pedigree,
Through barons bold all up to Cadwall hight,
Thence up to Trojan Brute yſprong of Venus bright.

XXI.

But, zealous to forefend her gentle race
From baſelie matching with plebeian bloud,
Whole nights ſhe ſchemd to ſhonne thilk foull diſgrace,
And Kathrin's bale in wondrous wrath ſhe vowd:
Yet could ſhe not with cunning portaunce ſhroud,
So as might beſt ſuccede her good intent,
But clept her lemman and vild ſlut aloud;
That ſoon ſhe ſhould her graceleſſe thewes repent,
And ſtand in long white ſheet before the parſon ſhent.

XXII.

So ſpake the Wizard, and his hand he wavd,
And prompt the ſcenerie roſe, where liſtleſs lay
The Knight in ſhady bowre, by ſtreamlet lavd,
While Philomela ſooth'd the parting day:
Here Kathrin him approachd with features gay,
And all her ſtore of blandiſhments and wiles;
The Knight was touchd—but ſhe with ſoft delay
And gentle tears yblends her languid ſmiles,
And of baſe falſitie th' enamourd Boy reviles.

XXIII.

Amazd the Boy beheld her ready teares,
And, faultering oft, exclaims with wondring ſtare,
What mean theſe ſighs? diſpell thine ydle feares;
And, confident in me, *thy griefes declare.*
And need, quoth ſhe, need I my heart to bare,
And tellen what untold well knowne mote be?
Loſt is my friends good-will, my mother's care—
By you deſerted—ah! unhappy me!
Left to your Aunts fell ſpight, and wreakfull crueltie.

XXIV.

My Aunt! quoth he, forſooth ſhall ſhe command?
No; ſooner ſhall yond hill forſake his place,
He laughing ſaid, and would have caught her hand;
Her hand ſhe ſhifted to her blubbered face
With prudiſh modeſtie, and ſobd, Alas!
Grant me your bond, or elſe on yonder tree
Theſe ſilken garters, pledge of thy embrace,
Ah, welladay! ſhall hang my babe and me,
And everie night our ghoſtes ſhall bring all hell to thee.

XXV.

Ythrilld with horror gapd the wareleſs wight,
As when, aloft on well-ſtored cherrie-tree,
The thieveſh elfe beholds with pale affright
The gardner near, and weets not where to flee:
And will my bond forefend thilk miſerie?
That ſhalt thou have; and for thy peace beſide,
What mote I more? Houſekeeper ſhalt thou be—
An awfull oath forthwith his promiſe tied,
And Kathrin was as blythe as ever blytheſome bride.

XXVI.

His Aunt fell ſick for very dole to ſee
Her kindeſt counſels ſcornd, and ſore did pine
To think what well ſhe knew would ſhortly be,
Cadwallins bloud debasd in Kathrins line;
For very dole ſhe died. Oh ſad propine,
Syr Knight, for all that care which ſhe did take!
How many a night, for coughs and colds of thine,
Has ſhe ſat up rare cordial broths to make,
And cockerd thee ſo kind with many a daintie cake!

XXVII.

Soft as the goſſamer in ſummer ſhades
Extends its twinkling line from ſpray to ſpray,
Gently as ſleep the weary lids invades,
So ſoft, ſo gently *Pleaſure mines her way:*
But whither will the ſmiling Fiend betray,
Ah, let the Knights approaching dayes declare!
Though everie bloome and flowre of buxon May
Beſtrew her path, to deſarts cold and bare
The mazy path betrays the giddy wight unware.

XXVIII.

Ah! ſays the Wizard, what may now availe
His manlie ſenſe that faireſt bloſſoms bore,
His temper gentle as the whiſpering gale,
His native goodneſſe, and his vertuous lore!
Now through his veins, all uninflamd before,
Th' enchanted cup of Diſſipation hight
Has ſhedd, with ſubtil ſtealth, through everie pore,
Its giddy poiſon, brewd with magicke might,
Each budd of gentle worth and better thought to blight.

XXIX.

So the Canadian, train'd in drery waſtes
To chace the foming bore and fallow deer,
At firſt the trader's beverage ſhylie taſtes;
But ſoon with headlong rage, unfelt whyleare,
Inflamd he luſts for the delirious cheer:
So burſts the Boy diſdainful of reſtrent
Headlong attonce into the wylde career
Of jollitie, with all his mind unbent,
And dull and yrkſome hangs the day in ſports unſpent.

XXX.

Now fly the waſſal ſeaſons wingd with glee,
Each day affords a floode of roring joy;
The Springs green months ycharmd with Cocking flee,
The jolly Horſe-race Summers grand employ,
His Harveſt Sports the foxe and hare deſtroy;
But the ſubſtantial Comforts of the Bowl
Are thine, O Winter! thine to fire the Boy
With Englands cauſe, and ſwell his mightie ſoul,
Till dizzy with his peres about the flore he rowl.

XXXI.

Now round his dores ynail'd on cloggs of wood
Hangs many a badgers ſnout and foxes tail,
The which had he through many a hedge perſewd, [dale;
Through marſh, through meer, dyke, ditch, and delve and
To hear his hair-breadth ſcapes would make you pale;
Which well the groome hight Patrick can relate,
Whileas on holidays he quaffs his ale;
And not one circumſtance will he forgett,
So keen the braggard chorle is on his hunting ſett.

XXXII.

Now on the turf the Knight with ſparkling eyes
Beholds the ſpringing Racers ſweep the ground:
Now lightlie by the poſt the foremoſt flies,
And thondring on, the rattling hoofs rebound;
The courſers groan, the cracking whips reſound:
And gliding with the gale they ruſh along
Right to the ſtand. The Knight ſtares wildly round
And, riſing on his ſell, his jocund tongue
Is heard above the noiſe of all the noiſie throng:

XXXIII.

While thus the Knight perſewd the ſhaddow Joy,
As youthly ſpirits thoughtleſſe led the way,
Her gilden baits, ah, gilded to decoy!
Kathrin did eve and morn before him lay,
Watchfull to pleaſe, and ever kindlie gay;
Till, like a thing bewitchd, the careleſſe wight
Reſigns himſelf to her capricious ſway:
Then ſoon, perdie, was never charme-bound ſpright
In Necromancers thrall in halfe ſuch pitteous plight.

XXXIV.

Her end accompliſhd, and her hopes at ſtay,
What need her now, ſhe recks, one ſmyle beſtow;
Each care to pleaſe were trouble thrown away,
And thriftleſſe waſte, with many maxims moe,
As, What were ſhe the better did ſhe ſo?
She conns, and freely ſues her native bent:
Yet ſtill can ſhe to guard his thralldom know,
Though grimd with ſnuff in tawdrie gown ſhe went,
Though peeviſh ere her ſpleen and rude her jolliment.

XXXV.

As when the linnet hails the balmie morne,
And roving through the trees his mattin ſings,
Lively with joy, till on a luckleſſe thorne
He lights, where to his feet the birdlime clings;
Then all in vain he flapps his gaudie wings;
The more he flutters ſtill the more foredone:
So fares it with the Knight: each morning brings
His deeper thrall; ne can he brawling ſhun,
For Kathrin was his thorne and birdlime both in one.

XXXVI.

Or, when atop the hoary weſtern hill
The ruddie Sunne appears to reſt his chin,
When not a breeze diſturbs the murmuring rill,
And mildlie warm the falling dewes begin,
The gameſome Trout then ſhews her ſilverie ſkin,
As wantonly beneath the wave ſhe glides,
Watching the buzzing flies, that never blin,
Then, dropt with pearle and golde, diſplays her ſides,
While ſhe with frequent leape the ruffled ſtreame divides.

XXXVII.

On the green banck a truant Schoolboy ſtands;
Well has the urchin markt her mery play,
An aſhen rod obeys his guileful hands,
And leads the mimick fly acroſs her way;
Aſkaunce, with liſtly look and coy delay,
The hungrie Trout the glitteraund treachor eyes,
Semblaunt of life, with ſpeckled wings ſo gay,
Then, ſlylie nibbling, prudiſh from it flies,
Till with a bouncing ſtart ſhe bites the truthleſs prize.

XXXVIII.

Ah, then the Younker gives the fatefull twitch;
Struck with amaze ſhe feels the hook ypight
Deepe in her gills, and, plonging where the beech
Shaddows the poole, ſhe runs in dread affright;
Iu vain the deepeſt rocke, her late delight,
In vain the ſedgy nook for help ſhe tries;
The laughing elfe now curbs, now aids her flight,
The more entangled ſtill the more ſhe flies,
And ſoon amid the graſs the panting captive lies.

XXXIX.

Where now, ah pity! where that ſprightly play,
That wanton bounding, and exulting joy,
That lately welcomd the retourning ray,
When by the rivletts bancks, with bluſhes coy,
APRIL walkd forth—ah! never more to toy,
In purling ſtreame, ſhe pants, ſhe gaſps and dies!
Ah me! how like the fortune of the Boy,
His days of revel and his nights of noiſe
Have left him now, involvd, his Lemman's hapleſſe prize.

XL.

See now the changes that attend her ſway;
The parke where rural Elegance had placed
Her ſweete retreat, where cunning Art did play
Her happieſt freaks, that nature undefaced
Received new charmes; ah, ſee, how foul diſgraced
Now lies thilke park ſo ſweetlie wylde afore!
Each grove and bowery walke be now laid waſte;
The bowling-greene has loſt its ſhaven flore,
And ſnowd with waſhing ſuds now yawns beſide the dore.

XLI.

All round the borders where the panſie blue,
Crocus, and polyanthus ſpeckled fine,
And daffodils in fayre confuſion grew
Emong the roſe-buſh roots and eglantine;
Theſe now their place to cabbages reſign,
And tawdrie peaſe ſupply the lillys ſtead;
Rough artichokes now briſtle where the vine
Its purple cluſters round the windows ſpread,
And laiſie cucumbers on dung recline the head.

XLII.

The fragrant orchard, once the Summers pride,
Where oft, by moonſhine, on the daiſie greene,
In jovial daunce, or tripping ſide by ſide,
Pomona and her buxom nymphs were ſeene;
Or where the clear canal ſtretchd out atweene,
Deftly their locks with bloſſomes would they brede;
Or reſting by the primeroſe hillocks ſheene,
Beneath the apple boughs and walnut ſhade.
They ſung their loves the while the fruitage gaily ſpread:

XLIII.

The fragrant orchard at her dire command
In all the pride of bloſſome ſtrewd the plain;
The hillocks gently riſing through the land
Muſt now no trace of Natures ſteps retain;
The clear canal, the mirrour of the ſwain,
And bluiſh lake no more adorn the greene,
Two durty watering ponds alone remain;
And where the moſs-floord filbert bowres had beene,
Is now a turnip fielde and cow yarde nothing cleane.

XLIV.

An auncient crone, yclepd by houſewives THRIFT,
All this deviſd for trim Oeconomie;
But certes, ever from her birth bereft
Of elegance, ill fitts her title high:
Coarſe were her looks, yet ſmoothe her courteſie,
Hoyden her ſhapes, but grave was her attyre,
And ever fixt on trifles was her eye;
And ſtill ſhe plodden round the kitchen fyre,
To ſave the ſmalleſt crombe her pleaſure and deſyre.

XLV.

Bow-bent with eld, her ſteps were ſoft and ſlow,
Faſt at her ſide a bounch of keys yhong,
Dull care ſat brooding on her jealous brow,
Sagacious proverbs dropping from her tongue:
Yet ſparing though ſhe beene her gueſtes emong,
Ought by herſelfe that ſhe mote gormandiſe,
The foul curmudgeon would have that ere long,
And hardly could her witt her guſt ſuffice;
Albee in varied ſtream, ſtill was it Covetiſe.

XLVI.

Dear was the kindlie love which Kathrin bore
This crooked Ronion for in ſoothly guiſe
She was her genius and her counſellor:
Now cleanly milking-pails in careful wiſe
Bedeck each room, and much can ſhe deſpiſe
The Knights complaints, and thriftleſſe judgment ill:
Eke verſd in ſales, right wondrous cheap ſhe buys,
Parlour and bedroom too her bargains fill;
Though uſeleſs, cheap they beene, and cheap ſhe purchaſd ſtill.

XLVII.

His tenants whilom been of thriftie kind,
Did like to ſing and worken all the day,
At ſeed time never were they left behind,
And at the harveſt feaſt ſtill firſt did play;
And ever at the terme their rents did pay,
For well they knew to guide their rural geer:
All in a row, yclad in homeſpun gray,
They marchd to church each Sunday of the year,
Their imps yode on afore, the carles brought up the rear.

XLVIII.

Ah happy days! but now no longer found:
No more with ſocial hoſpitable glee
The village hearths at Chriſtmas-tide reſound,
No more the Whitſun gamboll may you ſee,
Nor morrice daunce, nor May daye jollitie
When the blythe maydens foot the deawy green;
But now, in place, heart-ſinking penurie
And hopeleſſes care on every face is ſeen,
As theſe the drery times of curfeu bell had been.

XLIX.

For everie while, with thief-like lounging pace,
And dark of look, a tawdrie villain came,
Muttering ſome words with ſerious-meaning face,
And on the church dore he would fix their name;
Then, *nolens volens*, they muſt heed the ſame,
And quight thoſe fieldes their yeomen grandfires plowd
Eer ſince black Edwards days, when, crownd with fame,
From Creſſie field the Knights old grandfire prowd
Led home his yeomandrie, and earh his glebe allowd.

L.

But now the orphan ſees his harveſt fielde
Beneath the gripe of Laws ſtern rapine fall,
The friendleſſe widow, from her hearth expelld,
Withdraws to ſome poor hutt with earthen wall:
And theſe, perdie, were Kathrins projects all;
For, ſooth to tell, grievd was the Knight full ſore
Such ſinful deeds to ſee: yet ſuch his thrall,
Though he had pledgd his troth, yet nathemore
It mote he keep, except ſhe willd the ſame before.

LI.

Oh wondrous Powre of Womans wily art,
What for thy witchcraft too ſecure may be!
Not Circes cup may ſo transform the heart,
Or bend the will, fallacious Powre, like thee;
Lo, manly Senſe, of princely dignitie,
Witchd by thy ſpells, thy crowching ſlave is ſeen;
Lo, high-browd Honour bends the groveling knee,
And every braveſt virtue, ſooth I ween,
Seems like a blighted flowre of dank unlovely mien.

LII.

Ne may grim Saracene, nor Tartar man,
Such ruthleſſe bondage on his ſlave impoſe,
As Kathrin on the Knight full deffly can;
Ne may the Knight eſcape, or cure his woes:
As he who dreams he climbs ſome mountains brows,
With painful ſtruggling up the ſteep height ſtrains,
Anxious he pants and toils, but ſtrength foregoes
His feeble limbs, and not a ſtep he gains;
So toils the powreleſſe Knight beneath his ſervile chains.

LIII.

His lawyer now aſſumes the guardians place;
Learnd was thilk clerk in deeds, and paſſing ſlie;
Slow was his ſpeeche, and ſolemn was his face
As that grave bird which Athens rankt ſo high
Pleaſd Dullneſs baſking in his gloſſie eye,
The ſmyle would oft ſteal through his native phlegm;
And, well he guards Syr Martyns propertie,
Till not one peaſant dares invade the game:
But certes, ſeven yeares rent was ſoon his own juſt claim.

LIV.

Now mortgage follows mortgage: Cold delay
Still yawns on everie long depending caſe.
The Knights gay bloome the while ſlid faſt away;
Kathrin the while brought bantling imps apace;
While everie day renews his vile diſgrace,
And ſtraitens ſtill the more his galling thrall:
See how what ſcenes his houſhold hours debaſe,
And riſe ſucceſſive in his cheerleſſe hall.
So ſpake the Seer, and prompt the ſcene obeyd his call.

LV.

See, quoth the Wizard, how with foltering mien,
And diſcompoſd yon ſtranger he receives;
Lo, how with ſulkie look, and moapt with ſpleen,
His frowning miſtreſſe to his friend behaves;
In vain he nods, in vain his hand he waves,
Ne will ſhe heed, ne will ſhe ſign obay;
Nor corner dark his awkward bluſhes ſaves,
Ne may the hearty laugh, ne features gay:
The hearty laugh, perdie, does but his pain betray.

LVI.

A worthy wight his friend was ever known,
Some generous cauſe did ſtill his lips inſpire;
He begs the Knight by friendſhips long agone
To ſhelter from his lawyers cruel ire
An auncient hinde, around whoſe cheerleſſe fire
Sat Grief, and pale Diſeaſe. The poor mans wrong
Affects the Knight: his inmoſt hearts deſire
Gleams through his eyes; yet all confuſd, and ſtung
With inward pain, he looks, and ſilence guards his tongue.

LVII.

See, while his friend entreats and urges ſtill,
See, how with ſidelong glaunce and haviour ſhy
He ſteals the look to read his Lemmans will,
Watchfull the dawn of an aſſent to ſpy.
Look as he will, yet will ſhe not comply.
His friend with ſcorn beholds his awkward pain;
From him even Pity turns her tear-dewd eye,
And hardlie can the burſting laugh reſtrain,
While manlie Honour frowns on his unmanlie ſtain.

LVIII.

Let other ſcenes now riſe, the Wizard ſaid:
He wavd his hand, and other ſcenes aroſe.
See there, quoth he, the Knight ſupinely laid
Invokes the houſehold houres of learnd repoſe;
An auncient Song its manly joys beſtows:
The melting paſſion of the Nutt-brown Mayde
Glides through his breaſt; his wandering fancy glows,
Till into wildeſt reveries betrayd,
He hears th' imagind Faire, and wooes the lovely ſhade.

LIX.

Tranſported he repeats her conſtant vow,
How to the green wode ſhade, betide whateer,
She with her baniſhd Love would fearleſſe goe,
And ſweet would be with him the hardeſt cheer.
Oh heaven! he ſighs, what bleſſings dwell ſincere
In love like this!—But inſtant as he ſighd,
Burſting into the room, loud in his ear
His Lemman thonders, Ah! fell dole betide
The girl that truſts in man before ſhe bees his bride!

LX.

And muſt ſome Lemman of a whiffling ſong
Delight your fancy! ſhe diſdainful cries;
When ſtrait her imps all brawling round her throng,
And, bleard with teares, each for revenge applies:
Him cheif in ſpleene the father means chaſtiſe,
But from his kindlie hand ſhe ſaves him ſtill;
Yet for no fault, anon, in furious wiſe
Yon yellow elfe ſhe little ſpares to kill;
And then, next breath, does all to coax its ſtubborn will.

LXI.

Pale as the ghoſte that by the gleaming moon
Withdraws the curtain of the murderers bed,
So pale and cold at heart, as halfe aſwoon
The Knight ſtares round; yet good nor bad he ſed.
Alas! though trembling anguiſh inward bled,
His beſt reſolve ſoon as a meteor dies:
His preſent peace and eaſe mote chance have fled,
He deems; and yielding, looks moſt wondrous wiſe,
As from himſelf he hopd his grief and ſhame diſguiſe.

LXII.

Woe to the wight whoſe hated home no more
The hallowd temple of Content may be!
While now his days abroad with groomes he wore,
His miſtreſſe with her liefeſt companie,
A rude unlettered herd! with deareſt glee,
Enjoys each whiſper of her neighbours ſhame;
And ſtill anon the flaſk of ratafie
Improves their tales, till certes not a name
Eſcapes their blaſting tongue, or goody, wench, or dame.

LXIII.

One evening tide as with her crones ſhe ſate,
Making ſweete ſolace of ſome ſcandall new,
A boiſtrous noiſe came thondring at the gate,
And ſoon a ſturdie boy approachd in view;
With gold far glitteraund were his veſtments blue
And pye-ſhapd hat, and of the ſilver ſheen *
An huge broad buckle glaunſt in either ſhoe,
And round his neck an India kerchiefe clean,
And in his hand a ſwitch: a jolly wight I ween.

LXIV.

Farre had he ſaild, and roamd the foamy deepe,
Where ruddie Phœbus ſlacks his firie team;
(With burning golde then flames th' ethereal ſteepe,
And Oceans waves like molten ſilver ſeem)
Eke had he ſeen, with diamond glittering beam,
The ſtarre of morn awake the roſeate day,
While yet beneath the moone old Nilus ſtream
Pale through the land reflects the gleamy ray,
As through the midnight ſkyes appeares the milky way.

LXV.

Through the Columbian world, and verdant iles
Unknown to Carthage, had he frequent ſped,
Eke had he beene where flowry Sommer ſmiles
At Chriſtmas tide, where other heavens are ſpred,
Beſprent with ſtarres that Newton never red,
Where in the North the ſun of noone is ſeene:
Wherever Hannos bold ambition led,
Wherever Gama ſaild, there had he beene,
Gama*, the dearling care of Beautys heavenly Queene.

* See the LUSIAD.

LXVI.

Eke had he plied the rivers and the coaſt
Where bold Neârch young Ammons fleet did guide;
A taſk ſo dred the world-ſubduing hoſt
Could not another for ſuch feats provide:
And often had he ſeen that ocean wide
Which to his wearie bands thilke youth did ſay
None but th' immortal Gods had ever ſpyd;
Which ſight, quoth he, will all your toils repay:
That none mote ſee it more als he the Gods did pray*.

LXVII.

Through theſe outlandiſh ſhores and oceans dire
For ten long ſeaſons did the younkling toil,
Through ſtormes, through tempeſts, and the battels fire,
Through cold, through heat, cheerd by the hope the while
Of yet reviſiting his natal ſoil:
And oft, when flying in the monſoon gale,
By Æthiopias coaſt or Javas ile,
When glauncing over Oceans boſom pale,
The ſhip hung on the winds with broad and ſteadie ſail:

* For this ſpeech to his army, and prayer of Alexander, ſee Q. Curtius.

LXVIII.

Hung on the winds as from his ayrie flight,
With wide-ſpred wing unmovd, the eagle bends,
When, on old Snowdons brow prepard to light,
Sailing the liquid ſkye he ſheer deſcends:
Thus oft, when roving farre as wave extends,
The ſcenes of promiſt bliſs would warm the Boy;
To meet his brother with each wiſh yblends,
And friendſhips glowing hopes each thought employ;
And now at home arrivd his heart dilates with joy.

LXIX.

Around the meadows and the parke he looks,
To ſpy the ſtreamlett or the elm-tree ſhade,
Where oft at eve, beneath the cawing rooks,
He with his feres in merry chilhoode playd:
But all was changd!—Unweetingly diſmayd
A cold foreboding impluſe thrills his breaſt;
And who but Kathrin now is dearnly frayd.
When entering in ſhe kens the ſtranger gueſt:
Then with ſad mien ſhe roſe, and kindlie him embraſt.

LXX.

Great marvell at her ſolemn cheer he made;
Then, ſobbing deepe, Glad will Syr Martyn be,
Faire Syr, of your retourne, ſhe gently ſaid;
But what miſhap! our infant familie,
The deareſt babes, though they were nought to me,
That ever breathd, are laid in deadlie plight:
What ſhall we do!—great were your courteſie
To lodge in yonder tenants houſe to night;
The ſkilfull leache forbids that noiſe my babes ſhould fright

LXXI.

Blunt was the Boy, and to the farme-houſe nigh
To wait his brother, at her bidding fares,
Conducted by a goſſip pert and ſly:
Kathrin the while her malengines prepares.
Now gan the duſke ſuſpend the plowmans cares,
When from his rural ſportes arrives the Knight;
Soon with his mates the jovial bowl he ſhares,
His hall reſounds!—amazd the ſtranger wight
Arreads it all as done to him in fell deſpight.

LXXII.

Late was the houre whenas the Knight was tould
Of ſtranger gueſt; Go, bid him welcome here;
What ſeeks he there? quoth he. Perdie, what would
You ſeek? ſays to the Boy the meſſenger.
To ſee the Knight, quoth he, I but requere.
Syr Knight, he ſcornes to come; the ſervant ſaid.
Go, bid him ſtill, quoth he, to welcome cheer:
But all contrarywiſe the faytor made,
Till rage enflamd the Boy; and ſtill his rage they fed:

LXXIII.

Your brother, quoth the hoſteſſe, ſoon will waſte
His faire eſtate; and certes, well I read,
He weens to hold your patrimonie faſt.
Next morne a lawyer beene ybrought with ſpeed,
And wiſe he lookt, and wiſely ſhook his hede.
Him now impowrd, the youth with rage yblent
Vows never to retourne; then mounts his ſteed,
And leaves the place in fancy hugely ſhent:
All which to Kathrins mind gave wondrous great content.

CANTO II.

In muſefull ſtownd Syr Martyn *rews*
His Youthhedes thoughtleſſe ſtage;
But Diſſipation haunts him to
The bloſſomes of old age.

I.

WITH gracefull pauſe awhile the Wizard ſtood,
Then thus reſumd,—As he whoſe homeward way
Lies through the windings of ſome verdant wood;
Through many a mazy turn and arbour gay
He ſues the flowery ſteps of jollie May,
While through the openings many a lawnſkepe new
Burſts on his ſight; yet, never once aſtray,
Still home he wends: ſo we our theme purſue,
Through many a bank and bowre cloſe following ſtill our cue.

II.

Soothd by the murmurs of a plaintive ſtreame,
A wyld romantick dell its fragrance ſhed;
Safe from the thonder ſhowre and ſcorching beame
Their faerie charmes the ſummer bowres diſplaid;
Wyld by the bancks the baſhfull cowſlips ſpread,
And from the rock above each ivied ſeat
The ſpotted foxgloves hung the purple head,
And lowlie vilets kiſt the wanderers feet:
Sure never Hyblas bees rovd through a wilde ſo ſweet,

III.

As winds the ſtreamlett ſerpentine along,
So leads a ſolemn walk its bowry way,
The pale-leaved palms and darker limes among,
To where a grotto lone and ſecret lay;
The yellow broome, where chirp the linnets gay,
Waves round the cave; and to the blue-ſtreakd ſkyes
A ſhatterd rock towres up in fragments gray:
The ſhee goat from its height the lawnſkepe eyes,
And calls her wanderd young, the call each banck replies.

IV.

Here oft the Knight had paſt the Sommers morne
What time the wondering Boy to manhood roſe,
When Fancy firſt her lawnſkepes gan adorne,
And Reaſons folded buddes their flowres diſcloſe,
What time young Tranſport through the ſpirits flows,
When Nature ſmyles with charmes unſeen before,
When with unwonted hopes the boſome glows,
While wingd with whirlwind ſpeed the thoughts explore
The endleſſe wylde of joys that Youth beholds in ſtore.

V.

The Dryads of the place, that nurſt the flowres,
And hung the dew-drop in the hycinths bell,
For him employd their virtue breathing powres,
And Cambrias Genius bade his worth excell.
His youthfull breaſt confeſt the wondrous ſpell;
His generous temper warmd with fayre deſign,
The friend and patriot now his boſome ſwell;
The lover and the father now combine,
And ſmyling viſions form, where bliſs and honour join.

VI.

Of theſe loved ſoothings this the loved retreat
Muſt now no more with dreams of bliſs decoy;
Yet here he liken ſtill himſelf to meet,
Though woes, a gloomy train, his thoughts employ:
Oh loſt to peace, he ſighs, unhappy Boy!
Oh loſt to every worth that life adorns!—
Oh loſt to peace, to elegance, and joy!
Th' aërial Genius of the cave returns,
Whiles in the bubbling rill the plaintive Naiade mourns.

VII.

Thus as he ſpake the magic lawnſkepe roſe,
The dell, the grotto, and the broome-clad hill;
See, quoth the Wizard, where the Knight beſtows
An houre to thought and Reaſons whiſpers ſtill;
Whiles, as a nightly viſion boding ill,
Seen with pale glymps by lonely wandering ſwayne,
Truth, gleaming through the fogs of biaſt will,
Frowns on him ſterne, and honeſt Shame gins fayne
In her reflective glaſs his life's ignoble ſtraine.

VIII.

His earlie hopes ſhe ſhews and ſhews againe;
How oft haſt Thou, ſhe cries, indignant viewd
The titled Cypher and his ſolemn traine,
The buſie face, and dull ſolicitude,
That, ever plodding in important mood,
Has not a ſoul to reach one noble aim,
Nor ſoul, nor wiſh—whoſe vacant mind endewd
With not one talent, yet would lewdly claim
For his vile leaden buſt the ſacred wreath of Fame:

IX.

Who to the patrons lawrells would aſpire,
By labouring in the Britiſh clime to rear
Thoſe arts that quencht prowd Romes patrician fire,
And bowd her prone beneath the Gothick ſpear;
Illuſtrious cares! befitting patriot peer!
Italian ſing-ſong and the eunuchs ſquall!
Such arts as ſoothd the baſe unmanly ear
Of Greece and Perſia bending to their fall;
When Freedome bled unwept, and ſcornd was Glorys call.

X.

While theſe thy breaſt with ſcorne indignant fird,
What other views before thee would diſcloſe!
As Fancy painted and thy wiſh inſpird,
What glorious ſcenes beneath thy ſhades aroſe!
Britannias guardians here diſpell her woes,
Forming her laws, her artes, with godlike toil;
There, Albion, ſmyling on her learnd repoſe,
Sees manly Genius in thet influence ſmile,
And ſpread the hallowd ſtreames of Virtue round the ile.

XI.

How bleſt, ah Heaven! ſuch ſelfe-approving houres,
Such views ſtill opening, ſtill extending higher,
Cares whence the ſtate derives its firmeſt powres;
And ſcenes where Friendſhip ſheds her pureſt fire?
And did, ah ſhame! theſe hopes in vain expire
A morning dreame!—As lorn the ſpondthrift ſtands,
Who ſees the fieldes bequeathd him by his ſire,
His own no more, now reapt by ſtrangers hands;
So languid muſt I view faire Honours fertile lands.

XII.

Silence would then enſue; perhaps reclind
On the greene margin of the ſtreame he lay,
While ſoftlie ſtealing on his languid mind
Th' ideal ſcéne would hold a moments ſway,
And the domeſtick houre all ſmyles diſplay,
Where fixt eſteeme the fond diſcourſe inſpires:
Now through his heart would glide the ſprightlie ray
Where Married Love bids light his pureſt fires,
Where Elegance preſides, and wakes the Young Deſires.

XIII.

Strait to his brawling Lemman turns his mind;
Shockd hé beholds the odious colours riſe,
Where ſelfiſhneſſe, low pride and ſpleen combind,
Bid every anguiſhd thought his mate deſpiſe,
His mate unformd for ſweete Affections ties:
Grovling, indelicate—Stung to the heart
His indignation heaves in ſtifled ſighs;
But ſoon his paſſion burſts with ſuddein ſtart:
His children ſtrike his thoughts with lively pierſant ſmart.

XIV.

The mothers baſeneſſe in their deeds he ſees,
And all the wounded father ſwells his breaſt:
Suddein he leaves the cave and mantling trees,
And up the furzie hill his footſteps haſte,
While ſullenly he ſoothes his ſoul to reſt:
Meantime the opening proſpect wide he gains,
Where, crownd with oake, with meadow flowres ydreſt,
His Britiſh chaplet, buxom Summer reigns,
And waves his mantle greene farre round the ſmyling plains.

XV.

Still as he flow aſcends, the bounteous farms,
And old grey towres of rural churches riſe,
The fieldes ſtill lengthening ſhew their crowded charms
In fayre perſpective and in richeſt guiſe:
His ſweeping ſcythe the white-ſleevd mower plies,
The plowman through the fallow guides his teame,
Acroſſe the wheaten fielde the milkmayde hies,
To where the kine, foreby the reedy ſtreame,
With frequent lowe to plaine of their full udders ſeeme.

XVI.

See, now the Knight arrives where erſt an oak
Dan Æols bluſtering ſtormes did long repell,
Till witchd it was, when by an headlong ſhock,
As the hoar fathers of the village tell,
With horrid craſh on All Saints eve it fell:
But from its trunk ſoon ſprouting ſaplings roſe,
And round the parent ſtock did ſhadowy ſwell;
Now, aged trees, they bend their twiſted boughs,
And by their moſs-greene roots invite the ſwains repoſe.

XVII.

Here on a bending knare he penſive leans,
And round the various lawnſkepe raunge his eyes:
There ſtretch the corny fieldes in various greens,
Farre as the ſight: there, 'to the peaceful ſkyes
The darkning pines and dewy poplars riſe:
Behind the wood a dark and heathy lea,
With ſheepe faire ſpotted, farre extended lies,
With here and there a lonlie blaſted tree;
And from between two hills appears the duſkie ſea.

XVIII.

Bright through the fleeting clouds the ſunny ray
Shifts o'er the fieldes, now glids the woody dale;
The flockes now whiten, now the ocean bay
Beneath the radiance gliſtens clear and pale;
And white from farre appears the frequent ſail,
By Traffick ſpread. Moord where the land divides,
The Britiſh red-croſs waving in the gale,
Hulky and black, a gallant warre ſhip rides,
And over the greene wave with lordly port preſides.

XIX.

Fixt on the bulwark of the Britiſh powre
Long gazd the Knight, with fretfull languid air;
Then thus, indulging the reflective houre,
Pours forth his ſoul: Oh, glorious happy care!
To bid Brittanias navies greatly dare,
And through the vaſſal ſeas triumphant reign,
To either India waft victorious warre,
To join the poles in Trades unbounded chain,
And bid the Britiſh Throne the mighty Whole ſuſtain.

XX.

With what ſuperiour luſtre and command
May ſtedfaſt Zeal in Albion's Senate ſhine!
What glorious lawrells court the Patriots hand!
How baſe the hand that can ſuch Meed decline!
And was, kind Fate! to ſnatch theſe honours mine?
Yes! greene they ſpred, and fayre they bloomd for me;
Thy birth and duty bade the chiefe be thine;
Oh loſt, vain Trifler, loſt in each degree!
Thy Country never turnd her hopefull eyes on Thee.

XXI.

Yet, how the Fielde of Worth luxurious ſmiles!
Nor Africk yields, nor Chilys earth contains
Such funds of wealth as crown the Plowmans toils,
And tinge with waving gold Britannias plains;
Even on her mountains cheerful Plenty reigns,
And wildly grand her fleecy wardrobe ſpreads.
What noble Meed the honeſt Stateſman gains,
Who through theſe publique nerves new vigour ſheds,
And bids the Uſeful Artes exalt their drooping heads:

XXII.

Who, founding on the Plough and humble Loome
His Countrys greatneſſe, ſees, on every tide,
Her fleets the umpire of the world aſſume,
And ſpread her juſtice as her glories wide—
Oh wonder of the world, and faireſt pride,
Britannias Fleet! how long ſhall Pity mourn,
And ſtain thy honours? from his weeping Bride
And ſtarving babes, how long inhuman torn
Shall the bold Sailor mount thy decks with heart forlorn!

XXIII.

Forlorn with ſinking heart his taſk he plies,
His Brides diſtreſſe his reſtleſſe fancy ſees,
And fixing on the land his earneſt eyes,
Cold is his breaſt and faint his manly knees.
Ah! hither turn, ye ſons of courtlie Eaſe,
And let the Brave Mans wrongs, let intereſt plead:
Say, while his arme his Countrys fate decrees,
Say, ſhall a Fathers anguiſh be his meed;
His wrongs unnerve his ſoul, and blight each mighty deed?

XXIV.

Whatever *Party* boaſts thy glorious name,
O THOU reſervd by Heavens benign decree
To blaſt thoſe artes that quench the Britiſh flame,
And bid the meaneſt of the Land be free;
Oh, much Humanity ſhall owe to Thee!
And ſhall that palm unenvyd ſtill remain!
And hear, yé lordlings, each ſeveritie,
And every woe the labouring tribes ſuſtain,
Upbraids the Man of Powre, and dims his honours vain.

XXV.

While thus the Knights long ſmotherd fires broke forth,
The rouſing muſicke of the horne he hears
Shrill echoing through the wold; and by the North
Where bends the hill, the ſounding chace appears;
The hounds with glorious peal ſalute his ears,
And wood and dale rebound the ſwelling lay;
The Youths on courſers fleet as fallow deers
Pour through the downs, while, foremoſt of the fray;
Away! the jolly Huntſman cries; and Echoe ſounds, Away!

XXVI.

Now han the beagles ſcourd the buſhy ground,
Till where a brooke ſtrays hollow through the bent,
When all confuſd, and ſnuffing wyldlie round,
In vain their fretfull haſte explord the ſcent:
But Reynards cunning all in vain was ſpent;
The Huntſman from his ſtand his arts had ſpyd,
Had markt his doublings and his ſhrewd intent,
How both the bancks he trac'd, then backward plyd
His track ſome twentie roods, then bounding ſprong aſide.

XXVII.

Eke had he markt where to the broome he crept,
Where, harkening everie ſound, an hare was laid;
Then from the thickeſt buſh he ſlylie lept,
And wary ſcuds along the hawthorne ſhade,
Till by the hills ſlant foot he earths his head
Amid a briarie thickett: Emblem meet
Of wylie ſtateſman of his foes adred;
He oft miſguides the peoples rage, I weet,
On others, whilſt himſelf winds off with ſlie deceit.

XXVIII.

The cunning Huntſman now cheers on his pack,
The lurking hare is an inſtant ſlain:
Then opening loud, the beagles ſcent the track
Right to the hill; while thondring through the plain
With blythe huzzas advaunce the jovial train:
And now the Groomes and Squires, Cowherds and Boys,
Beat round and round the brake; but all in vain
Their poles they ply, and vain their oathes and noiſe,
Till plonging in his den the Terrier fiercely joys.

XXIX.

Expelld his hole, upſtarts to open ſky
The Villain bold, and wildly glares around;
Now here, now there, he bends his knees to fly,
As oft recoils to guard from backward wound,
His frothie jaws he grinds—with horrid ſound
The Pack attonce ruſh on him: foming ire,
Fierce at his throte and ſides hangs many a hound;
His burning eyes flaſh wylde red ſparckling fire,
Whiles weltring on the ſwaird his breath and ſtrength expire.

XXX.

Straight to Syr Martyns hall the Hunters bend,
The Knight perceives it from his oak-crownd hill,
Down the ſteep furzie height he ſlow gan wend,
With troublous thoughts keen ruminating ſtill;
While grief and ſhame by turns his boſom fill.
And now, perchd prowdlie on the topmoſt ſpray,
The ſootie Blackbird chaunts his veſpers ſhrill;
While Twilight ſpreads his robe of ſober grey,
And to their bowres the Rooks loud cawing wing their way:

XXXI.

And bright behind the Cambrian mountains hore
Flames the red beam; while on the diſtant Eaſt
Led by her ſtarre, the horned Moone looks o'er
The bending foreſt, and with rays increaſt
Aſcends; while trembling on the dappled Weſt
The purple radiance ſhifts, and dies away;
The willows with a deeper green impreſt
Nod o'er the brooks; the brooks with gleamy ray
Glide on, and holy Peace aſſumes her woodland ſway.

XXXII.

All was repoſe, all but Syr Martyns breſt;
There, Paſſions tearing guſts tempeſtuous riſe.
Are theſe, he murmurs, theſe my friends! the beſt
That croud my hall! the Sonnes of madning Noiſe,
Whoſe warmeſt friendſhip with the revel dies?
Whoſe glee it were my deareſt peace deſtroy,
Who with my woes could ſport, my wrongs deſpiſe;
Could round my coffin pledge the cup of Joy,
And on my crimes even then their baſe-tongue witt employ:

XXXIII.

Whoſe converſe, oft as fulſom Bawdrie fails,
Takes up the barkings of Impiety,
The Scepticks wild disjointed dreams retails,
Theſe modern ravings of Philoſophy
Made drunk, the Cavil, the detected Ly,
The witt of Ignorance, and Gloſs unfair,
Which honeſt Dullneſs would with ſhame deny;
The hope of Baſeneſs vaumpt in Candours air:
Good Heaven! are ſuch the friends that to my hearth repair!

XXIV.

The Man of Worth ſhuns Thy reputeleſſe dore;
Even the old Peaſant ſhakes his ſilverd head,
Old ſaws and ſtories babbling evermore,
And adding ſtill, Alas, thoſe dayes be fled!
Here Indignation pauſd, when, up the glade,
Pale through the trees his houſhold ſmoke aſcends;
Wakd at the ſight, his Brothers wrongs upbraid
His melting heart, and grief his boſome rends:
And now the keen Reſolve its gleaming comfort lends.

XXXV.

Perdie, now were I bent on legends fine
My Knight ſhould riſe the flowre of Chivalrie,
Brave as Syr Arthegal or Valentine,
Another Saint George England then ſhould ſee,
Britannias Genius ſhould his Sabra bee,
Chaind to the rock by Dragon to be ſlain;
But he the Virgin Princeſſe ſoon ſhould free,
And ſtretch the monſter breathleſſe on the plain;
Bribery, the Dragon huge, ſhould never riſe again.

XXXVI.

Eke ſhould he, freed from foul Enchaunters ſpell,
Eſcape his falſe Dueſſas magicke charms,
And Folly quaid, yclepd an Hydra fell,
Receive a beauteous Lady to his arms;
While Bardes and Minſtrales chaunt the ſoft alarms
Of gentle Love, unlike his former thrall.
Eke ſhould I ſing, in courtly cunning terms,
The gallant feaſt, ſervd up by Seneſhall,
To Knights and Ladies gent in painted bowre and hall.

XXXVII.

But certes, while my tongue fayre truth indites,
And does of human frailtie ſoothly tell,
Unmeet it were indulge the daintie flights
Of Phantaſie, that never yet befell:
Uneath it is long habits to expell,
Ne may the beſt good heart its bliſs ſecure,
Ne may the lively powre of judging well,
In ardhous worthy deed long time endure,
Where DISSIPATION once has fixt her footing ſure.

XXXVIII.

Such was the powre that angrie JOVE beſtowd
On this faire Nymph: the legend thus is told.
To *Dians* care her life her Mother owd;
Faire *Dian* found her naked on the wold,
Some Peaſants babe, expoſed to deadlie cold,
And to a favourite Satyr gave to rear:
Then, when the Nymph was fifteen ſpringtimes old,
Equipt her with the bow and Huntreſſe ſpear,
And of her Woodland Traine her made a welcome fere.

XXXIX.

But ill her mind received chaſt *Phœbes* lore,
Fain would ſhe at the chace ſtill lag behind:
One ſultry noone, as *Phœbe* ſped afore,
Beneath a leafy vine the nymph reclind,
And, Fan my breaſt, ſhe cried, Oh Weſtern Wind!
Soon as the wiſh-for word *Favonius* came.
From that day forth the conſcious Nymph declind
The near inſpection of the Sovereign Dame;
Till mid the chace, one morne, her throes betrayd her ſhame.

XL.

Her throes with ſcorne the taunting Dryads eyd,
The Nymph changd colour, and hung down her head;
Still change thy bluſhing hue, the Goddeſs cryd:
Forthwith a freezing languor gan invade
Her limbs; and now, with ſuddein leaves arrayd,
A *Ruſſian Poppey* ſhe tranſmed remains;
The various colours ever riſe and fade,
The tints ſtill ſhifting mock the Painters pains;
And ſtill her drowſie mood the beauteous Nymph retains.

XLI.

Meanwhile his new-born elfe *Favonius* bore,
Soft lapt, on balmy pinions farre away;
And with the Fawns, by *Peneus* flowery ſhore,
From earliſt youth the laughing Imp did play,
For ever fluttering, debonair, and gay,
And reſtleſſe, as the dove *Deucalion* ſent
To ſpy if peering oake did yet bewray
Its braunching head above the flooded bent;
But ydlie beating round, the day in vain was ſpent.

XLII.

When now the Nymph to riper yeares gan riſe,
To fayre PARNASSUS groves ſhe took her flight;
There, culling flowretts of a thouſand dyes,
Still did her head with tawdry girlonds dight;
As ſoon the wreath ill ſorted would ſhe quight:
Ne ever did ſhe climb the twyforkt hill,
Ne could her eyen explore in lofty height,
Ne did ſhe ever taſte the ſacred rill
From Inſpirations fount that ever doth diſtill.

XLIII.

Her ſprightly levitie was from her Syre,
Her drowſy dulneſs from her Mother ſprong;
This never would allow her mind aſpyre,
That never would allow her patience long,
Thus as ſhe ſlightly rovd the lawns among,
High JOVE beheld her from his ſtarry ſeat,
And called her DISSIPATION: Wylde and young
Still ſhalt Thou be, he ſaid; and this thy fate,
On Man thy ſleights employ, on Man that prowd ingrate.

XLIV.

All happineſſe he claims his virtues due,
And holds him injurd when my care denies
The fondling wiſh, whence ſorrow would enſue;
And idle ſtill his prayers invade my ſkies:
But bold and arduous muſt that virtue riſe
Which I accept, no vague inconſtant blaze.
Then be it Thine to ſpred before his eyes
Thy changing colours, and thy wyld-fire rays,
And fruitleſſe ſtill ſhall be that virtue thou canſt daze.

XLV.

So ſwore the God, by gloomy *Styx* he ſwore:
The Fates aſſented, and the Dæmon flew
Right to the Seats of Men. The robe ſhe wore
Was ſtarrd with dewdrops, and of paleſt blue;
Faire round her head playd many a beauteous hue,
As when the rainbow through the bean-flowres plays;
The fleeting tints the Swaynes with wonder view,
And ween to ſnatch a prize beneath the rays;
But through the meadows dank the beauteous meteor ſtrays.

XLVI.

So ſhone the Nymph, and prank in Pleaſures guize
With wylie traines the Sonnes of Earth beſett;
Goodneſſe of Heart before her yawns and dies,
And Friendſhip ever feels the drowſie fitt
Juſt when its powre to ſerve could ſerve a whitt.
And ſtill behind her march REMORSE and SHAME,
That never will their yron ſcourge remitt,
Whenſo the Fiend reſigns her thralls to them:
Sad caſe, I weet, where ſtill Oneſelfe Oneſelfe muſt blame.

XLVII.

Long had the Knight to her his powres reſignd;
In wanton dalliance firſt her nett ſhe ſpred,
And ſoon in mirthful tumult on his mind
She ſoftlie ſtole: yet, while at times he ſped
To Contemplations bowre, his ſight ſhe fled;
Ne on the mountainett with him durſt bide;
Yet homewards ſtill ſhe mett him in the glade,
And in the ſocial cup did ſlily glide,
And ſtill his beſt reſolve eftſoons ſhe ſcatterd wide.

XLVIII.

And now, as ſlowly ſauntering up the dale
He homeward wends, in heavie muſefull ſtowre,
The ſmooth Deceiver gan his heart aſſail;
His heart ſoon felt the faſcinating powre:
Old Cambrias Genius markt the fatal houre,
And tore the girlond from her ſea-greene hair.
The conſcious oakes above him ruſtling lowre,
And through the braunches ſighs the gloomy air,
As when indignant JOVE rejects the Flamens prayer.

XLIX.

The Dryads of the Grove, that oft had fird
His opening mind with many a raptured dream,
That oft his evening wanderings had inſpird,
All by the ſilent hill or murmuring ſtream,
Forſake him now; for all as loſt they deem:
So homeward he wends; where, wrapt in jollitie,
His hall to keepen holiday mote ſeem,
And with the Hunters ſoon full blythe was he,
The blytheſt wight of all that blytheſome companie.

L.

As when th' Autumnal Morne with ruddy hue
Looks through the glen beſprent with ſilver hore,
Acroſs the ſtubble, bruſhing off the dew,
The younkling Fowler gins the fieldes explore,
And, wheeling oft, his Pointer veres afore,
And oft, ſagacious of the tainted gale,
The fluttering bird betrays; with thondring rore
The ſhott reſounds, loud echoing through the dale;
But ſtill the Younkling kills nor partidge, ſnipe, nor quail.

LI.

Yet ſtill the queint excuſe is at command;
The dog was raſh, a ſwallow twittered by,
The gun hung fire, and keenneſs ſhook his hand,
And there the wind or buſhes hurt his eye.
So can the Knight his mind ſtill ſatisfye:
A lazie Fiend, SELF IMPOSITION hight,
Still whiſpers ſome excuſe, ſome gilden lye,
Himſelf did gild to cheat himſelfe outright:
God help the man bewitchd in ſuch ungracious plight.

LII.

On DISSIPATION ſtill this Treachor waits,
Obſequiouſly behind at diſtance due;
And ſtill to DISCONTENTS accurſe gates,
The Houſe of Sorrow, theſe ungodlie Two,
Conduct their fainty thralls—Great things to do
The Knight reſolvd, but never yet could find
The proper time, while ſtill his miſeries grew:
And now theſe Dæmons of the captive mind
Him to the drery Cave of DISCONTENT reſignd.

LIII.

Deep in the wyldes of Faerie Lond it lay;
Wide was the mouth, the roofe all rudely rent;
Some parts receive, and ſome exclude the Day,
For deepe beneath the hill its caverns went:
The ragged walls with lightning ſeemd ybrent,
And loathlie vermin ever crept the flore:
Yet all in ſight, with towres and caſtles gent,
A beauteous lawnſkepe roſe afore the dore,
The which to view ſo fayre the Captives grieved ſore.

LIV.

All by the gate, beneath a pine ſhade bare,
An owl-frequented bowre, ſome tents were ſpred;
Here ſat a Throng, with eager furious ſtare
Rattling the dice; and there, with eyes half dead,
Some drowſie Dronkards, looking black and red,
Dozd out their days: and by the path-way green
A ſprightlie Troupe ſtill onward heedleſſe ſped,
In chace of butterflies alert and keen
Honours, and Wealth, and Powre, their butterflies I ween.

LV.

And oft, diſguſtfull of their various cares,
Into the Cave they wend with ſullen pace;
Each to his meet apartment dernly fares:
Here, all in raggs, in piteous plight moſt bace,
The Dronkard ſitts; there, ſhent with foul diſgrace,
The thriftleſſe Heir; and o'er his reeking blade
Red with his Friends heart gore, in woefull cace
The Duelliſt raves; and there, on vetchie bed,
Crazd with his vain purſuits, the Maniack bends his head.

LVI.

Yet round his gloomy cell with chalk he ſcrawls
Ships, coaches, crownes, and eke the gallow tree
All that he wiſhd or feard his ghaſtlie walls
Preſent him ſtill, and mock his miſerie.
And there, ſelf-doomd, his curſed ſelfe to flee,
The Gameſter hangs in corner murk and dread;
Nigh to the ground bends his ungratious knee;
His drooping armes and white-reclining head
Lim ſeen, cold Horror gleams athwart th' unhallowed ſhade.

LVII.

Near the dreare gate, beneath the rifted rock,
The Keeper of the Cave all haggard ſatt,
His pining corſe a reſtleſſe ague ſhook,
And bliſtering ſores did all his carkas frett:
And with himſelfe he ſeem'd in keen debate;
For ſtill the muſcles of his mouth he drew
Ghaſtly and fell; and ſtill with deepe regrate
He lookd him round, as if his heart did rew
His former deeds, and mournd full ſore his ſores to view.

LVIII.

Yet not Himſelf, but Heavens Great King he blamd,
And dard his wiſdom and his will arraign;
For boldy he the ways of God blaſphemd,
And of blind governaunce did loudly plain,
While vild Self-pity would his eyes diſtain,
As when an Wolfe, entrapt in village ground,
In dread of death ygnaws his limb in twain,
And views with ſcalding tears his bleeding wound,
Such fierce Selfe-pity ſtill this Wights dire portaunce crownd.

LIX.

Near by there ſtood an hamlett in the dale,
Where, in the ſilver age, CONTENT did wonne;
This now was His: yet all mote nought avail,
His loathing eyes that place did ever ſhun;
But ever through his Neighbours lawns would run,
Where every goodlie fielde thrice goodlie ſeemd.
Such was this weary Wight all woe-begone;
Such was his life; and thus of things he deemd;
And ſuch like was his Cave that all with ſorrowes teemd.

LX.

To this fell Carle gay DISSIPATION led,
And in his dreary purlieus left the Knight.
From the dire Cave fain would the Knight have fled,
And fain recalld the treachrous Nymphe from flight
But now the late Obtruder ſhuns his fight,
And dearly muſt be wooed: hard by the den,
Where liſtleſs Bacchus had his tents ypight,
A tranſient viſit ſometimes would he gain,
While Wine and merry Song beguild his inward pain.

LXI.

Yet, ever as he reard his ſlombering head,
The ghaſtly tyrant at his couch ſtood near;
And ay with ruthleſs clamour, gan upbraid,
And words that would his very heartſtrings tear:
See now, he ſayes, where ſetts thy vain career:
Approaching elde now wings its cheerleſſe way,
Thy fruitleſſe Autumn gins to blanche thy heare,
And aged Winter aſks from Youth its ſtay;
But thine comes poore of joy, comes with unhonoured gray.

LXII.

Thou haſt no friend!—ſtill on the worthleſſe Traine
Thy kindneſſe flowd, and ſtill with ſcorne repaid;
Even She on whom thy favours heapt remain,
Even ſhe regards thee with a boſome dead
To kindly paſſion, and by motives led
Such as the Planter of his Negroe deems;
What profit ſtill can of the wretch be made
Is all his care, of more he never dreams:
So, farre remote from her, thy troubles ſhe eſteems.

LXIII.

Thy Children too! Heavens! what a hopeleſſe ſight!
Ah, wretched Syre!—but ever from this ſcene
The wretched Syre precipitates his flight,
And in the Bowls wylde fever ſhuns his teene,
So paſs his dayes, while What he might have been
Its beauteous views does every morne preſent:
So paſs his dayes, while ſtill the raven SPLEEN
Croaks in his eares, The brighteſt parts miſpent
Beget an hoarie age of grief and diſcontent.

LXIV.

But boaſt not of ſuperiour ſhrewd addreſſe,
Ye who can calmly ſpurn the ruind Mayd,
Ye who unmovd can view the deepe diſtreſſe
That cruſhes to the duſt the Parents head,
And rends that eaſie heart by You betrayd,
Boaſt not that Ye his numerous woes eſkew;
Ye who unawd the Nuptial couch invade,
Boaſt not his weakneſſe with contempt to view;
For worthy is He ſtill compard, perdie, to YOU.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS;

AN

ELEGY.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS;

AN

ELEGY.

Quod tibi vitæ ſors detraxit,
Fama adjiciet poſthuma laudi;
Noſtris longum tu dolor et honor.

THE balmy Zephyrs o'er the Woodland ſtray,
And gently ſtir the boſom of the lake:
The fawns that panting in the covert lay,
Now thro' the gloomy park their revels take.

Pale riſe the rugged hills that ſkirt the North,
The wood glows yellow'd by the evening rays,
Silent and beauteous flows the ſilver Forth,
And Annan murmuring thro' the willows ſtrays.

But, ah! what means this ſilence in the grove,
Where oft the wild notes ſooth'd the love ſick boy?
Why ceaſe in Mary's bower the ſongs of Love?
The ſongs of Love, of Innocence, of Joy!

When bright the Lake reflects the ſetting ray,
The ſportive Virgins tread the flowery green;
Here by the Moon full oft in cheerful May,
The merry Bride Maids at the dance are ſeen.

But who theſe Nymphs that thro' the copſe appear
In robes of white adorn'd with violet blue?
Fondly with purple flowers they deck yon bier,
And wave in ſolemn pomp the boughs of yew.

Supreme in grief, her eye confus'd with woe,
Appears the Lady of th' aërial train,
Tall as the Sylvan Goddeſs of the bow,
And fair as ſhe who wept Adonis ſlain.

Such was the pomp when Gilead's virgin band,
Wandering by Judah's flowery mountains wept,
And with fair Iphis by the hallow'd ſtrand
Of Siloe's brook a mournful Sabbath kept.

By the reſplendent croſs with thiſtles twin'd,
'Tis Mary's guardian Genius loſt in woe,
" Ah, ſay what deepeſt wrongs have thus combin'd
" To heave with reſtleſs ſighs thy breaſt of ſnow!

" Oh ſtay, ye Dryads, nor unfiniſh'd fly
" Your ſolemn rites! Here comes no foot profane!
" The Muſe's ſon, and hallow'd is his eye,
" Implores your ſtay, implores to join the ſtrain.

" See from her cheek the glowing life bluſh flies!
" Alas, what faultering ſounds of woe be theſe!
" Ye Nymphs who fondly watch her languid eyes,
" Oh ſay what muſic will her ſoul appeaſe!

" Reſound the ſolemn dirge," the Nymphs reply,
" And let the Turtles moan in Mary's bower;
" Let Grief indulge her grand ſublimity,
" And Melancholy wake her melting power.

" For Art has triumph'd—Art, that never ſtood
" On honour's ſide, or generous tranſport knew,
" Has dy'd its haggard hands in Mary's blood,
" And o'er her fame has breath'd its blighting dew.

" But come ye Nymphs, ye Woodlands Spirits come,
" And with funereal flowers your treſſes braid,
" While in this hallowed bower we raiſe the tomb,
" And conſecrate the ſong to Mary's ſhade.

" O ſing what ſmiles her youthful morning wore,
" Her's every charm, and every loveliеſt grace,
" When Nature's happieſt touch could add no more,
" Heaven lent an Angel's beauty to her face.

" O! whether by the moſs grown buſhy dell,
" Where from the oak depends the miſletoe,
" Where creeping ivy ſhades the Druids' cell,
" Where from the rock the gurgling waters flow:

" Or whether ſportive o'er the cowſlip beds,
" You thro' the fairy dales of Teviot glide,
" Or bruſh the primroſe banks, while Cynthia ſheds
" Her ſilv'ry light o'er Eſk's tranſcendent tide:

" Hither, ye gentle guardians of the fair,
" By virtue's tears, by weeping beauty, come;
" Unbind the feſtive robes, unbind the hair,
" And wave the Cyprus Bough at Mary's tomb.

" And come, ye fleet Magicians of the air,
" The mournful Lady of the chorus cried;
" Your airy tints of baleful hue prepare,
And thro' this grove bid Mary's fortunes glide:

52439

" And let the ſongs, with ſolemn harpings join'd,
" And wailing notes, unfold the tale of woe!"
She ſpoke, and waking thro' the breathing wind,
From lyres unſeen the ſolemn harpings flow.

The Song began—" How bright her early morn!
" What laſting joys her ſmiling fate portends!
" To wield the awful Britiſh ſceptres born!
" And Gaul's young heir her bridal-bed aſcends.

" See, round her bed, light floating on the air,
" The little Loves their purple wings diſplay;
" When ſudden, ſhrieking at the diſmal glare
" Of funeral torches, far they ſpeed away.

" Far with the Loves each bliſsful omen ſpeeds,
" Her eighteenth April hears her widow'd moan,
" The bridal-bed the ſable hearſe ſucceeds,
" And ſtruggling factions ſhake her native throne.

" No more a Goddeſs in the ſwimming dance,
" May'ſt thou, O Queen! thy lovely form diſplay;
" No more thy beauty reign the charm of France,
" Nor in Verſailles' proud bowers outſhine the day.

" For the cold North the trembling ſails are ſpread;
" Ah, what drear horrors gliding thro' thy breaſt!
" While from thy weeping eyes fair Gallia fled,
" Thy future woes in boding ſighs confeſt! *

* The unhappy Mary, in her infancy, was ſent to France to the care of her Mother's family, the Houſe of Guiſe. The French Court was at that time the gayeſt and moſt gallant of Europe. Here the Princeſs of Scotland was educated with all the diſtinction due to her high rank; and as ſoon as years would allow, ſhe was married to the Dauphin, afterwards Francis: and on the death of this Monarch, which cloſed a ſhort reign, the politics of the Houſe of Guiſe required the return of the young Queen to Scotland. She left France with tears and the utmoſt reluctance; and on her landing in her native kingdom, the different appearance of the country awakened all her regret, and affected her with a melancholy which ſeemed to forebode her future misfortunes.

" A nation ſtern and ſtubborn to command,
" And now convuls'd with Faction's fierceſt rage,
" Commits its ſceptre to thy gentle hand,
" And aſks a bridle from thy tender age."

As weeping thus they ſung, the omens roſe,
Her native ſhore receives the mournful Queen;
November wind o'er the bare landſcape blows,
In hazy gloom the ſea-wave ſkirts the ſcene.

The Houſe of Holy Rood, in ſullen ſtate,
Bleak in the ſhade of rude pil'd rocks appears;
Cold on the mountains ſide, the type of fate,
Its ſhattered walls a Romiſh chapel rears.

No nodding grove here waves the ſheltering bough;
O'er the dark vale, prophetic of her reign,
Beneath the carving mountains craggy brow
The dreary echoes to the gales complain:

Beneath the gloomy clouds of rolling ſmoke,
The high pil'd city rears her Gothic towers;
The ſtern brow'd Caſtle, from his lofty rock,
Looks ſcornful down, and fixt defiance lours*.

Domeſtic bliſs, that dear, that ſovereign joy,
Far from her heart was ſeen to ſpeed away;
Strait dark brow'd factions entering in, deſtroy
The ſeeds of peace, and mark her for their prey.

No more by moon-ſhine to the nuptial bower
Her Francis comes, by Love's ſoft fetters led;
Far other Spouſe now wakes her midnight hour †,
Enrag'd, and reeking from the harlot's bed.

* Theſe circumſtances, deſcriptive of the environs of Holy Rood-houſe, are local; yet however dreary the unimproved November view may appear, the connoiſſeur in gardening will perceive that plantation, and the efforts of art, could eaſily convert the proſpect into an agreeable and moſt romantic Summer landſcape.

† Lord Darnley, the handſomeſt man of his age, but a worthleſs debauchee of no abilities.

" Ah! draw the veil!" ſhrill trembles thro' the air:
The veil was drawn---but darker ſcenes aroſe,
Another * nuptial couch the Fates prepare,
The baleful teeming ſource of deeper woes.

The bridal torch her evil Angel wav'd,
Far from the couch offended Prudence fled;
Of deepeſt crimes deceitful Faction rav'd,
And rous'd her trembling from the fatal bed.

The hinds are ſeen in arms, and glittering ſpears,
Inſtead of crooks, the Grampian ſhepherds wield;
Fanatic rage the ploughman's viſage wears,
And red with ſlaughter lies the harveſt field.

From Borthwick field, deſerted and forlorn,
The beauteous Queen all tears is ſeen to fly;
Now * thro' the ſtreets a weeping captive borne,
Her woe, the triumph of the vulgar eye.

* Her marriage with the Earl of Bothwell, an unprincipled Politician of great addreſs.

† When ſhe was brought priſoner thro' the ſtreets of Edinburgh, ſhe ſuffered almoſt every indignity which an outrageous mob could offer. Her perſon was bedaubed with mire, and her ear inſulted with every term of vulgar abuſe. Even Buchanan ſeems to drop a tear when he relates theſe circumſtances.

Again the viſion ſhifts the woeful ſcene;
Again forlorn from rebel arms ſhe flies,
And, unſuſpecting, on a Siſter Queen,
The lovely, injur'd Fugitive relies.

When Wiſdom, baffled, owns th' attempt in vain,
Heaven oft delights to ſet the virtuous free;
Some friend appears and breaks affliction's chain:
But ah, no generous friend appears for thee!

A priſon's ghaſtly walls and grated cells
Deform'd the airy ſcenery as it paſt;
The haunt where liſtleſs Melancholy dwells,
Where every genial feeling ſinks aghaſt.

No female eye her ſickly bed to tend!
" Ah ceaſe to tell it in the female ear!
" A woman's ſtern command! a proffer'd friend!
" Oh generous paſſion, peace, forbear, forbear!

" And could, oh Tudor! could thy heart retain
" No ſoftening thought of what thy woes had been;
" When thou, the heir of England's crown, in vain
" Didſt ſue the mercy of a tyrant Queen?

" And could no pang from tender memory wake,
" And feel thoſe woes that once had been thine own;
" No pleading tear to drop for Mary's ſake,
" For Mary's ſake, the heir of England's throne?

" Alas! no pleading touch thy memory knew,
" Dry'd were the tears which for thyſelf had flow'd;
" Dark politics alone engag'd thy view;
" With female jealouſy thy boſom glow'd.

" And ſay, did Wiſdom own thy ſtern command?
" Did Honour wave his banner o'er the deed?
" Ah!—Mary's fate thy name ſhall ever brand,
" And ever o'er her woes ſhall Pity bleed.

" The babe that prattled on his nurſe's knee,
" When firſt thy woeful captive hours began,
" Ere Heaven, oh happleſs Mary, ſet thee free,
" That babe to battle march'd in arms---a man."

An awful pauſe enſues——With ſpeaking eyes,
And hands half-rais'd, the guardian wood-nymphs wait;
While ſlow and ſad the airy ſcenes ariſe,
Stain'd with the laſt deep woes of Mary's fate.

With dreary black hung round the hall appears,
The thirſty ſaw-duſt ſtrews the marble floor,
Blue gleams the ax, the block its ſhoulders rears,
And pikes and halberds guard the iron door.

The clouded moon her dreary glimpſes ſhed,
And Mary's maids, a mournful train, paſs by;
Languid they walk, and penſive hang the head,
And ſilent tears pace down from every eye.

Serene and nobly mild appears the Queen;
She ſmiles on Heaven, and bows the injur'd head:
The ax is lifted——From the deathful ſcene
The guardians turn'd, and all the picture fled---

It fled: the wood-nymphs o'er the diſtant lawn,
As 'rapt in viſion, dart their earneſt eyes;
So when the huntſman hears the rattling fawn,
He ſtands impatient of the ſtarting prize.

The Sovereign dame her awful eye-balls roll'd,
As Cuma's maid when by the god inſpir'd;
" The depth of ages to my ſight unfold,"
She cries, And Mary's meed my breaſt has fir'd.

" On Tudor's throne her ſons ſhall ever reign,
" Age after age ſhall ſee their flag unfurl'd,
" With ſovereign pride wherever roars the main,
" Stream to the wind, and awe the trembling world.

" Nor Britain's ſceptre ſhall they wield alone,
" Age after age thro' length'ning time ſhall ſee
" Her branching race on Europe's every throne,
" And either India bend to them the knee.

" But Tudor, as a fruitleſs gourd, ſhall die;
" I ſee her death ſcene on the lowly floor:
" Dreary ſhe ſits, cold Grief has glas'd her eye,
" And Anguiſh gnaws her 'till ſhe breathes no more."

But hark!—loud howling thro' the midnight gloom,
Faction is rous'd, and ſends the baleful yell!
Oh ſave ye, generous few, your Mary's tomb!
Oh ſave her aſhes from the baleful ſpell!

" And, lo! where time with brighten'd face ſerene
" Points to yon far, but glorious opening ſky;
" See Truth walk forth, majeſtic awful Queen!
And Party's blackening miſts before her fly.

" Falſehood unmaſk'd withdraws her ugly train,
" And Mary's virtues all illuſtrious ſhine——
" Yes, thou haſt friends, the godlike and humane
" Of lateſt ages, injur'd Queen, are thine."

The milky ſplendors of the dawning ray,
Now thro' the grove a trembling radiance ſhed;
With ſprightly note the wood lark hail'd the day,
And with the moonſhine all the viſion fled.

The Author of this little Poem to the memory of an unhappy Princeſs, is unwilling to enter into the controverſy reſpecting her guilt or her innocence. Suffice it only to obſerve, that the following facts may be proved to demonſtration:—The Letters which have always been eſteemed the principal proofs of Queen Mary's guilt are forged; Buchanan, on whoſe authority Francis, and other hiſtorians, have condemned her, has falſified ſeveral circumſtances of her hiſtory, and has cited againſt her public records which never exiſted, as has been lately proved to demonſtration. And to add no more, the treatment ſhe received from her illuſtrious Couſin was dictated by a policy truly Machiavelian.—a policy which trampled on the obligations of honour, of humanity and morality. From whence it may be inferred, that, to expreſs the indignation at the cruel treatment of Mary, which hiſtory muſt ever inſpire, and to drop a tear over her ſufferings, is not unworthy of a writer who would appear in the cauſe of Virtue.

KNOWLEDGE:

AN

ODE.

KNOWLEDGE:

AN

ODE.

S. ANN. ÆT. AUCT. 18.

Ducit in errorem variorum amb age viarum.

OVID.

HIGH on a hill's green boſom laid,
At eaſe my careleſs fancy ſtray'd,
And o'er the landſcape ran:
Reviv'd, what ſcenes the ſeaſons ſhew;
And weigh'd, what ſhare of joy or woe
Is doom'd to toiling man.

The nibbling flocks around me bleat;
The oxen low beneath my feet,
Along the clover'd dale;
The golden ſheaves the reapers bind,
The ploughman whiſtles near behind,
And breaks the new mown vale.

" Hail Knowledge! gift of Heaven!" I cried,
" E'en all the gifts of Heaven beſide,
" Compared to thee how low!
" The bleſſings of the earth, and all
" The beaſts of fold and foreſt ſhare,
" But godlike beings KNOW.

" How mean the ſhort-liv'd joys of ſenſe;
" But how ſublime the excellence
" Of Wiſdom's ſacred lore!
" In Death's deep ſhades what nations lie,
" Yet ſtill can Wiſdom's piercing eye
" Their mighty deeds explore.

" She ſees the little Spartan band,
" With great Leonidas withſtand
" The Aſian world in arms;
" She hears the heav'nly ſounds that hung
" On Homer's and on Plato's tongue,
" And glows at Tully's charms.

" The wonders of the ſpacious ſky,
" She penetrates with Newton's eye,
" And marks the planets' roll:
" The human mind with Locke ſhe ſcans;
" With Cambray, Virtue's fame ſhe fans,
" And lifts to heaven the ſoul.

" How matter takes ten thouſand forms
" Of metals, plants, of men and worms;
" She joys to trace with Boyle.
" This life ſhe deems an infant ſtate,
" A gleam, that bodes a life complete,
" Beyond the mortal toil.

" What numerous ills in life befall!
" Yet Wiſdom learns to ſcorn them all,
" And arms the breaſt with ſteel:
" E'en Death's pale face no horror wears;
" But ah! what horrid pangs and fears
" Unknowing wretches feel!

" That breaſt excels proud Ophir's mines,
" And fairer than the morning ſhines,
" Where Wiſdom's treaſures glow:
" But ah! how void yon peaſant's mind,
" His thoughts how darken'd and confin'd,
" Nor cares he more to know.

" The laſt two tenants of the ground,
" Of ancient times his hiſtory bound;
" Alas! it ſcarce goes higher:
" In vain to him is Maro's ſtrain,
" And Shakeſpeare's magic powers in vain;
" In vain is Milton's fire.

" Nor ſun by day, nor ſtars by night,
" Can give his ſoul the grand delight
" To trace Almighty power:
" His team thinks juſt as much as he
" Of Nature's vaſt variety,
" In animal and flower."

As thus I ſung, a ſolemn ſound
Accoſts mine ear; I look'd around,
And lo! an ancient ſage,
Hard by an ivy'd oak ſtood near,
That fenc'd the cave, where many a year
Had been his hermitage.

His mantle grey flow'd looſe behind,
His ſnowy beard wav'd to the wind,
And added ſolemn grace;
His broad bald front gave dignity,
Attention mark'd his lively eye,
And peace ſmil'd in his face.

He beckon'd with his wrinkled hand;
My ear was all at his command,
And thus the ſage began:
"Godlike it is to know, I own;
"But oh! how little can be known,
"By poor ſhort-ſighted man.

" Go, mark the ſchools where letter'd pride,
" And ſtar crown'd ſcience boaſtful guide,
" Diſplay their faireſt light;
" There, led by ſome pale meteor's ray,
" That leaves them oft, the ſages ſtray,
" And grope in endleſs night.

" Of wiſdom proud, yon ſage exclaims,
" Virtue and Vice are merely names,
" And changing every hour;
" Aſhley, how loud in Virtue's praiſe!
" Yet Aſhley with a kiſs betrays,
" And ſtrips her of her dower.

" Hark, Bolingbroke his God arraigns;
" Hobbes ſmiles on vice; Deſcartes maintains
" A Godleſs paſſive cauſe.
" See Bayle oft ſlily ſhifting round,
" Would fondly fix on ſceptic ground,
" And change, O Truth! thy laws.

" And what the joy this love beſtows
" Alas, no joy, no hope it knows
" Above what beſtials claim:
" To quench our nobleſt native fire
" That bids to nobler worlds aſpire
" Is all its hope, its aim.

" Not Afric's wilds, nor Babel's waſte,
" Where Ignorance her tents hath plac'd
" More diſmal ſcene diſplay
" A ſcene where Virtue ſickening dies,
" Where Vice to dark extinction flies,
" And ſpurns the future day.

" Wiſdom, you boaſt to you is given;
" At night then mark the fires of heaven,
" And let thy mind explore;
" Swift as the light'ning let it fly
" From ſtar to ſtar, from ſky to ſky,
" ſtill, ſtill, are millions more.

" Th' immenſe ideas ſtrike the ſoul
" With pleaſing horror, and controul
" Thy Wiſdom's empty boaſt,
" What are they?—Thou can'ſt never ſay:
" Then ſilent adoration pay,
" And be in wonder loſt.

" Say how the ſelf-ſame roots produce
" The wholeſome food and poiſonous juice;
" And Adders, balſams yield;
" How fierce the lurking tyger glares,
" How mild the heifer with thee ſhares
" The labours of the field?

" Why growling to his den retires
" The ſullen pard, while joy inſpires
" Yon happy ſportive lambs?
" Now ſcatter'd o'er the hill they ſtray
" Now weary of their gambling play,
" All ſingle out their dams.

" Inſtinct directs—But what is that?
" Fond man thou never canſt ſay what:
" Oh ſhort thy ſearches fall,
" By ſtumbling chance, and ſlow degrees
" The uſeful arts of men increaſe,
" But this at once is all.

" A trunk firſt floats along the deep,
" Long ages ſtill improve the ſhip
" 'Till ſhe commands the ſhore,
" But never bird improv'd her neſt,
" Each all at once of powers poſſeſt,
" Which ne'er can riſe to more.

" That down the ſteep the waters flow,
" That weight deſcends, we ſee, we know,
" But why, can ne'er explain;
" Then humbly weighing Nature's laws,
" To God's high will aſcribe the cauſe,
" And own thy wiſdom vain.

" For ſtill the more thou knoweſt, the more
" Shalt thou the vanity deplore
" Of all thy ſoul can find.
" This life a ſickly woeful dream,
" A burial of the ſoul will ſeem
" A palſy of the mind.

" Tho' Knowledge ſcorns the peaſant's fear,
" Alas, it points the ſecret ſpear
" Of many a nameleſs woe.
" Thy delicacy dips the dart
" In rankling gall, and gives a ſmart
" Beyond what he can know.

" How happy then the ſimple mind,
" Of yon unknown and labouring hind,
" Where all is ſmiling peace!
" No thoughts of more exalted joy
" His preſent bliſs one hour deſtroy,
" Nor rob one moment's eaſe,

" The ſtings neglected merit feels
" The pangs the virtuous man conceals,
" When cruſh'd by wayward fate.
" Theſe are not found beneath his roof,
" Againſt them all ſecurely proof,
" Heaven guards his humble ſtate.

" Knowledge or wealth to few are given,
" But mark how juſt the ways of Heaven;
" True joy to all is free,
" Nor wealth, nor knowledge grant the boon
" 'Tis thine, O Conſcience, thine alone,
" It all belongs to thee.

" Bleſt in thy ſmiles the Shepherd lives
" Gay is his morn; his evening gives
" Content and ſweet repoſe
" Without them—ever, ever cloy'd
" To Sage or Chief, one weary void
" Is all that life beſtows.

" Then would'ſt thou mortal riſe divine,
" Let innocence of ſoul be thine.
" With active goodneſs join'd,
" My heart ſhall then confeſs thee bleſt,
" And ever lively, joyful taſte
" The pleaſures of the mind."

So ſpake the Sage: my heart reply'd,
" How poor, how blind is human pride,
" All joy how falſe and vain:
" But that from conſcious worth which flows,
" Which gives the death-bed ſweet repoſe,
" And hopes an after reign."

HENGIST AND MEY:

A

BALLAD.

HENGIST AND MEY:

A

BALLAD.

Haec novimus eſſe nihil.

IN ancient days when Arthur reign'd,
Sir Elmer had no Peer;
And no young Knight in all the land,
The ladies lov'd ſo dear.

His ſiſter Mey, the faireſt maid
Of all the Virgin train,
Won every heart at Arthur's court;
But all their love was vain.

In vain they lov'd, in vain they vow'd,
Her heart they could not move;
Yet at the evening hour of prayer,
Her mind was loſt in love.

The Abbeſs ſaw—the Abbeſs knew,
And urged her to explain;
" O name the gentle youth to me,
" And his conſent I'll gain."

Long urg'd, long tir'd, fair Mey reply'd,
" His name—how can I ſay?
" An angel from the fields above,
" Has rapt my heart away.

" But once, alas! and never more,
" His lovely form I ſpied;
" One evening by the ſounding ſhore,
" All by the greenwood ſide.

" His eyes to mine the love confeſt,
" That glow'd with mildeſt grace;
" His courtly mien and purple veſt,
" Beſpoke his princely race.

" But when he heard my brother's horn,
" Faſt to his ſhips he fled;
" Yet while I ſleep, his graceful form,
" Still hovers round my bed.

" Sometimes all clad in armour bright,
" He ſhakes a warlike lance;
" And now in courtly garments dight,
" He leads the ſprightly dance.

" His hair, as black as raven's wing;
" His ſkin—as Chriſtmas ſnow;
" His cheeks outvie the bluſh of morn,
" His lips like roſe-buds glow.

" His limbs, his arms, his ſtature, ſhap'd
" By Nature's fineſt hand;
" His ſparkling eyes declare him born
" To love, and to command."

The live-long year fair Mey bemoan'd
Her hopeleſs pining love:
But when the balmy ſpring return'd,
And ſummer cloth'd the grove;

All round by pleaſant Humber ſide,
The Saxon banners flew,
And to Sir Elmer's caſtle gates,
The ſpear-men came in view.

Fair bluſh'd the morn, when Mey look'd o'er,
The caſtle walls ſo ſheen;
And lo! the warlike Saxon youth,
Were ſporting on the green.

There Hengiſt, Offa's eldeſt ſon,
Lean'd on his burniſh'd lance,
And all the armed youth around,
Obey'd his manly glance.

His locks, as black as raven's wing,
Adown his ſhoulders flow'd;
His cheeks outvy'd the bluſh of morn,
His lips like roſe-buds glow'd.

And ſoon the lovely form of Mey
Has caught his piercing eyes;
He gives the ſign, the bands retire,
While big with love he ſighs.

" Oh! thou, for whom I dar'd the ſeas;
" And came with peace or war;
" Oh, by that croſs that veils thy breaſt,
" Relieve thy lover's care!

" For thee I'll quit my father's throne;
" With thee the wilds explore;
" Or with thee ſhare the Britiſh crown;
" With thee the croſs adore."

Beneath the timorous virgin bluſh,
With Love's ſoft warmth ſhe glows;
So bluſhing through the dews of morn,
Appears the opening roſe.

'Twas now the hour of morning pray'r,
When men their ſins bewail,
And Elmer heard King Arthur's horn,
Shrill ſounding thro' the dale.

The pearly tears from Mey's bright eyes,
Like April dew drops fell,
When with a parting dear embrace
Her brother bade farewel.

The croſs with ſparkling diamonds bright,
That veil'd the ſnowy breaſt,
With prayers to heaven her lilly hands,
Have fixt on Elmer's veſt.

Now, with five hundred bowmen true,
He's march'd acroſs the plain;
'Till with his gallant yeomandrie,
He join'd King Arthur's train.

Full forty thouſand Saxon ſpears,
Came glittering down the hill,
And with their ſhouts and clang of arms,
The diſtant valleys fill.

Old Offa, dreſt in Odin's garb,
Aſſum'd the hoary God;
And Hengiſt, like the warlike Thor,
Before the horſemen rode.

With dreadful rage the combat burns,
The captains ſhout amain;
And Elmer's tall victorious ſpear
Far glances o'er the plain.

To ſtop its courſe young Hengiſt flew
Like light'ning o'er the field;
And ſoon his eyes the well-known croſs,
On Elmer's veſt beheld.

The ſlighted lover ſwell'd his breaſt,
His eyes ſhot living fire;
And all his martial heat before,
To this was mild deſire.

On his imagin'd rival's front,
With whirlwind ſpeed he preſt,
And glancing to the ſun, his ſword
Reſounds on Elmer's creſt.

The foe gave way, the princely youth,
With heedleſs rage purſued,
'Till trembling in his cloven helm,
Sir Elmer's javelin ſtood.

He bow'd his head—ſlow dropt his ſpear;
The reins ſlipt through his hand,
And ſtain'd with blood—his ſtately corſe
Lay breathleſs on the ſtrand.

" O bear me off," Sir Elmer cried;
" Before my painful ſight,
" The combat ſwims—yet Hengiſt's veſt
" I claim as victor's right."

Brave Hengiſt's fall the Saxons ſaw,
And all in terror fled;
The bowmen to his caſtle gates,
The brave Sir Elmer led.

" O waſh my wounds, my ſiſter dear;
" O pull this Saxon dart,
" That whizzing from young Hengiſt's arm
" Has almoſt piere'd my heart.

" Yet in my hall his veſt ſhall hang,
" And Britons yet unborn,
" Shall with the trophies of to-day,
" Their ſolemn feaſts adorn."

All trembling Mey beheld the veſt,
" Oh, Merlin!" loud ſhe cried,
" Thy words are true—my ſlaughter'd love
" Shall have a breathleſs bride!

" Oh Elmer, Elmer, boaſt no more
" That low my Hengiſt lies!
" O Hengiſt, cruel was thine arm!
" My brother bleeds and dies!"

She ſpake—the roſes left her cheeks,
And life's warm ſpirit fled:
So nipt by winter's withering blaſts,
The ſnow-drop bows the head.

Yet parting life one ſtruggle gave,
She lifts her languid eyes;
" Return my Hengiſt, oh return
" My ſlaughter'd love," ſhe cries.

" Oh—ſtill he lives—he ſmiles again,
" With all his grace he moves;
" I come—I come where bow nor ſpear
" Shall more diſturb our loves."

She ſpake—ſhe died. The Saxon dart
Was drawn from Elmer's ſide,
And thrice he call'd his ſiſter Mey,
And thrice he groan'd, and died.

Where in the dale, a moſs-grown croſs,
O'erſhades an aged thorn,
Sir Elmer's and young Hengiſt's corſe,
Were by the ſpear-men borne.

And there, all clad in robes of white,
With many a ſigh and tear,
The village maids to Hengiſt's grave
Did Mey's fair body bear.

And there, at dawn and fall of day,
All from the neighbouring groves,
The turtles wail, in widow'd notes,
And ſing their hapleſs loves.

THE SORCERESS;

OR,

WOLFWOLD AND ULLA:

A N

HEROIC BALLAD.

THE SORCERESS;

OR,

WOLFWOLD AND ULLA.

——— *Priſca fides.*

VIRG.

" OH, low he lies; his cold pale cheek
" Lies lifeleſs on the clay;
" Yet ſtruggling hope—O day ſpring break
" And lead me on my way.

" On Denmark's cruel bands, O heaven!
" Thy red-wing'd vengeance pour;
" Before my Wolfwold's ſpear be driven—
" O riſe bright morning hour!"

Thus Ulla wail'd, the faireſt maid,
Of all the Saxon race;
Thus Ulla wail'd, in nightly ſhade,
While tears bedew'd her face.

When ſudden o'er the fir crown'd hill,
The full orb'd moon aroſe;
And o'er the winding dale ſo ſtill,
Her ſilver radiance flows.

No more could Ulla's fearful breaſt,
Her anxious care delay;
But deep with hope and fear impreſt,
She holds the moonſhine way.

She left the bower, and all alone
She traced the dale ſo ſtill;
And ſought the cave with rue o'ergrown,
Beneath the fir-crown'd hill.

Black knares of blaſted oak, embound
With hemlock, fenc'd the cell:
The dreary mouth, half under ground
Yawn'd like the gate of hell.

Soon as the gloomy den ſhe ſpy'd,
Cold horror ſhook her knee;
And hear, O Propheteſs, ſhe cry'd,
A Princeſs ſue to thee.

Aghaſt ſhe ſtood! athwart the air,
The diſmal ſcreech-owl flew;
The fillet round her auburn hair
Aſunder burſt in two.

Her robe of ſofteſt yellow, glow'd
Beneath the moon's pale beam;
And o'er the ground with yew-boughs ſtrew
Effus'd a golden gleam.

The golden gleam the Sorcereſs ſpy'd,
As in her deepeſt cell,
At midnights magic hour ſhe try'd
A tomb o'erpowering ſpell.

When from the cavern's dreary womb,
Her groaning voice aroſe,
" O come, my daughter, fearleſs come,
" And fearleſs tell thy woes."

As ſhakes the bough of trembling leaf,
When whirlwinds ſudden riſe:
As ſtands aghaſt the warrior chief,
When his baſe army flies.

So ſhook, ſo ſtood, the beauteous maid,
When from the dreary den,
A wrinkled hag came forth, array'd,
In matted rags obſcene.

Around her brows, with hemlock bound,
Looſe hung her aſh grey hair;
As from two dreary caves profound
Her blue flamed eye-balls glare.

Her ſkin, of earthy red, appear'd
Clung round her ſhoulder bones;
Like wither'd bark, by light'ning ſear'd
When loud the tempeſt groans.

A robe of ſqualid green and blue,
Her ghoſtly length array'd,
A gaping rent, full to the view
Her furrow'd ribs betray'd.

"And tell my daughter, fearleſs tell,
"What ſorrow brought thee here?
"So may my power thy cares expel,
"And give thee ſweeteſt cheer.

" O Miſtreſs of the powerful ſpell,
" King Edric's daughter ſee,
" Northumbria to my father fell,
" And ſorrow fell to me.

" My virgin heart Lord Wolfwold won;
" My father on him ſmil'd
" Soon as he gain'd Northumbria's throne
" His pride the youth exil'd.

" Stern Denmark's ravens o'er the ſeas
" Their gloomy black wings ſpread,
" And o'er Northumbria's hills and leas,
" Their dreadful ſquadrons ſped.

" Return brave Wolfwold, Edric cried;
" O generous warrior hear,
" My daughter's hand, thy willing bride,
" Awaits thy conquering ſpear.

" The baniſh'd youth in Scotland's court,
" Had paſt the weary year;
" And ſoon he heard the glad report,
" And ſoon he graſp'd his ſpear.

" He left the Scottiſh dames to weep,
" And wing'd with true love ſpeed;
" Nor day, nor night, he ſtopt to ſleep,
" And ſoon he croſs'd the Tweed.

" With joyful voice, and raptur'd eyes,
" He preſs'd my willing hand;
" I go my Fair, my Love, he cries,
" To guard thy father's land.

" By Edon's ſhore in deathful fray,
" The daring foe we meet,
" Ere three ſhort days I truſt to lay
" My trophies at thy feet.

" Alas, alas, that time is o'er,
" And three long days beſide,
" Yet not a word from Edon's ſhore,
" Has cheer'd his fearful bride.

" O Miſtreſs of the powerful ſpell,
" His doubtful fate decide;"—
" And ceaſe my child for all is well,"
The grizly witch replied.

" Approach my cave, and where I place
" The magic circle, ſtand
" And fear not ought of ghaſtly face,
" That glides beneath my wand."

The grizly witches powerful charms,
Then reach'd the labouring moon,
And cloudleſs at the dire alarms,
She ſhed her brighteſt noon.

A BALLAD.

The pale beam ſtruggled thro' the ſhade,
That black'd the caverns womb,
And in the deepeſt nook betray'd
An altar and a tomb.

Around the tomb in myſtic lore,
Were forms of various mien,
And efts, and foul wing'd ſerpents, bore
The altars baſe obſcene.

Eyeleſs, a huge and ſtarv'd toad ſat
In corner murk aloof,
And many a ſnake and famiſh'd bat
Clung to the crevic'd roof.

A fox and vultures ſkeletons,
A-yawning rift betray'd;
And grappling ſtill each others bones,
The ſtrife of death diſplay'd.

"And now my child, the Sorcereſs ſaid,
"Lord Wolfwold's father's grave,
"To me ſhall render up the dead,
"And ſend him to my cave.

"His ſkeleton ſhall hear my ſpell,
"And to the figur'd walls
"His hand of bone ſhall point and tell,
"What fate his Son befalls."

O cold down Ulla's ſnow like face,
The trembling ſweat drops fell,
And borne by ſprights of gliding pace,
The corſe approach' d the cell.

And thrice the Witch her magic wand
Wav'd o'er the ſkeleton;
And ſlowly at the dread command,
Up roſe the arm of bone.

A cloven ſhield and broken ſpear,
The finger wander'd o'er,
Then reſted on a ſable bier
Diſtain'd with drops of gore.

In ghaſtly writhes, her mouth ſo wide,
And black the Sorcereſs throws,
"And be thoſe ſigns, my child," ſhe cries,
"Fulfill'd on Wolfwold's foes.

"A happier ſpell I now ſhall try;
"Attend, my child, attend,
"And mark what flames from altar high,
"And lowly floor aſcend.

"If of the roſes ſofteſt red,
"The blaze ſhines forth to view,
"Then Wolfwold lives—but Hell forbid
"The glimmering flame of blue!"

The Witch then rais'd her haggard arm,
And wav'd her wand on high;
And while ſhe ſpoke the mutter'd charm,
Dark lightning fill'd her eye.

Fair Ulla's knee ſwift ſmote the ground;
Her hands aloft were ſpread,
And every joint as marble bound,
Felt horrors darkeſt dread.

Her lips ere while ſo like the roſe,
Were now as vi'let pale,
And tumbling in convulſive throes,
Expreſt o'erwhelming ail.

Her eyes, ere while ſo ſtarry bright,
Where living luſtre ſhone,
Were now transform'd to ſightleſs white,
Like eyes of lifeleſs ſtone.

And ſoon the dreadful ſpell was o'er,
And glimmering to the view,
The quivering flame roſe thro' the floor
A flame of ghaſtly blue.

Behind the altar's livid fire,
Low from the inmoſt cave,
Young Wolfwold roſe in pale attire,
The veſtments of the grave.

His eye to Ulla's eye he rear'd,
His cheek was wan as clay,
And half cut thro' his hand appear'd
That beckon'd her away.

Fair Ulla ſaw the woeful ſhade
Her heart ſtruck at her ſide
And burſt—low bow'd her liſtleſs head,
And down ſhe ſunk and died.

ALMADA HILL:

AN

EPISTLE

FROM

LISBON.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THOUGH no ſubjects are more proper for poetry than thoſe which are founded upon hiſtorical retroſpect, the author of ſuch a poem lies under very particular diſadvantages: every one can underſtand and reliſh a work merely fictitious, deſcriptive, or ſentimental: but a previous acquaintance, and even intimacy, with the hiſtory and characters upon which the other poem is founded, is abſolutely neceſſary to do juſtice to its author. Without ſuch previous knowledge, the ideas which he would convey paſs unobſerved, as in an unknown tongue; and the happieſt alluſion, if he is fortunate enough to attain any thing worthy of that name, is unfelt and unſeen. Under theſe diſadvantages, the following epiſtle is preſented to the public, whoſe indulgence and candour the author has already amply experienced.

In the Twelfth Century, Liſbon, and great part of Portugal and Spain, were in poſſeſſion of the Moors. Alphonſo, the firſt King of Portugal, having gained ſeveral victories over that

people, was laying ſiege to Liſbon, when Robert, Duke of Glouceſter, on his way to the Holy Land, appeared upon the coaſt of that kingdom. As the cauſe was the ſame, Robert was eaſily perſuaded to make his firſt cruſade in Portugal. He demanded that the ſtorming of the Caſtle of Liſbon, ſituated on a conſiderable hill, and whoſe ruins ſhew it to have been of great ſtrength, ſhould be allotted to him, while Alphonſo was to aſſail the walls and the city. Both Leaders were ſucceſful; and Alphonſo, among the rewards which he beſtowed upon the Engliſh, granted to thoſe who were wounded, or unable to proceed to Paleſtine, the Caſtle of Almada, and the adjoining lands.

The river Tagus below and oppoſite to Liſbon, is edged by ſteep groteſque rocks, particularly on the ſouth ſide. Thoſe on the ſouth are generally higher and much more magnificent and pictureſque than the Cliffs of Dover. Upon one of the higheſt of theſe, and directly oppoſite to Liſbon, remain the ſtately ruins of the Caſtle of Almada.

In December, 1779, as the Author was wandering among theſe ruins, he was ſtruck with the idea, and formed the plan of the following poem; an idea which, it may be

allowed, was natural to the Tranſlator of the LUSIAD, and the plan may, in ſome degree, be called a ſupplement to that work.

The following poem, except the corrections and a few lines, was written in Portugal. The deſcriptive parts are ſtrictly local. The fineſt proſpect of Liſbon and the Tagus, (which is there about four miles broad) is from Almada, which alſo commands the adjacent country, from the Rock of Cintra to the Caſtle and City of Palmela, an extent of above fifty miles. This magnificent view is completed by the extenſive opening at the mouth of the Tagus, about ten miles below, which diſcovers the Atlantic Ocean.

AN

EPISTLE

FROM

LISBON.

WHILE you, my Friend, from louring wintery plains
Now pale with ſnows, now black with drizzling rains,
From leafleſs woodlands, and diſhonour'd bowers
Mantled by gloomy miſts, or laſh'd by ſhowers
Of hollow moan, while not a ſtruggling beam
Steals from the Sun to play on Iſis' ſtream;
While from theſe ſcenes by England's winter ſpread
Swift to the cheerful hearth your ſteps are led,
Pleas'd from the threatening tempeſt to retire
And join the circle round the ſocial fire;

In other climes through ſun baſk'd ſcenes I ſtray,
As the fair landſcape leads my thoughtful way,
As upland path, oft winding, bids me rove
Where orange bowers invite, or olive grove,
No ſullen phantoms brooding o'er my breaſt,
The genial influence of the clime I taſte:
Yet ſtill regardful of my native ſhore,
In every ſcene, my roaming eyes explore,
Whate'er its aſpect, ſtill, by memory brought,
My fading country ruſhes on my thought.

While now perhaps the claſſic page you turn,
And warm'd with honeſt indignation burn,
'Till hopeleſs, ſicklied by the climate's gloom,
Your generous fears call forth Britannia's doom,
What hoſtile ſpears her ſacred lawns invade,
By friends deſerted, by her chief betray'd,
Low fall'n and vanquiſh'd!—I, with mind ſerene
As Liſboa's ſky, yet penſive as the ſcene
Around, and penſive ſeems the ſcene to me,
From other ills my country's fate foreſee.

Not from the hands that wield Iberia's ſpear,
Not from the hands that Gaul's proud thunders bear,
Nor thoſe that turn on Albion's breaſt the ſword
Beat down of late by Albion when it gored
Their own, who impious doom their parents's fall
Beneath the world's great foe th' inſidious Gaul;
Yes, not from theſe the immedicable wound
Of Albion—Other is the bane profound
Deſtined alone to touch her mortal part;
Herſelf is ſick and poiſoned at the heart.

O'er Tago's banks where'er I roll mine eyes
The gallant deeds of antient days ariſe;
The ſcenes the Luſian Muſes fond diſplay'd
Before me oft, as oft at eve I ſtray'd
By Iſis' hallowed ſtream. Oft now the ſtrand
Where Gama march'd his death-devoted * band,

* The expedition of Vaſco de Gama, the diſcoverer of the Eaſt Indies, was extremely unpopular, as it was eſteemed impracticable. His embarkation is ſtrongly marked by Oſorius the hiſtorian. Gama, before he went on board, ſpent the night along with the crews of his ſquadron in the chapel of our Lady at Belem, on the ſpot where the noble gothic church now ſtands adjoining the convent of St. Jerome.

While Liſboa awed with horror ſaw him ſpread
The daring ſails that firſt to India led;
And oft Almada's caſtled ſteep inſpires
The penſive Muſe's viſionary fires;
Almada Hill to Engliſh Memory dear,
While ſhades of Engliſh heroes wander here!

To ancient Engliſh valour ſacred ſtill
Remains, and ever ſhall, Almada Hill;
The hill and lawns to *Engliſh* valour given
What time the Arab Moors from Spain were driven,
Before the banners of the Croſs ſubdued,
When Liſboa's towers were bathed in Mooriſh blood
By Gloſter's lance.—Romantic days that yield
Of gallant deeds a wide luxuriant field

In the chapel they bound themſelves to obedience to Gama, and devoted themſelves to death. "On the next day when the adventurers marched to the ſhips, the ſhore of "Belem preſented one of the moſt ſolemn and affecting ſcenes perhaps recorded in hiſtory. "The beach was covered with the inhabitants of Liſbon. A numerous proceſſion of "prieſts in their robes ſung anthems, and offered up invocations to heaven. Every one "beheld the adventurers as brave innocent men going to a dreadful execution, as ruſhing "upon certain death." *Introduct. to the Luſiad.*

Dear to the Muſe that loves the fairy plains,
Where ancient honour wild and ardent reigns.

Where high o'er Tago's flood Almada lowrs,
Amid the ſolemn pomp of mouldering towers
Supinely ſeated, wide and far around
My eye delighted wanders.—Here the bound
Of fair Europa o'er the Ocean rears
Its weſtern edge; where dimly diſappears
The Atlantic wave, the ſlow deſcending day
Mild beaming pours ſerene the gentle ray
Of Luſitania's winter, ſilvering o'er
The tower-like ſummits of the mountain ſhore;
Dappling the lofty cliffs that coldly throw
Their ſable horrors o'er the vales below.
Far round the ſtately-ſhoulder'd river bends
Its giant arms, and ſea-like wide extends
Its midland bays, with fertile iſlands crown'd,
And lawns for Engliſh valour ſtill renown'd;
Given to Cornwallia's gallant ſons of yore,
Cornwallia's name the ſmiling paſtures bore;

And ſtill their Lord his Engliſh lineage boaſts
From Rolland famous in the Croiſade Hoſts.
Where ſea-ward narrower rolls the ſhining tide
Through hills by hills emboſom'd on each ſide,
Monaſtic walls in every glen ariſe
In coldeſt white fair gliſtening to the ſkies
Amid the brown-brow'd rocks; and, far as ſight,
Proud domes and villages array'd in white *
Climb o'er the ſteeps, and thro' the duſky green
Of olive groves, and orange bowers between,
Speckled with glowing red, unnumber'd gleam—
And Liſboa towering o'er the lordly ſtream
Her marble palaces and temples ſpreads
Wildly magnific o'er the loaded heads
Of bending hills, along whoſe high-piled baſe
The port capacious, in a moon'd embrace,
Throws her maſt-foreſt, waving on the gale
The vanes of every ſhore that hoiſts the ſail.

* The houſes in Portugal are generally whitened on the outſide, white being eſteemed as repulſive of the rays of the Sun.

Here while the Sun from Europe's breaſt retires,
Let Fancy, roaming as the ſcene inſpires,
Perſue the preſent and the paſt reſtore,
And Nature's purpoſe in her ſteps explore.

Nor you, my Friend, admiring Rome, diſdain
Th' Iberian fields and Luſitanian Spain.
While Italy, obſcured in tawdry blaze,
A motley, modern character diſplays,
And languid trims her long exhauſted ſtore;
Iberia's fields with rich and genuine ore
Of ancient manners wooe the traveller's eye;
And ſcenes untraced in every landſcape lie.
Here every various dale with leſſons fraught
Calls to the wanderer's viſionary thought
What mighty deeds the lofty hills of Spain
Of old have witneſs'd—From the evening main
Her mountain tops the Tyrian pilots ſaw
In lightnings wrapt, and thrill'd with ſacred awe
Thro' Greece the tales of Gorgons, Hydras ſpread
And Geryon dreadful with the triple head;

The ſtream of * Lethe, and the dread abodes
Of forms gigantic, and infernal gods.
But ſoon, by fearleſs luſt of gold impell'd,
They mined the mountain, and explored the field;
'Till Rome and Carthage, fierce for empire, ſtrove,
As for their prey two famiſh'd birds of Jove.
The rapid Durius then and Bœtis' flood
Were dy'd with Roman and with Punic blood,
While oft the lengthening plains and mountain ſides
Seem'd moving on, ſlow rolling tides on tides,
When from Pyrene's ſummits Afric pour'd
Her armies, and o'er Rome deſtruction lour'd.

Here while the Youth revolves ſome Hero's fame,
If patriot zeal his Britiſh breaſt inflame,

* The river of Lima, in the north of Portugal, ſaid to be the Lethe of the ancients, is thus mentioned by Cellarius in his *Geographia Antiqua*; "Fabuloſus Oblivionis fluvius Limæas, ultra Luſitaniam in ſeptentrione." It runs through a moſt romantic and beautiful diſtrict; from which circumſtance it probably received the name of the River of Olivion, the firſt ſtrangers who viſited it, forgetting their native country, and being willing to continue on its banks. The ſame reaſon of forgetfulneſs is aſcribed to the Lotos by Homer, Odyſ. ix. There is another Lethe of the ancients in Africa.

Here let him trace the fields to freedom dear
Where low in duſt lay Rome's invading ſpear;
Where Viriatus * proudly trampled o'er
Faſces and Roman eagles ſteept in gore;
Or where he fell, with honeſt laurels crown'd,
The awful victim of a treacherous wound;
A wound ſtill bathed in Honour's generous tear,
While Freedom's wounds the brave and good revere;
Still pouring freſh th' inexpiable ſtain
O'er Rome's patrician honour falſe and vain!

Or ſhould the pride of bold revolt inſpire,
And touch his boſom with unhallowed fire;
If merit ſpurn'd demand ſtern ſacrifice,
Oe'r Ev'ra's † fields let dread Sertorius riſe.
Dyed in his country's blood, in all the pride
Of wrongs revenged, illuſtrious let him ride
Enſhrined, o'er Spain, in Victory's dazzling rays,
'Till Rome look pale beneath the mounting blaze.

* This great man is called by Florus the Romulus of Spain. What is here ſaid of him is agreeable to hiſtory.

† Ebora, now Evora, was the principal reſidence of Sertorius.

But let the Britiſh wanderer thro' the dales
Of Ev'ra ſtray, while midnight tempeſt wails:
There as the hoary villagers relate
Sertorius, Sylla, Marius, weep their fate,
Their ſpectres gliding on the lightning blue,
Oft doom'd their ancient ſtations to renew;
Sertorius bleeding on Perpenna's knife,
And Marius ſinking in ambition's ſtrife;
As foreſt boars entangled in a chain,
Dragg'd on, as ſtings each Leader's rage or pain;
And each the furious Leader in his turn,
'Till low they lie, a ghaſtly wreck forlorn.

And ſay, ye tramplers on your country's mounds,
Say who ſhall fix the ſwelling torrent's bounds?
Or who ſhall ſail the pilot of the flood?
Alas, full oft ſome worthleſs trunk of wood
Is whirl'd into the port, blind Fortune's boaſt,
While nobleſt veſſels, founder'd, ſtrew the coaſt!

If wars of fairer fame and old applauſe,
That bear the title of our country's cauſe

To humaniſe barbarians, and to raiſe
Our country's proweſs, their aſſerted praiſe;
If theſe delight, Hiſpania's dales diſplay
The various arts and toils of Roman ſway.
Here jealous Cato * laid the cities waſte,
And Julius * here in fairer pride replaced,
'Till ages ſaw the labours of the plough
By every river, and the barren bough
Of laurel ſhaded by the olive's bloom,
And gratefull Spain the ſtrength of lordly Rome;
Hers mighty bards †, and hers the ſacred earth
That gave the world a friend in Trajan's birth.

When Rome's wide empire, a luxurious prey,
Debaſed in falſe refinement nerveleſs lay,
The northern hords on Europe's various climes
Planted their ruling virtues and their crimes.
Cloiſter'd by Tyber's ſtream the ſlothful ſtaid,
To Seine and Loire the gay and friv'lous ſtray'd

* According to Hiſtory, this different policy is ſtrikingly characteriſtic of thoſe celebrated names.

† Lucan, Martial, Seneca.

A ſordid groupe the Belgian marſhes pleaſed,
And Saxony's wild foreſts Freedom ſeiz'd,
There held her juries, poiſed the legal ſcales;—
And Spain's romantic hills and lonely dales
The penſive Lover ſought; and Spain became
The land of gallantry and amorous flame.
Hail, favour'd clime! whoſe lone retreats inſpire
The ſofteſt dreams of languiſhing deſire,
Affections trembling with a glow all holy,
Wildly ſublime, and *ſweetly melancholy*;
Till rapt devotion to the Fair, refine
And bend each paſſion low at Honour's ſhrine.
So felt the iron Goth when here he brought
His worſhip of the Fair with valour fraught:
Soon as Iberia's mountains fixt his home,
He roſe a character unknown to Rome;
His manners wildly colour'd as the *flowers*
And flaunting plumage of Brazilian bowers:
New to the world as theſe, yet poliſh'd more
Than e'er the pupil of the Attic lore
Might proudly boaſt. On man's bold arm robuſt
The tender Fair reclines with fondeſt truſt:

With Nature's fineſt touch exulting glows
The manly breaſt which that fond aid beſtows:
That firſt of generous joys on man beſtow'd.
In Gothic Spain in all its fervour glow'd.
Then high burn'd honour; and the dread alarm
Of danger then aſſumed the deareſt charms.
What for the Fair was dared or ſuffered, bore
A ſaint-like merit, and was envied more;
'Till led by love ſick Fancy's dazzled flight,
From Court to Court forth roam'd Adventure's Knight;
And tilts and tournaments, in mimic wars,
Supplied the triumphs and the honour'd ſcars.
Of arduous battles for their country fought,
'Till the keen reliſh of the marvellous wrought
All wild and fever'd and each peaceful ſhade,
With batter'd armour deckt, its Knight diſplay'd,
In ſoothing tranſport, liſtening to the ſtrain
Of dwarfs and giants, and of monſters ſlain;
Of ſpells all horror, and enchanters dire,
And the ſweet banquet of the amorous fire,

When Knights and Ladies chaſte, relieved from thrall,
Holdove's high holiday in bower and hall.

'Twas thus, all pleaſing to the languid thought,
With magic power the tales of magic wrought;
Till by the Muſes armed, in all the ire
Of wit, reſiſtleſs as electric fire,
Forth rode La Mancha's Knight; and ſudden fled
Goblins and beauteous nymphs, and pagans dread,
As the delirious dream of ſickneſs flies,
When health returning ſmiles from vernal ſkies.

But turn we now from Chivalry diſeaſed,
To Chivalry when Houour's wreath ſhe ſeized
From Wiſdom's hand.—From Taurus' rugged ſteep,
And Caucaſus, far round with headlong ſweep,
As wolves wild howling from their famiſh'd den,
Ruſh'd the devouring bands of Sarazen:
Their ſavage genius, giant-like and blind,
Trampling with ſullen joy on human kind,

Aſſyria lay its own uncover'd grave,
And Gallia trembled to the Atlantic wave:
In awful waſte the faireſt cities moan'd,
And human Liberty expiring groan'd
When Chivalry aroſe :—Her ardent eye
Sublime, that fondly mingled with the ſky,
Where patience watch'd, and ſtedfaſt purpoſe frown'd
Mixt with Devotion's fire, ſhe darted round,
Stern and indignant; on her glittering ſhield
The Croſs ſhe bore, and proudly to the field
High plumed ſhe ruſh'd; by Honour's dazzling fir'd,
Conſcious of Heaven's own cauſe, and all inſpir'd
By holy vows, as on the frowning tower
The lightning vollies, on the creſted power
Of Sarazen ſhe wing'd her javelin's way,
And the wide-waſting giant proſtrate lay.

Let ſupercilious Wiſdom's ſmiling pride
The paſſion wild of theſe bold days deride;

But let the humbler Sage with reverence own
That ſomething ſacred glows, of name unknown,
Glows in the deeds that Heaven delights to crown;
Something that boaſts an impulſe uncontroul'd
By ſchool-taught prudence, and its maxims cold.
Fired at the thought, methinks on ſacred ground
I tread; where'er I caſt mine eyes around,
Palmela's hill * and Cintra's ſummits tell
How the grim Sarazen's dread legions fell;
Turbans and cymeters in carnage roll'd,
And their moon'd enſigns torn from every hold:—
Yes, let the Youth whoſe generous ſearch explores
The various leſſons of Iberia's ſhores,
Let him as wandering at the Muſe's hour
Of eve or morn where low the Mooriſh tower,
Fallen from its rocky height and tyrant ſway,
Lies ſcatter'd o'er the dale in fragments grey,

* *Palmela's hill and Cintra's ſummits*—are both ſeen from Almada, and were principal forts of the Moors. They were ſtormed by Alphonſo the firſt about the time of the conqueſt of Liſbon.

Let him with joy behold the hills around
With olive foreſts, and with vineyards crown'd,
All grateful pouring on the hands that rear
Their fruit, the fruitage of the bounteous year.
Then let his mind to fair Ionia turn, —
Alas! how waſte Ionia's landſcapes mourn;
And thine, O beauteous Greece, amid the towers
Where dreadful ſtill the Turkiſh banner lowers;
Beneath whoſe gloom, unconſcious of the ſtain
That dims his ſoul, the peaſant hugs his chain.
And whence theſe woes debaſing human kind?
Eunuchs in heart, in poliſh'd ſloth reclin'd,
Thy ſons, degenerate Greece, ignobly bled,
And fair Byzantium bow'd th' imperial head;
While Tago's iron race, in dangers ſteel'd,
All ardour, dared the horrors of the field.
The towers of Venice trembled o'er her flood,
And Paris' gates aghaſt and open ſtood;

Low lay her Peers on Fontarabia's * plains:
And Liſboa groan'd beneath ſtern Mah'met's chains:
Vain was the hope the North might reſt unſpoil'd;
When ſtern Iberia's ſpirit fierce recoil'd.
As from the toils the wounded lion bounds,
And tears the hunters and the fated hounds;
So ſmarting with his wounds th' Iberian tore,
And to his ſun-ſcorch'd regions drove, the Moor:
The vengeful Moors, as maſtiffs on their prey,
Return'd; as heavy clouds their deep array
Blacken'd o'er Tago's banks.—As Sagrez † braves
And ſtems the furious rage of Afric's waves,

* The irruption of the Mohammedans into Europe gave riſe to that ſpecies of poetry called Romance. The Orlando Furioſo is founded upon the invaſion of France,

When Charlemaigne with all his Peerage fell
By Fontarabia—— MILTON.

† The promontory of Sagrez, where Henry, Duke of Viſeo, reſided and eſtabliſhed his naval ſchool, is on the ſouthern part of Portugal oppoſite to Africa.

So braved, ſo ſtood the Luſitanian bands,
The ſouthern bulwark of Europa's lands.
Such were the foes by Chivalry repell'd,
And ſuch the honours that adorn'd her ſhield.
And aſk what Chriſtian Europe owes the high
And ardent ſoul of gallant Chivalry,
Aſk, and let Turkiſh Europe's groans reply!

As through the pictured abbey window gleams
The evening Sun with bold though fading beams,
So through the reverend ſhade of ancient days
Gleam theſe bold deeds with dim yet golden rays.
But let not glowing Fancy as it warms
O'er theſe, high honour's youthful pride in arms,
Forget the ſtern ambition and the worth
Of minds mature, by patriot Kings call'd forth;
That worth which rouſed the nation to explore
Old Ocean's wildeſt waves and fartheſt ſhore.

By human eye untempted, unexplored,
An awful ſolitude, old Ocean roar'd:
As to the fearful dove's impatient eye
Appears the height untry'd of upper ſky;
So ſeem'd the laſt dim wave, in boundleſs ſpace
Involved and loſt, when Tago's gallant race,
As eagles fixing on the Sun their eyes
Through gulphs unknown explor'd the morning ſkies;
And taught the wondering world the grand deſign
Of parent heaven, *that ſhore to ſhore ſhould join*
In bands of mutual aid, from ſky to ſky,
And Ocean's wildeſt waves the chain ſupply.

And here, my Friend, how many a trophy wooes
The Briton's earneſt eye, and Britiſh Muſe!
Here bids the youthful Traveller's care forego
The arts of elegance and poliſh'd ſhew;
Bids other arts his nobler thoughts engage,
And wake to higheſt aim his patriot rage;

Thoſe arts which raiſed that race of Men, who ſhone
The heroes of their age on Liſboa's throne.
What mighty deeds in filial order flow'd,
While each ſtill brighter than its parent glow'd,
Till Henry's Naval School its heroes pour'd
From pole to pole wherever Ocean roar'd!
Columbus, Gama, and Magellan's name,
Its deathleſs boaſt; and all of later fame
Its offspring—kindling o'er the view the Muſe
The naval pride of thoſe bright days reviews;
Sees Gama's ſails, that firſt to India bore,
In awful hope evaniſh from the ſhore;
Sees from the ſilken regions of the morn
What fleets of gay triumphant vanes return!
What heroes, plumed with conqueſt, proudly bring
The Eaſtern ſceptres to the Luſian King!
When ſudden, riſing on the evening gale,
Methinks I hear the Ocean's murmurs wail,
And every breeze repeat the woeful tale,

How bow'd, how fell proud Liſboa's naval throne—
Ah heaven, how cold the boding thoughts ruſh on!
Methinks I hear the ſhades that hover round
Of Engliſh heroes heave the ſigh profound,
Prophetic of the kindred fate that lowers,
O'er Albion's fleets and London's proudeſt towers.

Broad was the firm-baſed ſtructure and ſublime,
That Gama fondly rear'd on India's clime:
On juſtice and benevolence he placed
Its ponderous weight, and warlike trophies graced
Its mounting turrets; and o'er Aſia wide
Great Albuquerk * renown'd its generous pride.
The injured Native ſought its friendly ſhade,
And India's Princes bleſt its powerful aid:
Till from corrupted paſſion's baſeſt hour
Roſe the dread dæmon of tyrannic power.
Sampayo's heart, where dauntleſs valour reign'd,
And counſel deep, ſhe ſeiz'd and foul profaned.

* Albuquerk, Sampayo, Nunio, Caſtro, are diſtinguiſhed characters in the Luſiad, and in the Hiſtory of Portugueſe Aſia.

Then the ſtraight road where ſacred juſtice leads,
Where for its plighted compact honour bleeds,
Was left, and holy patriot zeal gave place
To luſt of gold and ſelf-devotion baſe:
Deceitful art the Chief's ſole guide became,
And breach of faith was wiſdom; ſlaughter, fame.
Yet though from far his hawk-eye markt its prey,
Soon through the rocks that croſt his crooked way,
As a toil'd bull, fiercely he ſtumbled on,
Till low he lay diſhonour'd and o'erthrown.

Others, without his valour or his art,
With all his intereſted rage of heart,
Follow'd, as blighting miſts on Gama's toil,
And undermined and rent the mighty pile;
Convulſions dread its deep foundations tore,
Its bending head the ſcath of lightning bore:
Its falling turrets deſolation ſpread;
And from its faithleſs ſhade in horror fled
The native tribes — yet not at once ſubdued;
Its priſtine ſtrength long ſtorms on ſtorms withſtood:

A Nunio's juſtice, and a Caſtro's ſword,
Oft raiſed its turrets, and its dread reſtored.
Yet, like the ſunſhine of a winter day
On Norway's coaſt, ſoon died the tranſient ray.
A tyrant race who own'd no country*, came,
Deep to intrench themſelves their only aim;
With luſt of rapine fever'd and athirſt,
With the unhallow'd rage of game accurſt;
Againſt each ſpring of action, on the breaſt
For wiſeſt ends, by Nature's hand impreſt,
Stern war they waged; and blindly ween'd, alone
On brutal dread, to fix their cruel throne.
The wiſe and good, with indignation fired,
Silent from their unhallowed board retired;
The Baſe and Cunning ſtaid, and, ſlaves avow'd,
Submiſs to every inſult ſmiling bow'd.

* *A tyrant race, who own'd no country, came,*—before the total declenſion of the Portugueſe in Aſia; and while they were ſubject to Spain, the principal people, ſays the hiſtorian Faria, who were moſtly a mixed race born in India, loſt all affection for the mother country, nor had any regard for any of the provinces where they were only the ſons of ſtrangers: and preſent emolument became their ſole object.

Yet while they ſmiled and bow'd the abject head,
In chains unfelt their Tyrant Lords they led;
Their avarice, watching as a bird of prey,
O'er every weakneſs, o'er each vice held ſway;
Till ſecret art aſſumed the thwarting face,
And dictate bold; and ruin and diſgrace
Cloſed the unworthy ſcene. Now trampled low
Beneath the injured native, and the foe
From Belgia lured by India's coſtly prey,
Thy glorious ſtructure, Gama, proſtrate lay;
And lies in deſolated awful gloom,
Dread and inſtructive as a ruin'd tomb.

Nor leſs on Tago's than on India's coaſt
Was ancient Luſian Virtue ſtain'd and loſt:
On Tago's banks, heroic ardour's foes,
A ſoft, luxurious, tinſel'd race, aroſe;
Of lofty boaſtful look and pompous ſhew,
Triumphant tyrants o'er the weak and low:

Yet wildly ſtarting from the gaming board
At every diſtant brandiſh of the ſword;
Already conquer'd by uncertain dread,
Imploring peace with feeble hands outſpread;—
Such peace as trembling ſuppliants ſtill obtain,
Such peace they found beneath the yoke of Spain;
And the wide empires of the Eaſt no more
Poured their redundant horns on *Liſboa's ſhore.*

Alas, my Friend, how vain the faireſt boaſt
Of human pride! how ſoon is Empire loſt!
The pile by ages rear'd to awe the world,
By one degenerate race to ruin hurl'd!
And ſhall the Briton view that downward race
With eye unmoved, and no ſad likeneſs trace!
Ah heaven! in every ſcene, by memory brought,
My fading country ruſhes on my thought.

From Liſboa now the frequent veſper bell
Vibrates o'er Tago's ſtream with ſolemn knell.

Turn'd by the call my penſive eye ſurveys
That mighty ſcene of Hiſt'ry's ſhame and praiſe.
Methinks I hear the yells of horror riſe
From ſlaughter'd thouſands ſhrieking * to the ſkies,
As factious rage or blinded zeal of yore
Roll'd their dire chariot wheels though ſtreams of gore.
Now throbs of other glow my ſoul employ;
I hear the triumph of a nation's joy †.

* Beſides the total ſlaughter of the Moors at the taking of Liſbon, other maſſacres have bathed the ſtreets of that city in blood. King Fernando, ſurnamed the Careleſs, was driven from Liſbon by a bloody inſurrection, headed by one Velaſquez a Taylor. Some time after on the death of Fernando, Adeyro, the Queen's favourite, was ſtabbed in her preſence, the Biſhop of Liſbon was thrown from the tower of his own cathedral, and the maſſacre of all the Queen's adherents became general; and many were murdered under that pretence, by thoſe who had an enmity againſt them. In 1505 between two and three thouſand Jews were maſſacred in Liſbon in the ſpace of three days, and many Chriſtians were alſo murdered by their private enemies under a ſimilar pretence that they were of the Hebrew race. Thouſands flocked in from the country to aſſiſt in their deſtruction, and the crews of ſome French and Dutch ſhips then in the river, ſays Oſorius, were particularly active in murdering and plundering.

† When the Spaniſh yoke was thrown off, and the Duke of Braganza aſcended the throne under the title of John IV. This is one of the moſt remarkable events in hiſtory, and does the Portugueſe nation infinite honour.

From bondage reſcued and the foreign ſword,
And Independence and the Throne reſtored!

Hark, what low ſound from Cintra rock! the air
Trembles with horror; fainting lightnings glare;
Shrill crows the cock, the dogs give diſmal yell;
And with the whirlwind's roar full comes the ſwell;
Convulſive ſtaggers rock th' eternal ground,
And heave the Tagus from his bed profound;
A dark red cloud the towers of Liſboa veils;
Ah heaven, what dreadful groan! the riſing gales
Bright light; and Liſboa ſmoaking in the duſt
Lies fall'n.—The wide-ſpread ruins, ſtill auguſt,
Still ſhew the footſteps where the dreadful God
Of earthquake, cloath'd in howling darkneſs, trod;
Where mid foul weeds the heaps of marble tell
From what proud height the ſpacious temples fell;
And penury and ſloth of ſqualid mien
Beneath the roofleſs palace-walls * are ſeen

* This deſcription is literally juſt. Whole families, of all ages, are every where ſeen among the ruins, the only covering of their habitations being ragged fragments

In ſavage hovels, where the tap'ſtried floor
Was trod by Nobles and by Kings before;
How like, alas, her Indian empire's ſtate!
How like the city's and the nation's fate!
Yet Time points forward to a brighter day;
Points to the domes that ſtretch their fair array
Through the brown ruins, lifting to the ſky
A loftier brow and mien of promiſe high;
Points to the river-ſhore where wide and grand
The Courts of Commerce and her walks expand,
As an Imperial palace * to retain
The Univerſal Queen, and fix her reign;
Where pleas'd ſhe hears the groaning oar reſound;
By magazines and arſenals mounded round.

of ſail cloth; and their common bed dirty ſtraw. The magnificent and extenſive ruins of the palace of Braganza contain ſeveral hundreds of theſe idle people, much more wretched in their appearance than the gypſies of England.

* The *Praça de Commercio*, or Forum of Commerce, is one of the largeſt and moſt magnificent ſquares in Europe. Three ſides conſiſt of the Exchange and the public offices; the fourth is formed by the Tagus, which is here edged by an extenſive and noble wharf, built of coarſe marble.

Whoſe yet unfiniſhed grandeur proudly boaſts
The faireſt hope of either India's coaſts,
And bids the Muſe's eye in viſion roam
Through mighty ſcenes in ages long to come.

Forgive, fair Thames, the ſong of truth that pays
To Tago's empreſs-ſtream ſuperior praiſe;
O'er every vauntful river be it thine
To boaſt the guardian ſhield of laws divine;
But yield to Tagus all the ſovereign ſtate
By Nature's gift beſtow'd and partial Fate,
The ſea-like port and central ſway to pour
Her fleets, by happieſt courſe, on every ſhore.

When from the ſleep of ages dark and dead,
Thy Genius, Commerce, rear'd her infant head,
Her cradle bland on Tago's lap ſhe choſe,
And ſoon to wandering childhood ſprightly roſe;
And when to green and youthful vigour grown
On Tago's breaſt ſhe fix'd her central throne;

Far from the hurricane's reſiſtleſs ſweep
That tears with thundering rage the Carib deep;
Far from the foul-winged Winter that deforms
And rolls the northern main with ſtorms on ſtorms;
Beneath ſalubrious ſkies, to ſummer gales
She gives the ventrous and returning ſails:
The ſmiling iſles, named Fortunate of old,
Firſt on her Ocean's boſom fair unfold:
Thy world, Columbus, ſpreads its various breaſt,
Proud to be firſt by Liſboa's waves careſt;
And Afric wooes and leads her eaſy way
To the fair regions of the riſing day.
If Turkey's drugs invite or ſilken pride,
Thy ſtraits, Alcides, give the ready tide;
And turn the prow, and ſoon each ſhore expands
From Gallia's coaſt to Europe's northern lands.

When Heaven decreed low to duſt to bring
That lofty oak *, Aſſyria's boaſtful King,

* See Daniel, c. iv.

Deep, ſaid the angel voice, the roots ſecure
With bands of braſs, and let the life endure,
For yet his head ſhall riſe.—And deep remain
The living roots of Liſboa's ancient reign;
Deep in the caſtled iſles on Aſia's ſtrand,
And firm in fair Brazilia's wealthy land.
And ſay, while ages roll their length'ning train,
Shall Nature's gifts to Tagus ſtill prove vain,
An idle waſte!—A dawn of brighteſt ray
Has bodly promiſed the returning day
Of Liſboa's honours, fairer than her prime
Loſt by a rude unletter'd Age's crime—
Now Heaven-taught Science and her liberal band
Of Arts, and dictates by experience plann'd,
Beneath the ſmiles of a benignant Queen
Boaſt the fair opening of a reign* ſerene,

* Alludes to the eſtabliſhment of the Royal Academy of Liſbon in July 1780, under the preſidency of the moſt illuſtrious Prince Don John of Braganza, Duke of Lafoens, &c. &c. &c. The Author was preſent at the ceremony of its commencement, and had the honour to be admitted a member.

Of omen high.—And Camoen's Ghoſt no more
Wails the neglected Muſe on Tago's ſhore;
No more his tears the barbarous Age * upbraid:
His griefs and wrongs all ſooth'd, his happy Shade
Beheld th' Ulyſſes † of his age return
To Tago's banks; and earneſt to adorn

* Camoens the firſt poet of Portugal, publiſhed his Luſiad at a time of the deepeſt declenſion of public virtue, when the Portugueſe empire in India was falling into rapid decay, when literature was totally neglected, and all was luxury and imbecility at home. At the end of books V. and VII. of his Luſiad, he ſeverely upbraids the Nobility for their barbarous ignorance. He died neglected in a workhouſe, a few months before his country fell under the yoke of Phillip II. of Spain, whoſe policy in Portugal was of the ſame kind with that which he exerciſed in the Netherlands, endeavouring to ſecure ſubmiſſion by ſeverity, with the view of reducing them beneath the poſſibility of a ſucceſsful revolt.

† This title is given by the Portugueſe hiſtorians to Don John, one of the younger ſons of John I. of Portugal, who had viſited every Court of Europe. The ſame title is no leſs due to the preſent illuſtrious deſcendant of his family, the Duke of Lafoens. His Grace, who has within theſe few years returned to his native country, was about twenty-two years abſent from it. During the late War, he was a volunteer in the army of the Empreſs Queen, in which he ſerved as Lieutenant-general, and particularly diſtinguiſhed himſelf at the battle of Maxen, where the Pruſſians were defeated. After the peace, he not only viſited every court of Europe, moſt of whoſe languages he ſpeaks fluently, but alſo travelled to Turky and Egypt, and even to Lapland. His Grace is no leſs diſtinguiſhed by his taſte for the *Belles Lettres*, than for his extenſive knowledge of Hiſtory and Science.

The Hero's brows, he waves the Elyſian crown,
What time letter'd Chiefs of old renown,
And patriot Heros, in the Elyſian bowers
Shall hail Braganza: of the faireſt flowers
Of Helicon, entwined with laurel leaves
From Maxen field, the deathleſs wreath he waves;
Anxious alone, nor be his vows in vain!
That long his toil unfiniſhed may remain!

The view how greatful to the liberal mind,
Whoſe glow of heart embraces human kind,
To ſee a nation riſe! But ah, my Friend,
How dire the pangs to mark our own deſcend!
With ample powers from ruin ſtill to ſave,
Yet as a veſſel on the furious wave,
Through ſunken rocks and rav'nous whirlpools toſt,
Each power to ſave in counter-action loſt,
Where, while combining ſtorms the decks o'erwhelm,
Timidity ſlow faulters at the helm,
The crew, in mutiny, from every maſt
Tearing its ſtrength, and yielding to the blaſt;

By Faction's ſtern and gloomy luſt of change,
And ſelfiſh rage inſpired and dark revenge—
Nor ween, my Friend, that favouring Fate forebodes
That Albion's ſtate, the toil of demi-gods,
From ancient manners pure, through ages long,
And from unnumber'd friendly aſpects ſprung;
When poiſon'd at the heart its ſoul expires,
Shall e'er again reſume its generous fires:
No future day may ſuch fair Frame reſtore:
When Albion falls, ſhe falls to riſe no more.

STANZAS.

ADDRESSED TO

A YOUNG LADY STUDIOUS OF BOTANY.

SAY, gentle Lady of the bower,
For thou, though young, art wiſe,
And known to thee is every flower
Beneath our milder ſkies:

Say, which the Plant of modeſt dye,
And lovely mien combin'd,
That fitteſt to the penſive eye
Diſplays the virtuous mind.

I ſought the groves where Innocence
Methought might long reſide;
But April's bloſſoms baniſh'd thence,
Gave Summer, Flora's pride.

I ſought the garden's boaſted haunt,
But on the gay partere
Carnations glow, and tulips flaunt,
No humble flow'ret there.

The flower you ſeek, the Nymph replies,
Has bow'd the languid head;
For on its bloom the blazing ſkies
Their ſultry rage have ſhed.

'Tis now the downward withering day,
Of Winter's dull preſage,
That ſeeks not where the Dog-ſtars ray,
Has ſhed his fierceſt rage.

Yet ſearch yon ſhade, obſcure forlorn,
Where rude the bramble grows;
There, ſhaded by the humble thorn,
The lingering Primroſe blows.

SACRED TO THE HEIRS OF **** CASTLE.

OH thou whoſe hopes theſe fair domains inſpire,
The awful leſſon here beſtow'd attend,
With penſive Eve here let thy ſteps retire,
What time rapt Fancy's ſhadowy forms deſcend.

Hark! from yon Hall as headlong waſte purveys,
What Bachanalian revels loud reſound,
With feſtive fires the midnight windows blaze,
And fever'd tumult reels his giddy round.

'Tis paſt—the Manſion owns another Lord,
The ouſted Heir ſo riotous erewhile,
Now ſits a Suppliant at his wonted board,
Inſulted by the baſe-born Menial's ſmile.

By the baſe Menials taunted from the door,
With anguiſh'd heart reſiſtleſs of his woe,
Forlorn he ſtrays thoſe lawns, his own no more,
Unknowing where, on trembling knees and ſlow.

'Till here beneath an aged Elm's bleak ſhade,
Fainting he ſinks—Ah! let thy mind deſcry,
On the cold Turf how low his humbled head,
On yon fair Dome how fixt his ghaſtly eye.

By his mad Revels, by his laſt Heart-ſigh,
Oh thou of theſe proud Towers the promis'd Heir,
By every manly Virtue's holy tie,
By honour's faireſt bloom, Oh Fortune's child, BEWARE.

FRAGMENT.

TELL me gentle Echo, tell,
Where and how my Lover fell?
On the cold graſs did he lie,
Crown'd with laurels did he die?
Echo twice gave ſwift reply,
Crown'd with laurels, crown'd with laurels, he did die.

His ſnow white breaſt was ſtain'd with gore,
A cruel ſword his boſom tore.
Say with his parting vital flame,
Did he ſigh Ophelia's name,
Was he conſtant ſtill the ſame?
Echo ſigh'd Ophelia's name.

When in Honour's bed he lay,
And breath'd his gallant ſoul away,
Ye gentler Spirits of the air,
Why was not Ophelia there?
Echo anſwer'd her deſpair,
Why was not Ophelia there?

While the full Moon's paly ray
Sleeping on the hill ſide lay,
Thus to Echo thro' the glade
The lovely Maniac talk'd and ſtray'd;
Strait on Fancy's wild wings borne
By the glympſe of opening morn,
She ſaw—or thought ſhe ſaw, her Love
Lie bleeding * * * * *

FRAGMENT.

COME gentle peace on every breathing gale,
O come and guard the ſlumbers of the vale,
Awake gay mirth and glee, with playful wile,
Wake with the morn, and o'er the landſcape ſmile.

STANZAS

ON THE DEATH OF

THE PRINCESS DOWAGER OF WALES.

ASPERS'D by *Malice* and unmanly rage,
Diſgraceful ſtamp on this flagitious age,
In conſcious innocence ſecur'd from blame,
She ſigh'd—but only ſigh'd o'er Britain's Shame;
She ſaw her Children throng their early Tomb,
Diſeaſe ſlow waſting fade her Gloſters' Bloom,
She ſaw—but *Death* appear'd a *friendly Gueſt*,
His arrow pointing to the realms of reſt!
Calmly ſhe views him, dauntleſs and reſign'd,
Yet drops one tear for thoſe ſhe leaves behind.

Warm from the Heart theſe honeſt numbers flow,
Which honour, truth, and gratitude beſtow.

EPITAPH ON MR. MORTIMER.

O'ER Angelo's proud tomb no tear was ſhed;
Pleas'd was each Muſe, for full his honours ſpread;
To bear his genius to its utmoſt ſhore,
The length of human days could give no more.

Oh Mortimer, o'er thy untimely urn,
The Arts and all the gentle Muſes mourn;
And ſhades of Engliſh heroes gliding by,
Heave o'er thy ſhrine the languid hopeleſs ſigh.
Thine all the breathing rage of bold deſign,
And all the poetry of painting thine,
Oh! long had thy meridian ſun to blaze,
And onward hov'ring in its magic rays,
What viſions roſe!—Fair England's patriots old,
Monarchs of proudeſt fame, and Barons bold,
In the fir'd moments of their braveſt ſtrife,
Burſting beneath thy hand again to life!
So ſhone thy noon—when one dim void profound,
Ruſh'd on, and ſhapeleſs darkneſs clos'd around.
Alas! while ghoſts of heroes round thy tomb,
Robb'd of their hope, bewail the artiſt's doom;

Thy friend, oh Mortimer, in grief ſincere,
Pours o'er the man ſad memory's ſilent tear;
And in the fond remembrance of thy heart,
Forgets the honours of thy wond'rous art.

TO THE MEMORY OF COM. GEO. JOHNSTONE.

THOUGH Life's tempeſtuous ſea to thee 'twas given
Thy courſe to ſteer, yet ſtill preſerved by Heaven;
As childhood cloſed thy ceaſeleſs toils began,
And toils and dangers ripen'd thee to man:
Thy country's cauſe thy ardent youth inſpir'd,
Thy ripen'd years thy country's dangers fir'd;
All life to trace the councils of the foe,
All zealous life to ward the lifted blow *.

* The Commodore was remarkably happy in procuring intelligence. He ſent the firſt notice of the Spaniſh Declaration of War in 1761 to Admiral Rodney, then commanding in the Weſt Indies, in conſequence of which the Havannah was taken. He ſent alſo the firſt account of the ſailing and deſtination for the Weſt Indies of the Grand Spaniſh Fleet in 1760 to Admiral Rodney, then alſo Commander on that ſtation. Both meſſages were carried from Liſbon by the ſame perſon, Capt. M'Laurin. In conſequence of this intelligence, many of the Spaniſh tranſports were taken, and the operations of the combined force of France and Spain in the Weſt Indies retarded for that ſeaſon.

When dubious Peace, in gilded clouds array'd,
Fair o'er Britannia threw her painted ſhade,
Thy active mind illiberal eaſe diſdain'd;
Forth burſt the Senator unaw'd, unſtain'd!
By private aim unwarpt as generous youth,
Thy ear ſtill liſtening to the voice of Truth,
That ſacred Power thy burſting warmth controul'd,
And bade thee at her ſide be only bold.
Nor toils of State alone thy cares employ'd;
The Muſes in thy ſunſhine glow'd and joy'd.

When filial ſtrife unſheath'd the ruthleſs brand,
And Diſcord rioted on Salem's ſtrand,
Thy hands to Salem's ſtrand the olive bore*,
Alas, denied!——and liberal peace no more
Smiled on the creſt of hope; thy country's weal,
Again to action waked thy patriot zeal;
Old Tagus ſaw the Britiſh red croſs ſtream
O'er Gallia's lillies and the tawny gleam

* He was one of the Commiſſioners ſent to America in 1778.

Of proud Iberia's caſtles: Belgia mourn'd
Her broken faith, and Afric's ſhores return'd *
Her Liſboan groans for Britiſh friendſhip ſpurn'd.

Again Life's tempeſt beaten ocean roar'd,
And round thy head the miſts of Faction pour'd;
Dark lower'd the ſtorm; but Heaven's own light roſe mild,
And reſcued Honour on thy death-bed ſmiled †,
Soft ſhedding peaceful joy; the bliſsful ſign,
That Heaven's forgiveneſs and its balm were thine.

All hail, ſooth'd ſhade! The Muſe that own'd thy care
Hails thee, and bleſſes Heaven that heard her prayer.
For ever green the laurel o'er thy tomb
Shall flouriſh, ever white its flowery bloom;
And Gratitude, oh Johnſtone, round thy ſhrine,
And Friendſhip, heave the ſigh, and thy fair wreath entwine.

* Alluding to the French and Dutch prizes he ſent into the Tagus in 1779 and 1780, and to his capture of four Dutch India men in Saldanha Bay in 1781.

† Alluding to the ſentence againſt him in the cauſe of Captain Sutton, being reverſed by the Houſe of Lords, the account of which he received about twenty-four hours before his death.

STANZAS ON MR. GARRICK.

FAIR was the graceful form Prometheus made,
Its front the image of the God diſplay'd:
All heaven approv'd it e'er Minerva ſtole
The fire of Jove and kindled up the ſoul.

So Shakeſpear's page, the flower of poeſy,
E'er Garrick roſe had charms for every eye;
'Twas Nature's genuine image wild and grand,
The ſtrong mark'd picture of a Maſter's hand.

But when *his* Garrick, nature's Pallas, came,
The Bard's bold painting burſt into a flame:
Each part new force and vital warmth receiv'd,
As touch'd by heaven—and all the picture liv'd.

THE SIEGE OF MARSEILLES:

A

TRAGEDY.

THE HISTORICAL PERIOD—WHEN THE DUKE OF BOURBON HAVING RENOUNCED HIS ALLEGIANCE TO FRANCIS I. OF FRANCE, AT THE HEAD OF A SPANISH ARMY INVADED HIS NATIVE COUNTRY, AND LAID SIEGE TO MARSEILLES.

THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

HE who offers his writings to the Public, tacitly confeſſes, that he believes them to deſerve its attention. Though to deny this were an affectation of modeſty which would obtain no credit, yet it will eaſily be allowed, that at a time, when the Stage is ſo indulgent to Dramatic Writers, no man would venture to publiſh a rejected Play, without ſome better teſt of its value than his own judgment. The Author of the SEIGE OF MARSEILLES may truly aſſert, that in this Publication he is influenced and guided by ſome who hold no ordinary rank in the Republic of Letters. From their favourable opinion (a circumſtance not unknown to Mr. Garrick) he had once every reaſon to hope that his Play would be honoured with repreſentation. He alſo flattered himſelf, that the novelty of a Drama, no part whereof was borrowed from a foreign Stage, and a moral, deſignedly pointed againſt a vice, which at preſent may be ſaid to characteriſe the age, might have proved circumſtances in his favour. But he now finds, that an Author in writing a Play, however well he may execute it, has done very little: that if he meant to write for the Stage, his moſt neceſſary qualification was, an acquaintance with the politics and temporary arts of the Green-Room.

It is not long ſince, that a friend of mine having an inclination to write a Tragedy, applied himſelf for ſome inſtruction to a Gentleman, who had often compoſed for the Theatre. My dear Sir, ſays the Author, you conceive not half the trouble and vexation you muſt undergo to bring your Play upon the Stage. Believe a man who has learned, by too much experience, that

Between the acting of a Tragedy
And the firſt writing, all the interim is
Like a phantaſma, or a hideous dream.

You muſt cabal with the Players, you muſt attend upon the Manager, you muſt flatter him, and perhaps write verſes upon him; you muſt ſuffer a hundred little indignities beſides, and after all your Play may be rejected. For you are miſtaken if you think that literary merit is a paſſport to repreſentation. The Manager *muſt ſerve himſelf* firſt, and he has always ſome pieces on his hands, ſeldom ſo few as half a dozen, which are his own property. Beſides, you are a ſtranger to the management of the Theatre: Do you know what is the *Trim of the Stage?* So far from it, replied my friend, that I do not remember to have heard the phraſe before, nor am I able to comprehend what it means. The meaning, ſays the old Author, contains nothing critical, has nothing to do with the Unities; but however the Scholar may affect to deſpiſe it, let me aſſure you, that unleſs you are acquainted with the character and capacity of each actor and actreſs in the houſe, and know ſomething too of the ſcenery and dreſſes, you can't write a Play worth a farthing.

The unequalled abilities of Mr. Garrick, as an Actor, fill us at once with pleaſure and admiration; which, improved by the feelings of the generous mind, riſe into a ſort of general eſteem and prepoſſeſſion in his favour. When I bear this teſtimony to Mr. Garrick's exceellence, I truſt the Public will not take offence, and that Mr. Garrick himſelf will forgive me, if I ſay that, as a Manager, he has been generally unhappy, or ill-adviſed in his choice of the Dramas exhibited in Drury-lane.

But I cannot ſpeak of the pieces themſelves. It is cruel to inſult the memory of the departed; it is ungenerous to attack the dead. Theſe, alas, have no patron, no defender. Mr. Garrick, their friend, as long as he could keep them alive, even Garrick has deſerted them. Let them reſt in their obſcurity; and let me aſſure their ſometime Protector, that I have too much humanity to drag them thence, with any view of compariſon or competition. Not that I mean to impute to Mr. Garrick's want of taſte, all the deſpiſed and forgotten Plays which have appeared on his Stage. Some of them he was obliged to introduce through gratitude, through friendſhip, ſometimes through generoſity; and though he could not give them a laſting reputation, the indulgence of the Public uſually favoured the repreſentation. But gratitude, friendſhip, and even generoſity, however favourite virtues, cannot have been with Mr. Garrick his only principle of action. His judgment, unbiaſed by any intereſt, muſt frequently have directed his choice. Yet by ſome, not unaccountable, ill fortune, theſe ſelect pieces have generally ſhared the fate of the others; and at this day,

you may as well hope to trace them in the cloſets of the ingenious, as you may the former in the memory of the Play-houſe Critic.

In a letter to the Author, profeſſing his deſire to ſerve him, Mr. Garrick gave his opinion, that though his Play contained "many, "many beautiful paſſages," it would be neceſſary to new model it, and for that purpoſe referred the Author to the judgment of a Gentleman well known in the literary world, and particularly for his excellence in poetry and criticiſm. The Author, after altering his play, and receiving the approbation of this Gentleman, ſent it again to Mr. Garrick, and it was again rejected, as impoſſible to be adapted to the preſent Taſte, or the Trim of the Stage.

Let me not be thought too bold if I ſeem to cenſure the Public upon this head. The Managers of the Theatres themſelves confeſs, and affect to lament, that they are frequently obliged to repreſent Plays which have no other merit than that of being written in the reigning taſte. As if, like children or holiday 'prentices, the Public are only to be taken by glare and noiſe; by the eye, and not by the heart. Yet in this opinion perhaps Mr. Garrick is in an error. If, in the Tragedies which he preſents to the Public, as few poetical and paſſionate lines ſhine through the dulneſs of five tedious acts, theſe few are immediately diſtinguiſhed by the audience, and received with applauſe. A demonſtration that their taſte is not ſo degenerate as ſome may pretend.

Supported by the ſhining abilities of a Mrs. Barry, and ſet off with a rich diſplay of ſcenery, we have known Plays which no man can read, which no man will ſuffer in his cloſet, well received on the Theatre of Drury Lane. If, therefore, the excellence of a Mrs. Barry can ſupport thoſe dull and inſipid Dramas, where the ſatisfaction of the audience ariſes chiefly from the merit of the Actreſs, with how much greater eclat muſt thoſe pieces appear, where the Poet, by that moſt powerful ſpring of Tragedy, the pathetic, opens a worthy ſcene for the diſplay of ſuch admirable talents! To ſuppoſe that ſuch Plays would fail for want of Dramatic Art, that is, for want of ſuch nice circumſtances as make our modern Plays as regular as a Lawyer's pleading, and almoſt as dull, is an inquiry to the abilities of good actors, and an inſult on the common ſenſe of the Public.

Nor is this aſſertion unconfirmed by experience. The Douglas was by Mr. Garrick rejected; not from any prejudice, we ought to ſuppoſe, but becauſe it was not conformable to his ideas of Dramatic Art. The Douglas, however, has been, and continues to be acted with univerſal approbation; while many of Mr. Garrick's *Models of Dramatic Art*, under the leaden weight of their inſipidity, have ſunk into almoſt inſtant oblivion. The ſecret is, the Douglas is addreſſed to the heart: the Douglas therefore will pleaſe, ſo long as intereſting ſituation and tender paſſion have any influence on the human breaſt.

We have lately ſeen a reformation in one walk of the Drama attempted with ſucceſs. Genuine Nature and Dr. Goldſmith's Come-

dies have triumphed over prudery and emaſculated ſentiment. May genuine Nature and tender paſſion in Tragedy likewiſe triump h ver thoſe little adjuſtments and ſcenical tricks which ſeem congenial, and only adapted to an Art, at once unmeaning and unnatural.

After all, the Manager, as his property isch iefly concerned, has an undoubted right to receive or reject what he pleaſes; but as a ſervant of the Public, he muſt allow them to determine on the merits of what he offers for their entertainment; and, if from him an Author appeal to their tribunal, on the merit alſo of what he withholds. To this tribunal the *Seige of Marſeilles* is ſubmitted, and ſhould it be found ſuperior in merit to many of thoſe Plays which Mr. Garrick has exhibited in Drury-lane, in that caſe, Mr. Garrick has neither dealt impartially with the Author, nor juſtly with the Public

THE CHARACTERS.

FRANCIS I. King of France.

RAYMOND, Count Chateaubriant, Governor of Marſeilles.

BRAMVILLE, An old Officer, his Uncle.

RONSARD, A young Officer, his Friend.

THE LORD ADMIRAL OF FRANCE.

GUISE, A Nobleman of the Court.

ERMINIA, Counteſs of Chateaubriant.

ERMOINE, Counteſs of Guiſe.

OFFICERS, ATTENDANTS, &c.

THE SCENE.

RAYMOND's Caſtle, and adjoining Woods near Marſeilles.

THE TIME.

Leſs than *Twenty-four Hours.*

THE SIEGE OF MARSEILLES.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Count RAYMOND's Caſtle. After Sun ſet.

Count RAYMOND and RONSARD advancing.

RAYMOND.

YES, Ronſard, ere to-morrow noon my Country
Shall triumph o'er her Foes. But whence theſe Sounds
Of Feaſt and Joy, that echo from my Towers!
Whence round my Gate theſe Soldiers filed in Rank

RONSARD.

The Admiral of France, my Lord, commands them,
And ſee, he beckons us.

RAYMOND.

Yes, I perceive him.
Forgive my Lord——the unexpected Blaze [to the Adm.
And Voice of Revelry has ſtunn'd my Thoughts.
————Alas, my Lord,
Ill ſuits this ſacred Houſe with guardleſs Riot!
In times like theſe, beneath the open Sky,
The Night dew dropping from his dangling Curls,

The Soldier ſhould out watch the peeping Stars
Of chilly Dawn. But here, O Shame to Manhood!
Perfum'd and ſhuddering at the drizzly Shower,
Beneath the gilded Roof, the ſilken Warrior
Of theſe degenerate Days in wanton Luxury
Unſtrings his feeble Sinews! Oh my Country!
Forgive my wandering Paſſions——haſte, my Lord,
If as my Heart miſgives me, if my Sovereign
Here loſt in Revel waſtes the unvalued Hours,
Haſte lead me to him; Bourbon's, my Country's Fate,
Hang on my Lips.

LORD ADMIRAL.

Bourbon, my Lord,
Is fled, confuſed as from a total Rout.

RAYMOND.

Ha, Bourbon fled——Deſtruction to my Country
Follows that thin deluſion——Where is my Sovereign—

LORD ADMIRAL.

Mark me, my Lord; this keen Impatience ſuits not
Your preſent Danger.

RAYMOND.

Danger to me peculiar!
Yet ſay, where lies it.

LORD ADMIRAL.

In the King's Diſpleaſure,
For this your Diſobedience, which your Foes,
May vaump in Treaſon's Garb.

RAYMOND.

Be plain, my Lord,
You ſpeak a Language to my Heart unknown.

LORD ADMIRAL.

And plain then be it:
Here, my Lord, your Preſence
Is diſobedience: Your commanded Duty
Calls you to other Station.

RAYMOND.

Darker ſtill
Are theſe ambiguous Words——A Soldier's Duty,
My King's Command I never diſobey'd.

LORD ADMIRAL.

The King, when Bourbon fled, ſent his Command
That Raymond ſtill ſhould guard Marſeilles' torn Walls,
Leſt Bourbon's Flight be only Stratagem,
Till he himſelf to-morrow Noon reliev'd him.
Such the Command: and Raymond now ſtands here
In Act of daring Diſobedience.

RAYMOND.

Ah now, the dreary Gleam,
As of a funeral Torch, breaks thro' the Darkneſs
That veil'd your Words. But Raymond were a Traitor
Were he not here, and earneſt to demand
An Audience of his Sovereign; tell him Count Raymond
Has left Marſeilles; tell him his Crown depends
On my immediate Audience——No, myſelf
Shall bring Conviction.

LORD ADMIRAL.

That my Lord were Treaſon
In me, in theſe, not to prevent.

RAYMOND.

What Madneſs this! what thriftleſs waſte of Time,
The Sword has nobler Work——And inſtantly
I will have Audience.

LORD ADMIRAL.

Yet, brave Raymond hear.
Firſt, let me tell him that important Reaſons
Have brought you here: but as you love your Country,
Firſt let me urge the Reaſons that perſwade
Myſelf, ere to your Sovereign unprepar'd,
Unthank'd I bring you.

RAYMOND.

Thankleſs it ſhall not be;
And ſpeed, Lord Admiral, as you would ſpurn
The Name of Traitor—— [Ex. Lord Admiral.
Ronſard, in your Eye [to Ronſard.
I read Amazement——in myſelf I feel
An unform'd Horror, and ill-boding Darkneſs——
Oh my Erminia——All gracious Heaven,
Where am I loſt!

RONSARD.

My Friend, my better Father!
O good my Lord, far from your generous Heart
Be theſe vile Terrors.

RAYMOND.

Ere the ſacred altar,
Witneſs'd her plighted faith, my lov'd Erminia
Plighted her troth, and I eſteemed it ſacred,
For by her love ſhe vow'd, never to grace
The Court of Valois. When the extacy
Of love's completion was a new exiſtence,
When all the paſſion of that generous time
Fires the affections, and each melting wiſh
But glows to pleaſe, ſhe read my ſecret thought,
And fondly promiſed never in my abſence
To give her preſence to the paſſing gueſt.
Yet this dread night———

RONSARD.

To night, my Lord, the King
Commands your caſtle.

RAYMOND.

And I know him well,
I feel ſome leaden hand inviſible,
Weigh down my freezing heart——Where the Kite hovers,
The quarry lies in view——Soon Bourbon's thunder
Shall ſound another peal, than that which now
Kindles this luſt inſpiring revelry.
Yet ere I warn my Sovereign of his danger,
Ere for my country I can draw my ſword.

My Heart's ſole treaſure, my Erminia's ſafety,
Muſt to my heart be firm aſſur'd——Till then
The King I ſee not. In the bower that ſhades
My Chapel wall, I wait, till you good Ronſard,
Bring me my aged Uncle, honour'd Bramville;
His words I'll truſt. Oh ſpeed; my ſpouſe, my country,
Urge violent ſpeed.——— [Exit Ronſard.
———Baſe world, how doſt thou teem
With foul events! Juſtice and every ſervice
Are all mere cob-web films to bind the hands
Of Luſt and Tyranny! Good Heaven, what dangers
Frown dreadful on me! O Erminia,
Wilt thou prove falſe! Away, the thought is treaſon.
Their witch like creeping arts affect not thee,
Yet oft with pain and fear have I beheld
A little, wayward, giddy levity,
Shew its capricious features in the midſt
Of thy endearments, while the languid ſigh,
And eye diſatisfied, would tell the wiſh
For courtly grandeur. Ah, my boding heart!
Away, theſe cruel and ungenerous thoughts——
Yet fear gnaws deep——the King; ay that admits
No heſitation———

SCENE——A Room in RAYMOND's Caſtle.

The KING, the LORD ADMIRAL, and Duke of GUISE.

KING.

And Raymond here in breach of our command?
My Lords, beware; the vengeance of a King
Falls heavy on Deceivers. You have told me
Of Raymond's beauteous Lady——All you told
Drew but a faded picture of her charms:
So lovely ſhe outſhines deſcription,
But you have added, that ſhe might be won.
You give me ſweeteſt poiſon, and you promiſe
Its rapturous antidote. The poiſon kindles
A wild delirium; but the bliſsful cure
Exceeds all art to compaſs. All ſhe feels
Is paſſion for her huſband. I have ſeen her,
And hopeleſs rage is mine.

GUISE.

All tenderneſs,
Melting with grief ſhe ſeem'd, but the keen taſte
Of joy is ſiſter to the ſoft enthuſiaſm
Of melting ſorrow; open is her temper;
Lively and delicate her fancy glows.
Then doubt it not, but ſprightly levity
Pants in her Breaſt. If I know ought of woman,
Such one is to be wrought on.

KING.

You have told me
Raymond's proud heart might by a King be ſoften'd,
And high advancement next to ſovereign rank
Shall bribe his patience. If you here deceive me,
Dreadful ſhall burſt the ſtorm. And Raymond's pride
I dread alike as his Erminia's hate,
Invincible.

LORD ADMIRAL.

Yet hear, my Leige;
Ambition is the raging fire that burns
The heart of Raymond.

KING.

Honour lives in his breaſt;
His Soul is more than Roman. Tho' my happineſs
Be plac'd perhaps at mortal ſtrife with his,
My heart delights to pauſe upon his virtues;
What his bold ſword has done, what wounds he bears,
Young as he is, earn'd nobly in my battles!
Long have the ſhatter'd walls of lorn Marſeilles
Defy'd the traitor Bourbon's fierceſt rage.
And had not Raymond thus oppos'd his courſe,
Paris ere now had ſeen the daring rebel
Campt at her gates. Fierce Bourbon now is fled
To Italy; ſuch circumſtance we owe
To Raymond's bold defence.

LORD ADMIRAL.

Yet has he left
His ſhatter'd walls in breach of fixt command
And as a ſpy, comes lurking here.

KING.

Lord Admiral,
I read your untold counſel; puniſh that crime.
Yes, I will puniſh it: But he who firſt
Adviſes favours as the way to conquer,
Then fearful of his promiſe urges rigour,
To me ſeems deep in guilt. Each various art
Of war is Bourbon's: and perhaps his flight
Is only feign'd. Were ſudden injury
Pour'd now on Raymond——Ah, beneath my banners
Blunted were many a ſpear; ſo well eſteemed,
So lov'd he reigns in ev'ry Soldier's heart.
Yet ſhall I yield the deareſt happineſs!
And ſhall my Soul that never knew to humble,
Coldly and humbly too reſign the hope
Of all I wiſh——Alas, my fever'd heart
With anguiſh'd longing ſeeks the fair One's preſence,
Tho' not a ſmile repay my ardent love.
Here wait our will——— [Exit King.

LORD ADMIRAL.

Your plots, young Lord, are turn'd
Like arrows on their maſters. Raymond's valour
Is now the King's ſole theme of praiſe and wonder;
And Raymond's power portends our hopeleſs fall

Was it for this, my Guiſe, we rooted out
The haughty Bourbon from the King's affections,
That ere they cool'd, his place might be ſupplied
By this affected Roman!

GUISE.

Every failure
That Jealouſy's prophetic Eye may dread,
Our care has ſhunn'd———

LORD ADMIRAL.

When comes a ſmooth-faced Boy,
Squeamiſh with honeſty, vaumpt with the feathers
By thoughtleſs courage gain'd: And, Oh diſgrace,
Tears from the hoary Politician's brow
The civic wreath, and plants it on his own

GUISE.

No, Fortune ever is the ſlave of wiſdom;
Bold, let us hope.

LORD ADMIRAL.

Loud and audaciouſly,
'Tis, ſaid he, brands the Court: Bourbon he calls
A gallant Man much injured.

GUISE.

And may ſilence
Still cloſe that ſtrain.
Raymond bears every gallant Virtue's ſemblance
So taking with the King. But wound his honour,
Unbridled as the northern ſtorm, his rage
Burſts headlong, nor ſubſides till juſtice ſoothe
His rankled pride,

LORD ADMIRAL.

Oh hence, that hope of women,
That builds its truſt on what another's honour
May pleaſe to do; give ſovereign power to Raymond,
And ev'n to Grooms, he yields his lovely Counteſs.
What works we fondly thought to raiſe againſt him,
Serve but as ſteps to lift him up to greatneſs

KING.

My Lord, there is a wiſdom cold and watchful,
Much of itſelf approved, that calmly triumphs
O'er what the ſimple name the gen'rous paſſions.
This wiſdom headlong Raymond never knew.
Oft in the camp I've read his furious madneſs;
Calm prudence never veil'd his mind's affection.
If the fierce Lioneſs unmov'd, will ſlumber,
While from her ſide her howling whelps are torn
By Shepherds curs, then will the heart-changed Raymond
Calmly reſign his Counteſs.

LORD ADMIRAL.

But the King
As wildly great in generous nobleneſs,
Will never——cannot, thus o'erwhelm in Ruin,
The man his ſoul admires.

GUISE.

By cool deſign,
Perhaps he cannot: But he little dreads
How female charms o'erpower him. All he feels
Is wild delirium then; and his high ſpirit
Diſdains each bound which then would check his Fire

From viewing Bourbon's camp this morn I led him
To Raymond's gates: the wood-emboſom'd Caſtle
Preſented to his mind the gallant lovers
And ladies of Romance. Here's ſome adventure,
Cried the pleaſed King.

LORD ADMIRAL.

And did not you extol
The Lady of the manſion's wondrous charms?

GUISE.

I named her paſſing beauty; but I named it
With careleſs voice. The unexpected blaze
Strikes to the ſoul——fair as the bluſh of morn,
We found her walking penſive in the garden;
She, far the lovelieſt flow'r that flouriſh'd there;
Sorrow was in her eye and melting ſweetneſs;
And unſuſpicious innocence beam'd round her.
O'erpower'd till loſt in pauſing awkwardneſs,
The King gaz'd on her charms,
But when her huſband.
Was named——

GUISE.

Cold at the heart, methought it ſtruck him
With vacant looks as hopeleſs of his wiſh;
He paus'd and ſigh'd; then ſudden o'er his cheek
The bluſh of love ruſh'd out. I mark'd his eye,

It brighten'd and it languiſh'd every moment
While roving o'er her charms.

LORD ADMIRAL.

And was her ſorrow
The net of love diſplay'd to catch the Lover
Who fondly ſoothes it?

GUISE.

No; 'twas innocence,
Artleſs, yet eaſy to be gently won.
Some fearful dreams about her huſband's ſafety
Prey'd on her heart; but when the King declar'd
Danger was o'er, as Angels ſmile, ſhe ſmil'd.
And when he talk'd of courtly joys, of grandeur,
And beauty's empire, heaven's how the deep ſigh
Betray'd her fluttering heart!

LORD ADMIRAL.

Your ſpouſe, my Lord,
Comes with the looks of care.

GUISE.

Why my Eemoine, why that penſive eye,
Where love ſhould only reign!

EEMOINE.

My Lord, I know not.
What means the King; to me he talks of honour,
That all his wiſh is but to favour Raymond;
To ſee the Counteſs happy at the court,

The faireſt ornament of Fontainbleau.
Pity, indeed, that here amidſt theſe wilds,
Such charms, ſuch virtues, as adorn the Counteſs,
Should to the world be loſt. But if the King
Do plan deluſion, gracious Angels guard me——
No; never ſhall my conſcious lips betray
Such innocence, ſuch ſacred ſpouſal love.
'Twas not in vain, my Lord, you brought me here;
Here ſhall I better learn, tho' well I knew
From thee before, to tend the flowers that ſhed
Their ſoft endearments o'er the ſacred bowers
Of wedded love.

GUISE.

And long and happy be your ſacred friendſhip
With Raymond's Counteſs! from theſe dull retirements
Urge her to follow you to courtly ſplendor;
And as your friendſhip ſtrengthens, be the wiſh
Still melting on your lips, that gallant Raymond
Would join ſtrict friendſhip with your proſp'rous huſband.
I then were fully happy.

EEMOINE.

Ever ſhalt thou be happy,
My wedded Lord, if aught my cares avail.
The Counteſs flies the King; I go to ſoothe her
By his command, and bring her to the maſk-room

GUISE.

Such was thy ſmile, my Fair, when at the altar
I ſeiz'd thy yielding hand——— *Ex. Eemoine*]

LORD ADMIRAL.

Great in the future tales
Of ſtate intrigue, I hail thee, prudent Guiſe.
Thy Spouſe, a ſtranger to thy heart, will act
Her part from ſimple nature, unoppoſed
By female ſcruples.

GUISE.

Think not ever woman
Shall fathom this deep breaſt: but well I know,
When woman's faith is tamper'd with,
Woman muſt be employ'd: a woman's preſence
Lulls fear to ſleep: a woman's friendly ſmile
Gives ſilent approbation to the thoughts,
As to themſelves unknown they warm to paſſion.

LORD ADMIRAL.

Cautious, yet fearleſs too muſt we hold on.
Where fear prevails no bold emprize ſucceeds.
I haſten to the King: do thou find Raymond,
And fire him to the mood of our deſires. [*Exeunt*

SCENE——An Arbour by an old Chapel.

RAYMOND and BRAMVILLE

RAYMOND.

The King and Guiſe this morning at my caſtle——

BRAMVILLE,

Yet hear, my Lord——

RAYMOND,

Saw my Erminia! and now are with her
Holding their revelry. O woman's honour,
Poor glittering vapour, burſting at the touch
Of firſt intruder!

BRAMVILLE.

'Twas the King, my Lord,
'Twas he intruded: in the Cypreſs Grove
By chance he met her: to the ſilent ſhade
Mournful ſhe fled, to give her bleeding heart
The fainting eaſe and luxury of ſorrow.
For thee, brave Raymond, bled her faithful heart
In each ſad life-throb. Fearful images
Of thee, ſtretch'd pale and breathleſs on the ground,
Haunted her tortur'd fancy: when the King
Affirm'd your ſafety—as an April ſun
Smiles through the weeping clouds, ſhe ſmil'd and glow'd
With ſudden joy. But ſoon the pale-lipt ſigh
Confeſt the cold return of doubtful feaſ.
The King's officious kindneſs ſeem'd ungrateful
To her pain'd heart: and ſoon indeed ſhe left him.

All noon ſhe linger'd penſive by the window,
Whence ſeen in diſtant view Marſeilles' grey towers,
And Bourbon's camp held her attentive eye:
Loud roar'd the war, and hiſſing thro' the air,
The bombs ſhower'd on the city. At the burſt
Of ev'ry groaning volley were her eyes
And hands held up to heaven; Oh ſpare my huſband!
Wildly ſhe cried, in all the ſtrength of terror;
Then would have ſwoon'd; but waken'd by another,
And ſtill another roar of Bourbon's thunder.
Oh ſpare my Raymond, heaven! ſhe ſtill exclaim'd;
Till ſilence with the evening ſudden cloſed
The dreadful day——

RAYMOND.

Oh, what a treaſure, gracious heaven, is mine!
Yes; *I could weep, and all my heart is pour'd*
O'er my Erminia's generous pain——my heart
Upbraids itſelf for its diſhoneſt fears.
But ſpeed thee, Bramville, bring my tender fair one
Where, unprofan'd by theſe gay revellers' eyes,
Here in the ſacred Chapel, I may fold her
In my enraptur'd arms, and vow my love,
Ere on the battle-field I meet the foe
From whence, Heaven knows, if e'er my ſteps return.

BRAMVILLE.

I ſpeed, my Lord.

RAYMOND.

Hah, what ill-boding omen!
My heart's dire dread——

Enter the KING, GUISE, and LORD ADMIRAL.

KING.

What councils hold you here in theſe lone ſhades?
Raymond, thy brave protection of Marſeilles
Receives our thanks; but our command bade Raymond
Guard well his ſhatter'd walls againſt ſurprize;
Nor leave Marſeilles 'till we ourſelf reliev'd him.
But thou art here: How ſtands thy loyalty?
Our will was never diſobey'd in vain.

RAYMOND.

My preſence here, my Liege atteſts my loyalty
More than the numerous wounds thy battles gave me.
Two months has Bourbon pour'd his rage upon me;
Two months my walls have ſtopt his march thro' France:
Three nights and days ſucceſſive, has his thunder
Pour'd on my city, when at laſt your Highneſs
Came to the reſcue of Marſeilles and France.
Then Bourbon fled; and ruſhing from my towers,
I dar'd the column where his enſign ſtream'd.
Himſelf I took not, tho' my ſpear was near him:
Yet ſome I made my priſoners; one of theſe
Carried this letter. [*Gives it to the King, who ſoon gives it to Guiſe.*]

To Marſeilles I ſent
My brave Lieutenant: to my Sovereign's camp,
(Other command of duty unreceived),
I ſped to warn him of to-morrow's war.

Tho' wild confuſion mark'd the flight of Bourbon.
The riſing ſun ſhall ſee his army marſhall'd
In dread array offering their iron front.
Off with theſe ſilken robes and cap of velvet;
The veſt of ſteel, my Liege, and brazen helmet,
Were fitter now

KING.

Raymond, ſuch zeal we need not.
What Bourbon means we know: our camp expects him.
Marſeilles demands your preſence.
——Every moment
Your tarry here upbraids the king who honours you. [*Raymond retires.*]
Good heaven, what mutiny of ſtruggling paſſions
Raged in his eyes, and ſhook his lingering ſteps,
Foreboding dreadful iſſue!

LORD ADMIRAL.

On himſelf
Will ever fall the evil.

GUISE.

This the order [*holding the letter in his hand*]
Of Bourbon to his generals may be wrought
By jealous Raymond: His ill-boding care
Secludes his Counteſs with ſuch jealouſy,
As if he meant theſe lonely ſhades ſhould guard
The wanton rays of ſummer's genial ſuns
From playing round her.

KING.

Yet, much care behoves us.
Speed to the camp, Lord Admiral, and give
Our fixt command; let all in ſilent care
Lie under arms to-night. No ſudden danger
Forbids the gay feſtivity, ordain'd
To win the angel Counteſs. 'Twere impiety
To love's coy God to ſlip ſo fair a ſeaſon.

GUISE.

Behold, my Liege, with what a pleaſing luſtre
The ſtar of Venus twinkles o'er the bowers
Inſpiring love, as if ſhe bade the lover
Steal to his miſtreſs.

KING.

Every thought preſents me
The lovely fair one——Ah, what tenderneſs,
What warmth of ſoul, beneath her innocence,
Artleſs appear'd!

GUISE.

If ſuch dear ſcenes of tranſport
Riſe in enamour'd fancy, think what tranſport,
While now the moon gleams thro' the lonely grove
Making the Primroſe paler, while the gale
Wiſpers love ſighs, to wander with the goddeſs,
Who gives the inſpiration.

KING.

Oh, name it not.
I am all fire——Yes, I ſhall die or conquer.

ACT II.

SCENE——A Room in the Caſtle.

ERMINIA and EEMOINE.

ERMINIA.

Ah, name not brilliant ſhew and courts to me!
Theſe peaceful ſhades, and holy calm retirements,
Whene'er my gallant Raymond's preſence glads them,
Have every charm: delights how far ſuperior
To gaudy flutter and incumber'd grandeur!
On yon green bank, laved by the murmuring rill,
How have I ſat enraptur'd, while my hero
Renew'd his joyful vows, and prais'd his happineſs!
The envious Sun has ſtolen away unnoticed,
And the melodious warbler of the evening
Has ſung unhear'd beſide me while he talk'd;
For all my ear was love. O Raymond, Raymond,
When ſhall theſe dreadful wars again reſtore thee!
When ſhall our wonted bowers hear thee again
Diſplay the raptures of thy faithful heart!
Oh, heaven reſtore my Raymond to my arms!

EEMOINE.

Heaven hears the prayer. Still on Marſeilles' proud wall
Waves the red banner, and ſtill lives my Lord,
The Governor.

ERMINIA.

He lives—perhaps he does not.
If yet he live, to-morrow brings new danger.
Oh, I am full of fearful apprehenſions!
I fear, alas!—what thouſand fleeting phantoms!
I fear his valourous thoughtleſs ſcorn of danger
More than a thouſand foes.

EEMOINE.

A brave man only, Lady,
Had charms for you; and would you wiſh your Lord
To ſhun the toils that give him all his charms?
And ever ſacred be this wood-land caſtle,
And theſe lone bowers, to love, to happieſt love!
And ſoon may Raymond cheer his lone retreat!
Yet ſprightly youth by nature's powerful motion
Aſks other ſcenes; would mingle in the walks
Where other Peers lead forth their faireſt dames.

ERMINIA.

I cannot love the ſcene my Raymond loves not.
All the endearments of the expecting lover
Still ſeem more tender; yet ſhould I but hint
Of leaving theſe retreats, and name the Court,
Serious he looks, then ſmiling ſays, the world
Is all falſe ſhew, and full of real trouble;
That a calm haven, like ours, is all the wiſh
Of courts and camps; the pole ſtar of ambition.

Love makes me ſay ſo too, when ſparkling rapture
His eyes confeſs his deareſt wiſh accompliſh'd;
The while he labours to expreſs his joy,
And tells me I have freely granted him
The only point he could refuſe to yield me.

EEMOINE.

Yet the full tide of Raymond's riſing honours
Now ſwell ſo high, it cannot, will not leave him
To theſe lone ſhades—Talk'd not the King this morn
As if he wiſh'd the Count would change his life,
And ſhew the Court his Counteſs?

ERMINIA.

Ah, Eemoine,
Raiſe not that hope; away! it ſhall not pleaſe me.

EEMOINE.

And moſt auſpiciouſly occaſion offers,
Bourbon is fled, by Raymond's valour baffled;
And France is ſav'd. This night the joyful King,
With many a lady from the neighbouring caſtles,
In Raymond's caſtle means to celebrate
The nation's joy in honour of your huſband.
Should Raymond's Counteſs ſullen then refuſe
To grace the public joy, her huſband's honour
Were tainted by the deed.

ERMINIA.

Three dreadful nights and days
Has Bourbon pour'd his thunder on Marſeilles.

No ſleep the while my woeful eyelids clos'd.
My fever'd thoughts at laſt, in gentle ſlumber,
Methought were ſooth'd, when on the ground before me
A pale and blood-ſtain'd corpſe my huſband lay.
'Twas not a dream, I ſaw him——

EEMOINE.

The ſick man's dreams of diſmal yawning gulphs
Cleaving beneath his feet, and volleying fire,
Are real all, compar'd to what fond love
Conceives, when fear, as on the whirlwind's wing,
Toſſesthe fancy——Ah, bethink you, lady,
How ill your fears become your opening fortunes.
Whom Fortune once forſakes, him almoſt never
She viſits more; but when her various bounty
Flows on her favourites, the Spring's gay bloſſoms
Crowd not ſo plenteous on the May-day thorn;
So full ſhe comes, where ſhe delights to come.
She now, your better angel, ſmiles upon you,
And bids you follow her; ſee, where ſhe leads
To courtly brilliancy, and royal favour!

ERMINIA.

Ah, didſt thou feel like me, and hadſt, like me,
The huſband of thy love three days in battle?
Perhaps, ev'n now, torn from my widow'd arms,
On the rude earth his cold pale cheek reclines!
Didſt thou fear this, alas, thou couldſt not talk
Of Fortune's ſmiles, and Grandeur's gaudy baubles!

Enter the KING, GUISE, and OFFICERS.

KING.

Ah! ſtill in tears?—Let Winter's diſmal gloom
O'ercloud the ſmiles of May, but let not ſorrow
Dim theſe bright eyes.

ERMINIA.

Forgive, my Liege——Hither, for pity's ſake!
Support me, lady. [*retiring.*

KING.

What, and fly me too!
And can ſo fair a boſom veil ſuch rigour!

ERMINIA.

Oh pity my diſtreſs, my woman's fears!

KING.

The brave Count Raymond lives, and crown'd with glory!

ERMINIA.

Oh heaven repeat it——Does the rage of war
Threaten no more?—Here, from the camp, I ſee,
Are other Peers; but what detains my Raymond?
Alas, deceive me not, nor mock my fears!

EEMOINE.

Thy fears are but the terror of a dream,
That ſoon will vaniſh.

ERMINIA.

Ah, the dreadful battle
Is paſt; and theſe return'd from victory;

But death detains my Raymond! Never, till now,
Was he the laſt to haſten to my arms.
Thy Guiſe is here; Eemoine, but my Raymond
Lies bleeding on the field. I know his ardour:
The deareſt joy he felt in war's proud triumph
Was to behold my tranſport, when my arms
Receiv'd him from the fields of death, reſtor'd
To life, to love ——But now, Oh heaven! he comes not,
Though others come.

KING.

By the King's ſacred honour!
Thy Raymond lives; and every tongue delights
To name his gallant deeds. To-night is ſacred
To his renown, which you will more adorn.
The Court of Charlemagne, in all its pomp
Of beauteous ladies, when they ſat to judge
Their Knights at martial Tournay, yields to mine
The palm of beauty. War's confus'd alarms
Are now expell'd our realm—Feſtivity
Now claims the heart—Then might I thus to-night,
For one ſhort night, thus beg your hand, and call you
Queen of the maſk.

ERMINIA.

Alas, my Liege, my terrors
O'erpower my ſoul!——Hither, Eemoine, aid me.

KING.

Ah, Madam!——Yes, indeed, had you refus'd me,——
All dull impertinence, the face of joy
Had ſeem'd to me——— [*Eemoine retires, the Counteſs*
The cares of war, now like my humble vaſſals, *as loſt in heſitation.*]
Stand off at ſervile diſtance, while I give
My heart to riot in the ſweeteſt joys
That victory affords; the ſovereign joys
That beauty's captivating power inſpires,
When beauty ſmiles with all the dear diſtinctions
That valour gains from woman——— [*Guiſe taking the Counteſs by the hand.*]

GUISE.

Here, my Liege,
The faireſt gem that ever France acquir'd
From all her wars, to grace her ſplendid Court.

ERMINIA.

Ha, what! forbear——I know not what you ſaid.
My ſpirits hurry me, I know not whither! [*withdrawing.*
I break my plighted honour while I talk
And linger here——Whate'er my Raymond means,
I would not wound him in his earneſt wiſh,
So oft repeated, were the world to give [*Eemoine returns.*
All it admires to bribe me. Why, Eemoine,
Why leave me thus——Hither my childhood's friend. [*offering to retire.*

KING.

Yet hear how vain is your oppreſſing ſorrow.

EEMOINE.

The gallant Raymond, crown'd with freſh blown honours,
Safe from the war this inſtant glads his caſtle.
His country's cauſe commands his preſent care,
And ſoon the honours of to-night's feſtivity
Shall give him to your arms with doubled joy.
Highly elated with the royal favour,
He means to meet you at the happy maſk;
Such duteous honour to his King he ow es,
And longs to pay———

ERMINIA.

Oh, not an angel's voice
Could thus have darted through my lifted heart
So bright a glow of tranſport. Oh my Raymond!
What have I ſuffer'd from the dreams of fear!
Yes; thy love-ſmiles ſhall fondly brighten o'er me
While I in ſweet remembrance tell my fears.

KING.

Now, by my crown! theſe looks of happy beauty
Repay the hardſhips of a whole campaign.
The Ladies and the Peers already crowd
The joyful maſk room, and attend their King;
But happineſs delays her inſpiration,
Lady, till you appear. [*Exeunt together.*

SCENE——An Apartment in the Caſtle.

Enter BRAMVILLE and RONSARD meeting.

BRAMVILLE.

Say, have you found him?—Deaf to all my prayers,
He ſpurns when I urge his inſtant ſafety,
Here, here, he lingers in the act of treaſon.

RONSARD.

And vain is all I urge of hope and patience;
Vain as his earneſt wiſh to ſee the Counteſs.
He well perceives ſhe's guarded. But this inſtant
He ſprung away, and vow'd that not the King
Should guard the door that placed its bar between them.

Enter GUISE and LORD ADMIRAL.

GUISE.

And know'ſt thou, Bramville, how thy furious Nephew
Defies the King's high will, deſerts his ſtation
Even in the foe's proud face? His fate is mark'd
In bloody characters.

BRAMVILLE.

Ay, and his foes
Will ſpeed the blow——Alas, I know it well—— [*Ex. Bram. and Ron.*

LORD ADMIRAL.

Now is the moment, Guiſe. Tell me no more
What Raymond's love will do, and boaſted honour;

Speed! inſtant to the King and bring commiſſion
To ſeize the lingering traitor.

GUISE.

On ourſelves
Thus ſhall we call deſtruction. Raymond's Counteſs
Yet loves her huſband with a bride's devotion;
And ſhould his fate ev'n wound her with a ſigh,
The love-intoxicated King would ſpurn us,
Degraded from his preſence. Yes, my Lord,
I'll truſt the workings of the Count's fierce honour.

Enter EEMOINE.

EEMOINE.

My Lord, oh ſpeed!——Fierce Raymond, on the inſtant,
Will burſt into the maſk room——

GUISE.

Ay, and there,
Fierce as a tyger, let him meet his ſpouſe!
The kingly lion will not yield his prey:
Yes, let the Monarch curſe his rude intruſion
And from the ferment of their mounting paſſions,
Our's be the gain——Ha! while I ſpeak it happens,
Uproar and wild confuſion at the maſk
Seal what I hoped. They bring the fainting lady:
Let us withdraw, my Lord—— [*Ex. Guiſe and Ld. Admiral.*

ERMINIA, ſupported by Attendants, EEMOINE advancing.

EEMOINE.

Hah, yet ſhe lives!——and have I baſely done it?——
Mercy, ſweet heaven!——am I the blinded agent
Of adamantine hearted treachery?
Ah, theſe pale looks upbraid my miniſtry!
Yet, yet I knew not——Oh, my friend Erminia!
Caſt not the look of terror thus around thee:
Here each awaits to ſoothe thy ſudden woe
Whate'er its grief.

ERMINIA.

Oh, how ſeverely did his look upbraid
My breach of promiſe! Fierceſt indignation
Lower'd in his eye, and wither'd in his heart,
Each ſoft, each dear remembrance! whither ſhall I,
Oh, whither turn me!

EEMOINE.

All around you, Lady,
Shall yet ſmile gay. The King, the generous Francis
Shall guard your happineſs.

ERMINIA.

The King——Ah me!
Piercing with coldeſt horror, comes the voice
That bids me hope that kindneſs from another
I only wiſh from Raymond——Oh, ungenerous
Have I requited him——one teſt of love.

Oft he implor'd with all the rage of earneſtneſs,
And I, unworthy of a love like his,
Have careleſſly neglected that poor teſt.
Yet to my Raymond ſhall I only fly;
E'en tho' he ſpurn me with a ſterner look,
Yet will I hold him to my trembling breaſt,
My foe and only friend, my dread and refuge.
Where has my Raymond fled me——

Enter GUISE.

GUISE.

Weep not lady;
Other reſentments, noble ones, ſhould heave
The indignant ſigh——And Raymond ſhall lament—

ERMINIA.

Raymond lament! *Oh pitying heaven defend him!*
My careleſs breach of promiſe has involved him
In death's dark paths. Ay, death was in the frowns
The King and Raymond lower'd upon each other.
Yet will I now repeat my breach of promiſe,
And humbly graſp the frowning monarch's knees,
Till his high dignity forgive my huſband——

GUISE.

Generous lady,
Thou art thy Raymond's better Angel, ſent
From heaven to ſave him—— *[Exeunt.*

SCENE——Another Apartment.

GUISE and his LADY.

EEMOINE.

Thus, on my knees, by heaven's eternal grace,
My Guiſe, my Huſband, I adjure thee tell me,
Tell me, what means this earneſtneſs to win
Erminia to the Court?—beneath this kindneſs
Lurks an ambiguous darkneſs; whence the horror
That ſhakes ev'n Raymond's knees, and chills his Counteſs
As death's cold touch?

GUISE.

Stern Raymond's wayward humour
Thus beats the air, and o'er his hapleſs ſpouſe
Acts the dread Lord; to ſave his gentle lady
From this wild tyranny, were heaven's own kindneſs
Were worthy nobleſt friendſhip.

EEMOINE.

Ah, my Lord,
Her woes are all the woes of tendereſt love,
And ſhall I act the part which you impoſe,
And add deſpair to anguiſh? No; forbid it,
Oh gracious heaven!

GUISE.

And thus a woman's weakneſs
Muſt blight the faireſt harveſt of my hopes.
Diſtraction, madneſs——

EEMOINE.

Yet, my Lord, yet hear;
I dread——Alas——

GUISE.

Few be my words——The King
In wildeſt admiration views the bravery
Of gallant Raymond: Raymond ſoon will ſhine
The firſt high-favour'd ſubject of the world;
And Raymond is my foe——Unleſs your friendſhip
With his lov'd Counteſs win me into favour,
Diſgrac'd and baniſh'd from the court, our caſtle
In Normandy's wild hills, to you, to me,
Will ſoon become a lonely gloomy priſon——
You tremble at the thought——Be wiſe; prevent it;
Be the bold friend of Raymond's injured Counteſs.
Give her the nobleſt gift a *friend can give;*
Teach her to vindicate her independence,
Leave to her gratitude the reſt; and thou,
Be grateful too: remember the lone cloyſter
From which my youthful love brought thee to grandeur. [*Ex. Guiſe.*

EEMOINE.

I well remember it: thy dreary caſtle
In Normandy needs only to be nam'd,
And the dark cloyſter's wintery ſhades return,
Where, loſt to hope, my mounting ſoul ſeem'd fix'd
To a condition rooted to the earth
As the baſe weed that creeps on the cold rock;

Where, if at times my generous mind preſag'd
The courtly ſcenes of grandeur and of joy,
Dependance, like a ſtern ſtepmother, blotted
The beauteous proſpect, and ſunk down my heart
In cold deſpair——Yes, I remember theſe;
And, were I ſpouſe to Raymond, would not yield
To his ungenerous thraldom! Be my friendſhip
To Raymond's Counteſs then, ſuch as myſelf,
In her lorn hours, would wiſh—— [*Exit.*

SCENE——Another Apartment.

BRAMVILLE and RAYMOND.

BRAMVILLE.

Indeed, my Lord, indeed your headlong paſſion
Has rudely injur'd the moſt faithful ſpouſe——

RAYMOND.

My breaſt was torn with fierce conflicting paſſions,
And ſtill is torn. Oh Bramville! ſpeed again,
Tell my Erminia——

BRAMVILLE.

Bourbon, my Lord,
Perhaps ev'n now, ranges his hoſt for battle;
Your Country aſks your ſword——

RAYMOND.

And witneſs, Heav'n,
I tremble for her fate yet, yet I will not;
I will not leave defenceleſs innocence

Beneath the wolf's hot eye. If you would arm me
To fight my country's battles, find me acceſs
To my Erminia.

BRAMVILLE.

I ſpeed, my Lord—— [*Ex. Bramville.*

RAYMOND.

Oh woman, woman, what may fix thy liking!
Good heav'n, what tenderneſs, wh at ardent paſſion
The yielding virgin's honeſt bluſh betrays!
But ah, how ſoon that honeſty expires!
And to the firſt groſs flatterer that aſſails,
Wanders her poiſon'd fancy; in affliction,
As light and changeful as the gaudy fly
Which haſtens to the roſe with eager ſpeed,
And on its damaſk leaves, with fond embrace,
Flutters her painted wings a little while.
A little while, for lift ſhe but her eyes
And the firſt thiſtle flower that catches them,
Catches her fancy too, and thither ſpeeds ſhe.
Oh Heaven what haggard imperfection blots
Thy faireſt work!

Enter RONSARD.

RONSARD.

The troops, my Lord, you ſent me to prepare,
Are all on fire to think you'll lead them——Ha,
How dark and wild that look!

RAYMOND.

Give me your hand.
Is this an honeſt hand?

RONSARD.

Unſtain'd, my Lord.

RAYMOND.

Away! the world is falſe——

RONSARD.

Good heaven, my friend!

RAYMOND.

An old hag once told me,
That my friend's hands ſhould tear my heart, ſhould rend
Each ſtring, and while it wrung the maſter-cord,
With ſleek adulterous ſmiles, ſhould mock my woes.

RONSARD.

Oh heaven, let me confront the daring traitor,
Whoſe poiſonous tongue——

RAYMOND.

Alas, Ronſard, thy manners
Have beauteous innocence. My thoughts were roving,
Were warm, my friend, warm with an ancient tale,
A noble one: brave Cyrus had a captive,
The pride of beauty; for the King's own bed
The chiefs reſerv'd her: mark, ſhe was a captive
Taken in war, the very flow'r of beauty.
But ſhe was chaſte, pure as the ſnow-rob'd angel
That guards the holy altar: every thought

Glow'd with her huſband; cold as death's chill hand
To all the world beſide. Yet ſhe was woman;
And love might hope. But Cyrus made no revel,
No mid-night maſk, no flattering amorous fondling
To fan her pride, or melt her guardleſs heart.
Ay, and her huſband was the foe of Cyrus,
In arms againſt him; mark, he was an enemy,
But gallant Cyrus reverenc'd his love,
And to his arms reſtor'd the beauteous maid,
Pure as th' ethereal bluſhes of the dawn.

Enter BRAMVILLE.

BRAMVILLE.

My Lord, the keen impatience of your fears
Is the worſt foe that wars againſt your ſpouſe,
Eemoine ſoon will ſoothe your mind to peace.

RAYMOND.

Eemoine, not Erminia!

BRAMVILLE.

Your fiery glances ſtruck your fond Erminia
As withering light'ning; by Eemoine's lips
She begg'd ſome little ſpace for ſlow recovery;
But to the chapel: here your ſtay is treaſon;
Here may ſome ſpy betray you.

RAYMOND.

Struck her, ſaid you?
Sweet heaven, what hope dwells here!

Guilt lifts the harden'd front againſt the injur'd. [*as ſlowly retiring.*
She's innocent! then hence———
———Yet this Eemoine
Is ſpouſe of Guiſe——A courtier, who could calmly
To death and infamy conſign the friend
Who ſtood in his ambition's darkling way,
And ſmile too while he ſtabb'd him——— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE——Another Apartment.

The KING, GUISE, and the Lord ADMIRAL.

KING.

My Lords, my happineſs demands your ſervice.
The Counteſs——Oh what charms! but go, my Guiſe,
I left her trembling on the giddy whirl
Of various paſſions. Fan her, leaſt ſuſpicions
Of Raymond's hatred—Tell her his dread revenge
Should bid her delicate reſentment blaze.
Then let the powers of muſic ſoothe her ſpirits:
I'll follow you: when the diſſolving ſoul
Glows in her eyes, the melting melody
Shall ſoftly whiſper what my looks would ſay. [*Ex. Guiſe.*
And you, Lord Admiral, in every paſſage
Plant armed ſoldiers: have a watchful eye
On Raymond.———

LORD ADMIRAL.

And in iron chains ſecure him.

KING.

No, by my crown: to ſeize him yet were death
To the moſt lovely fair one. I have promiſed,
Tho' with affected ſhyneſs, to forgive him.
Heavens, how my feign'd reluctance fired her earneſtneſs,
And fixt her keen imploring eyes upon me!
Tho' to my love her words ſpoke cold deſpair.
'Twas luxury to read her aſking eyes
Thus languiſhing on me. And again,
Soon ſhall they woo me, while my lingering favour
Shall be the trammel of the god of love.
Her huſband muſt be purchaſed. Hither Lord Admiral. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE——An Apartment in RAYMOND's Caſtle.

GUISE and LORD ADMIRAL.

LORD ADMIRAL.

By all we wiſh, my Lord, your boaſted arts
Have weigh'd us down. The King decrees the height
Of power and favour to the haughty Raymond:
Diſtraction, death! mild as the April eve
Soon ſhall the tempeſt of his dreadful rage
Gently ſubſide; and we fallen, fallen low——

GUISE.

When Bourbon drove your proud ſuperior hoſt
In headlong rout before him; when brave Raymond,
With but a van-guard on Marſeilles torn walls
Stopt the fierce torrent of his forward courſe;
Then were we placed on ruin's giddy brink;
Yet ſhall my arts to firmeſt ground reſtore us.
Such giddy madneſs ſhall my arts inſpire,
That not three little days on power's high column
Shall Raymond ſtand. You to the King, my Lord.
My ſpouſe, why thus diſtreſs'd, my fair Eemoine? [*Exit Ld. Admiral.*

Enter EEMOINE.

Why theſe ſad dubious looks?

EEMOINE.

Alas, my Guiſe———

GUISE.

'Tis thus the fearful, trembling with diſtruſt,
Unfit to ſnatch her gifts, turn fortune from them.
The bold command her favours.

EEMOINE.

Gracious powers!
What am I doing? Where will theſe plots end?
I told Count Raymond how ſeverely ſtruck,
By his fierce eyes, his faithful Gounteſs lay
In death-like ſwoonings at the neighbouring convent,
And by his wiſhes for her life, adjured him
Not to intrude again till I had ſoothed her.

And have my lips, by thee inſtructed, Guiſe,
Utter'd dark falſehood——Horrid is the darkneſs
Where treachery dwells, where every glympſe of light
Is dreadful as the thunder flaſh——

GUISE.

Hail bleſſed Saint!
O well theſe paſſions ſuit the cloyſter's cells.
Thus when the holy ſiſters chant their Veſpers
Beneath the dark ailed Abbey's gloomy roofs,
What time the graſs-grown creviced window pours
The ſullen evening's melancholy rays
O'er the ſurrounding tombs; there, fitting place,
There ſhall you chant theſe holy notes, till age
Furrow theſe blooming cheeks with ſallow wrinkles,
The church-yard ravens on the blaſted elms
Nightly reſponſive to the holy ſong!

EEMOINE.

Oh good, my Lord, forbear the dreadful proſpect!
My life blood freezes——

GUISE.

Dreadful tho' it be
To youth and beauty form'd like thine to ſhine
Amid the world's applauſe and courtly ſplendor;
Yet, if perverſely you reject my wiſh
That ſprings from love, and fondly hopes to ſave you
From living burial in a cloyſter's walls,
A cloyſter's diſmal haunts muſt waſt your ſighs

On every evening gale.

EEMOINE.

And muſt your love
Be purchaſed with the crimes of treachery?
Oh heaven, where am I toſt!

GUISE.

You talk of crimes;
I offer virtues; but you want ambition.
'Tis the peculiar virtue taught in courts
To ſerve a ſtubborn friend by kind deceit.
Such the deceit that to the court would bring
The ſullen Raymond's Counteſs.
——————— All the grandeur
By Bourbon loſt ſhall ſoon be worn by Raymond,
His jealouſy and love are both to madneſs.
If ſtill Erminia in theſe caſtle walls
Remain the priſoner of his jealous love,
What friend ſhall with the potent Raymond plead
For falling Guiſe——Your tongue has utter'd falſehood.
Now to retreat——

EEMOINE.

The world would curſe that falſehood,
That dark unfiniſh'd kindneſs. To complete it,
The world ſhall praiſe the boldneſs of my friendſhip
Erminia ſhall be taught to vindicate
The generous freedom which is now denied her.

Truſt me, my Lord, I'll fan each ſecret wiſh
That to herſelf unknown aſpires to grandeur.
The ſpark ſhall flame——

GUISE.

By all our hopes and loves—— [*Ex. Guiſe*

EEMOINE.

Ay, by my hopes! you ſaid, I want ambition:
'Tis now awake, and you ſhall mark its powers.
Thy patrimony, Guiſe, requires the mines
Of place and power to give the ſplendid pomp
Which I aſpire to——Theſe ſhall be my gift,
The noble dowry which my art ſhall bring. [*Exit.*

SCENE——An Apartment in the Caſtle.

ERMINIA and EEMOINE.

ERMINIA.

Muſic in vain has pour'd its ſweeteſt charms;
In vain to me. The bland tranquillity
That oft has wrapt me in its downy boſom,
When but ſome ſhepherd tun'd the ruſtic lay
Came not as wont; and melody but rais'd
My ſtruggling paſſions. What a dreadful war
Tears my tempeſted boſom! Raymond's hatred,
Loftily dreadful and ungenerous,
Fires my reſentment; when a fickly horror
Freezes my heart——Ah, once my Raymond lov'd me!
Once loved me!——What a painful weight of anguiſh

This ſtruggle to repay his ſcorn with ſcorn
Pours o'er my ſpirits. Tell me where, Eemoine,
Where is my huſband——

EEMOINE.

I have ſeen ſtern Raymond.
I trembled to behold his writhing lip,
And fierce red eye, that as it roll'd ſhot gleams
Of purple lightning. Some dread purpoſe fills him.
I hear'd him mutter death, revenge, and honour.

ERMINIA.

Oh Heaven, befriend me——I have waked his rage;
Where will it end!

EEMOINE.

And would you tamely ſtoop
To his wild tyranny——Forbid it honour.
The honour of the King forbids it, Lady;
No dark revenge, no deed of jealous madneſs,
For wrongs ne'er given, ſhall mark the day with horror,
The day when generous Francis with his preſence
Honour'd ſtern Raymond's caſtle.

ERMINIA.

Bounteous heaven,
Oh ſeal theſe words! But ſlow and unreſolved
Appear'd the King, when I impl'or'd forgiveneſs
For Raymond's headlong rage.

EEMOINE.

Yet, fear not, Lady;
The generous love a generous confidence;
Aught leſs is inſult where we hope for friendſhip.
Give to the Monarch then the welcome care
To ſoothe your huſband, and to make you bleſt.
Bourbon's high office courts the haughty Raymond;
His rage alone delays his lofty grandeur.
Two various fortunes, Lady, wait before you:
One in this lonely caſtle to wear out
Your cheerleſs years; this night's wild jealouſy
Ever in your huſband's mind, and you a priſoner
Under ſevereſt watch; and viſited,
Perhaps one day in many a lonely month,
By your ſtern huſband, when the toils of ſtate
Allow the hurried reſpite; or, perhaps
When old affection wakes; for beauty reigns
At Fountainbleau in all its various features——
Ah, why that ſudden paleneſs o'er theſe cheeks!
Aſſume the generous independence, Madam,
Your noble birth's due right; and Fountainbleau
Offers thee all its joys, and crown of all,
Laſting ſecurity of independence.
To-night theſe various fortunes are thy vaſſals,
Which to reject or chooſe——But ah, to-morrow
They wait thy will no more——

ERMINIA.

My heart to Raymond
Was open as the noon-day face of heaven:
No dark receſs was from his eye conceal'd.
But Raymond's love, ev'n in its ſofeſt hours,
Like his proud eye, wore ſomething awful.——Man,
Stern lordly man, never in perfect union,
Joins his ſuperior heart with humbler woman,
Though all her heart's affections worſhip him.
The wives of other peers have liberty.
For what dark cauſe am I alone excluded
From the fair paradiſe of Fountainbleau?
Why am I here forbidden to behold
The face of ſtranger!

EEMOINE.

Let the dark veil'd cauſe
Dare the bold light, tho' wrapt in gloomy ſilence;
That ſpeechleſs cauſe muſt waken in the heart
Such unform'd thoughts as ne'er can ſleep with peace.

ERMINIA.

That gloomy cauſe ſhall dare the light, Eemoine.
Alas, with ſmiles I met him; all my heart
Melting and glowing for the mutual ſmiles
That mingle on the looks of dear affection.
But he felt other paſſions; from my arms
Half open'd, from my ſmiles he ſtarted back
In rage and horror.

EEMOINE.

And again that rage,
As the black thunder cloud, will burſt upon you
Its gather'd ſtorm. Ah hapleſs Lady, hear me:
Thy honour, happineſs, and reconcilement,
The King's protection can alone ſecure.
Then truſt the generous Monarch——

ERMINIA.

Ah, were thy words cloth'd in an unſeen ſubſtance!
I felt them touch my ſoul with icy finger;
My heart bleeds at the touch: my heart remembers
Th' unmeaſur'd fulneſs of the confidence
With which, in all its griefs, it fled to Raymond.
And ſhall I, from Raymond, to another
Fly for protection! No—I cannot, cannot.
Though doubled rage burn in his looks, to him,
To him alone my heart feels its attraction.
Yes, in his preſence the ſoft ſleep of death
Shall gently ſhed its dimneſs o'er the frowns
That kill me; and his pity-melted eyes
O'er my cold aſhes yet ſhall ſhed the tear—

EEMOINE.

Ah think you, Lady, how the finer ſpirits
Are torn and fever'd by the violence
Of love, of grief, and fear, like your's, unbounded.
Imagination then in wildeſt tranſport
Is all alive; but reaſon ſleeps the while.

Would you to Raymond, and beneath his ſword
Die in a fine delirium, and conſign him
To everlaſting woe! your love to Raymond
Did reaſon guide, would fly him, till his Sovereign
Soothe his miſtaken pride, and lift him up
To higheſt power and grandeur.

ERMINIA.

Oh Eemoine,
Pity my troubled mind! my ſoul indeed
Is ſick and fever'd———

Enter the KING.

KING.

Gracious heav'n, and ſhall
That lovely boſom bleed! No, by my knighthood!
Each courtly honour ſhall be heap'd on Raymond
For your ſake, Lady—all, except the throne,
Shall fill his wiſh.

ERMINIA.

Ah me, what gratitude
I owe———Yet now, O leave me to my tears,
And heaven, a while!

KING.

Leave thee to tears—to all
The ſovereign joys of empire I decree
Thy future hours, if theſe ſad tears prevent not.
A nobler love, than ever glow'd in ſhades,
And lonely bowers, ſhall bleſs thy future days.

Enter GUISE.

GUISE.

Tidings, my Liege,
The fleet of England rides before the coaſt
Of Normandy.

KING.

Curſt be thy ill tim'd meſſage.
Find the Lord Admiral, Guiſe. One moment, Lady.

[*Ex. King and Guiſe.*

ERMINIA.

Raymond forgiven, and rais'd to higheſt honour!
The ſudden joy o'erpowers me. Much I owe
The generous Monarch.

EEMOINE.

Thus at Fountainbleau
Still happier than the laſt each day ſhall riſe.

Enter Lord ADMIRAL and GUISE.

LORD ADMIRAL.

Though France beholds us high in royal favour,
High in the ſtate, to your protection, Lady,
We recommend ourſelves.

ERMINIA.

How you amaze me!

LORD ADMIRAL

Smile when you name us, and our power is fixt,
Our gratitude unbounded.

GUISE.

Other danger
Than of your frown the hoary ſtateſman fears not.

[*Exeunt Ld. Admiral and Guiſe.*

Enter an OLD OFFICER.

OFFICER.

To beauty half aſſur'd of fair ſucceſs,
The ſoldier ſues. Forty cold falling harveſts
Have ſeen me in the field, and forty ſummers
Have ſcorch'd this ſilver'd head in camps and marches.
But now, ah Madam, this big heart refuſes
To tell what now I feel—old and neglected;
The baſe mechanic, at his ſmoky forge,
Eyes me with ſcorn, and boaſts an independence
Unknown to me. My heart, my ſoul, is ſick
With hoping for redreſs.

ERMINIA.

Alas, could I command,
Your griefs ſhould yet be heal'd.

OFFICER.

Our generous Monarch
Needs but to hear my tale; and ſhould my ſorrows
Melt on your lips———Ah heaven———

ERMINIA.

I will repeat them,
Good, brave old man, I will.———

OFFICER.

Oh happy France,
Whoſe court can boaſt an interceding angel!

[*Ex. Officer.*

ERMINIA.

Are we alone, Eemoine? How my heart
Flutters amid this group of crowding joys,
So new it ſcarcely knows them; oft, when wandering
Our lonely meadows, has the languid ſigh
Heav'd my dull boſom, while my thoughts would whiſper
How ſweet it were t' aſſume the dignity
Of courtly rank.

EEMOINE.

The neſtling eagle thus,
'Ere yet his pinions ſerve him, longs to ſoar
To the bright ſun.

ERMINIA.

And can I ſtill remain inſenſible,
Deaf or unmov'd to hear ev'n reverend office
Sue for protection, and to ſee pale ſorrow
Turning for help as to a guardian angel!
And to beſtow that help! Oh theſe be joys
That never enter'd in my lone retirements.
Yet ſhould my Raymond ſtill averſe———

EEMOINE.

The King
Will bend thy Raymond's will beneath the load
Of higheſt favours, if thy keen impatience
To ſee him, 'ere his rage be ſooth'd, prevent not.
The ladies and the peers, the courtly train,
Who grace to-night's feſtivity, will blame
Our ill timed abſence, Madam———

ERMINIA.

Well, let us honour them.——But, O ſweet heaven,
What ſudden bodings, cold and imageleſs,
Glide thro' my breaſt! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE——The Chapel.

RAYMOND.

Either my mind has loſt its energy,
Or the unbodied ſpirits of my fathers,
Beneath this night's dark wings, paſs to and fro,
In doleful agitation, hovering round me.
Methought my father, with a mournful look,
Beheld me.——Sudden from an unconſcious pauſe
I wak'd, and but his marble buſt was here.
Woman, thou ſlave of gaudy vanity,
What *trifles win thee! O had heaven but made thee*
Conſtant as lovely———

Enter RONSARD.

RONSARD.

Where the mind, my Lord,
Seeks its own woe, that woe will ever come.
And ev'n blank nothingneſs, when brooded o'er
By its creative power, will teem with ſorrow.
Twice to the ſpouſe of Guiſe you hurried me.
Again ſhe comes t'upbraid your cauſeleſs fears.

Enter EEMOINE.

EEMOINE.

Your cauſeleſs rage, my Lord, will be the herald
Of death to your Erminia——Your frown
Once more were inſtant death.

RAYMOND.

Oh heav'n, and has my raſh unbridled rage
Thus torn the gentleſt boſom while it glow'd
With love and me.——Oh 'twas foul ſacrilege;
Yet 'twas the untam'd force of love that fir'd me.
Ay, and I know the King——Good heaven! and has my frown
Thus torn her heart? Bring me, Eemoine, to her,
And I, with vows, will beg my faults forgiveneſs.
Haſte, inſtant bring me to her.——What, refuſe me!

EEMOINE.

My Lord, you cannot ſee her in the convent.

RAYMOND.

Not ſee her! not the grave ſhall hide her from me.
In this I will be heard. The plunderer,
For dread of whom, in theſe lone ſhades, I ween'd
To hide her from the world—that cruel plunderer
Is now beneath my roof. Haſte, bring me to her.
'Twas not on her I frown'd: 'Tis more than cruel
To miſinterpret thus my honeſt paſſion.

EEMOINE.

Deeply, my Lord, your generous pain affects me;
But if you love your ſad Erminia, tarry

Till I prepare her.——Be aſſur'd your fears
Are all in vain. Expect me ſoon, my Lord. [*Ex. Ecmoine.*

RAYMOND.

O ſpeed thee on the wings of generous friendſhip.

Enter LORD ADMIRAL.

Ha! haſt thou found me here?

LORD ADMIRAL.

The ſullen gloom
Of this ſepulchral haunt but ill becomes
The heir of Bourbon's grandeur. Gallant Raymond,
I hail you Lord Conſtable of France.

RAYMOND.

'Tis now blind midnight ———

LORD ADMIRAL.

Much the King eſteems you.———

RAYMOND.

And the Adulterers ſoftly ſteal along,
Shunning the moon's chaſte beam.———

LORD ADMIRAL.

My Lord High Conſtable———

RAYMOND.

That is not me.

LORD ADMIRAL.

Not you, brave Raymond! 'tis to your Sovereign's pleaſure,
Do you accept it then and thank his Grace?

RAYMOND.

Is that indeed all the return he hopes!
Ha, what ſurpris'd——Ah, thou know'ſt more than I do

Enter BRAMVILLE.

LORD ADMIRAL.

Here comes your friend, my Lord, his riper counſel
May yet prevail. *Ld. Admiral offering to ſpeak, then exit.*

RAYMOND.

No more——————Farewel——————
——————And to my peace farewel.
Oh, torture of ſuſpence! One ſmiling moment,
The clouds that blacken o'er my nuptial ſhrine
Diſperſe, and inſtant with a darker frown
They lower again——————
Oh, my Erminia, where thy wonted love
That oft has ſped thee fondly to my arms,
Ere from the chace my foot has left the ſtirrup;
Now, now thou fleeſt me.——————

BRAMVILLE.

Heavens, good my Lord,
Is this the time to act the fearful lover,
Penſive and idle while your proſtrate country
Demands the vigour of your arm?——————Away
This pining jealouſy! Our Monarch's crown
Now totters on his head, and you can ſave him.

RAYMOND.

Had you a bride ſo fluſh'd with every charm,
And did you love her to idolatry,
You could not leave her on the giddy brink
Where but one ſtep and ſhe is loſt for ever.
The King——Can I be blind to his dark purpoſe?

And ſhall I fight his battles, oh diſtraction!
While he aſcends my bed?

BRAMVILLE.

Diſdain, my Lord,
The ungenerous thought: Erminia's virtue ſullied!
Never, my Lord—and ſhall you ſheath your ſword
Tho' Bourbon's fate hangs on it?

RAYMOND,

This ill-omen'd revelry
Has ſheath'd my ſword, and France will bleed for this.
Alas, my country!

RONSARD.

Bourbon's ſtratagem
Of mimick'd flight is, by the feſtive King,
Scorn'd, diſregarded. But from his wild riot
Bourbon will rouſe him ſoon. Then France is conquer'd.
By the pale dawn the thunder of his battle
Will give new muſic to the dancer's whirls.
The hour in which your arm would ſave your country,
That ſacred hour, now, like an idle tale,
Paſſes away; 'tis gone———

RAYMOND.

No; yet I'll ſeize it.
The ſacred treaſure of my wedded love
Is heaven's own care.

BRAMVILLE.

Erminia's virtue tainted!
Impoſſible.——Gods, had I your green youth——

RAYMOND.

The King ſhall on the inſtant know his danger.
Let me command, and Bourbon's ſtratagem
Shall whelm himſelf in ruin. Oh, to-morrow
Shall ſhine a glorious day! to-morrow noon
The Emperor Charles ſhall ſee his laurels wither'd.
My ſoul is up in arms to ſave my country,
And on the inſtant I will have an audience. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE——An Apartment in the Caſtle.

The KING, Lord ADMIRAL, and ERMINIA.

LORD ADMIRAL.

Indeed, my Liege, with proud contempt he ſpurn'd
The royal favour, and with ſtern command
Impos'd upon me ſilence.

ERMINIA.

Oh, my Liege,
By Heaven's ſweet mercy——

LORD ADMIRAL.

When the Sovereign ſtands
On unſeen danger's brink, he's the beſt ſubject
Who boldly dares, tho' with a voice unwelcome,
To rouſe him from his blind ſecurity.
My Liege, while furious Raymond is unchain'd,
Your nation's happineſs, your ſacred life——

ERMINIA.

By Heaven's eternal truth, the faithful Raymond
Would die to ſave his monarch. Let his victories

O let the wounds which mark his faithful breaſt
In this unhappy moment, plead forgiveneſs!

KING.

The duty to myſelf I owe, forgives him;
But that dread care I owe my nation, cannot.

ERMINIA.

Then welcome death——— [*ſinks down on the couch.*

KING.

He muſt not yet be ſeiz'd. [*to the Ld. Admiral who retires.*
Again the roſes to her cheeks return. [*placing himſelf by her.*

Enter at a diſtance, RAYMOND, BRAMVILLE and RONSARD.

RAYMOND.

And is it thus?———O mighty God———

BRAMVILLE.

Soft, burſt not in; yet hear,
Her faith may yet ſhine glorious

KING.

Thus in his tent, beneath the fragrant ſhades
Of Lebanon, while thro' the liſt'ning wood
The turtle's voice was heard, the ſapient King
Attain'd the ſummit of his rapt'rous love.

ERMINIA recovering.

His love——forget not what you vow'd; his rage
Is terrible———Alas! I am no Roman.

BRAMVILLE.

O yet, my Lord—— [*Ray. offering to draw, prevented by Bram.*

KING.

Nor in magnificence
To dazzle round my fair, nor in the warmth
Of Love's exalted paſſion, will I yield
To Judah's monarch———

ERMINIA.

Oh! my Liege remember
What Honour's voice inſpires, when helpleſs woman
Implores and pleads the ſacredneſs of promiſe.

RAYMOND.

She yields, oh hell, with hearty choice! ſhe yields. [*to Bramville.*
Your hand, my Lord—cold horror weakens me.

KING.

To-night his rage is dreadful; but to-morrow,
For your ſake, Lady, all, except the throne,
Shall ſoothe his better mind; and ſhould he ſtill
Rage on in madneſs, yet ſecure protection
Shall ever ſmile around you.

RAYMOND advancing.

Am I ſold then?
But curſed be the terms: thy throne, proud Tyrant,
Were but a gilded toy if given to bribe
My ſoul's affection, and with ſcorn rejected.
Yet feed, ſhe wolf, feed on to loathing ſurfeit. [*to Erminia, who ſwoons.*
O burning indignation prop me! ſave me———

KING.

Proud peer, your duty to your Prince remember.

RONSARD.

Heavens, 'twas an Angel's fall——

[*As Raymond, Bramville, &c. retire.*

BRAMVILLE.

Aſtoniſhment
Hardens my joints; Oh hence unhappy Raymond.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE——Another Apartment.

RAYMOND, RONSARD, and BRAMVILLE enter.

RONSARD.

Alas, brave Count——

RAYMOND.

Methinks the ſolid earth
Trembles beneath me; yes, let earthquakes yawn,
And in the dark abyſs ingulf mankind.
And am I, am I then that dreadful tyrant
'Gainſt whom ſhe calmly ſtipulates protection?
Oh loſt Erminia!
Oh for the heat of madneſs to poſſeſs me,
While I tore off, and trampled on the enſigns
Of ſervice to the man who has for ever
Murder'd my peace!——Then thus, and thus——yet proſtrate

[*tearing his ſaſh.*

My country lies. Ah heaven, and could I ſave her!
Oh dreadful——But for whom, for whom to ſave her?
For him whoſe raging luſt——
Oh ſacred nature, be thy untaught impulſe
My only law, my peace thy pious fury.

Enter GUISE.

GUISE.

Such ſtorm of rage, my Lord, ill fits the duty
You owe your royal gueſt.

RAYMOND.

Does this diſturb him!
Thinks he to ſlumber on my nuptial couch!
Amidſt his wanton revels he ſhall know
My honour, and my wrongs ſhall yet have vengeance.
Bourbon will ſoon revenge me.——I have ſeen——
Oh Heaven, had rather Hell's deep gulph before me
Open'd its horrors!

GUISE.

Yet may time, my Lord——
'Tis true your Monarch acts the happy lover.
Yet time, my Lord——

RAYMOND.

And dar'ſt thou thus inſult me,
Wrong'd as I am——But this ſhall quit thy ſervices [*draws his ſword.*

GUISE.

O good, my Lord——

RAYMOND.

Defend thy heart.

GUISE.

Hither, this inſtant ſeize him——

[*calling in ſoldiers, after whom enter Ld. Adm.*

RAYMOND.

Dare you your general's frown!
——At diſtance, varlets.

LORD ADMIRAL.

Not yet, my Lord——I bring the King's command,
Let him retire.

RAYMOND to GUISE.

And thou pale daſtard, live
Some little hours, then curſe thyſelf and die.

BRAMVILLE.

Oh villany behold thy horrid triumphs!
With noble Raymond falls my country too.

[*Ex. Raymond, Ronſard, and Bramville.*

GUISE.

Now are my hopes of Raymond's wild blind honour,
And headlong rage, accompliſh'd; truſt me, Lord Admira
The tales we told him of his lov'd Erminia;
Sicken'd his pride of grandeur. But when now
Boldly he threatens that the traytor Bourbon
Shall ſoon revenge his wrongs; now to diſmiſs him——.

LORD ADMIRAL.

Francis, my Lord, would e'en reſign his crown
To win the ſhy bewitching fair one's ſmile;
And were her Raymond ſeiz'd, and ſhe to hear it,
Her inſtant death he deems the conſequence.
The King thus wills a ſplendid train to-morrow,
Soon as the dawn, o'er theſe wide dales ſhall rouſe
The ſlumbering deer, Erminia muſt be won
To join the band; a feign'd alarm of danger
From Bourbon ſhall afford the apology,
Kindly to bear her off to Fountainbleau.

Then ſhall proud Raymond meet the traytor's fate.
Eemoine's aid, my Lord——

GUISE.

Shall ſeal our purpoſe,
Tho' now Erminia's gentle love to Raymond
Be all live tenderneſs, yet ſhe is woman. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE——An Apartment in the Caſtle.

ERMINIA reclined on a Sopha; EEMOINE.

ERMINIA.

The gentle miniſters of Heaven's bleſt care
Have left me; and an unform'd load of horror
Spreads an inactive darkneſs o'er my ſoul.
What dreadful madneſs fires thee, O my Raymond?

EEMOINE.

Unſeen, juſt now I mark'd his fierce demeanour;
'Tis madneſs tears him: A wild mutiny
Tempeſts his boſom; now in dreadful pauſe
His thoughts ſeem loſt; then ſpringing ſuddenly
He ſtamps the ground; then jealouſly caſts round
His burning eyes, as if he fear'd his thoughts
Were liſten'd to; then ſnatches at his ſword,
And mutters vengeance for his wounded honour.

ERMINIA.

I am the victim, and will meet his rage——
My evil dæmon ſent him in the moment,
The only hapleſs moment of my life

That ever wiſh'd, or could have thank'd the care
Of explication——Oh juſt Heav'n, fulfil
The laſt poor hope that to my heart remains!
Give me ſome moments ſpeech, while cold death trembles
On my pale lips.

Enter the KING.

KING.

Why thus, oh gentleſt Lady,
Why thus in love with deepeſt wretchedneſs?
Bold is the pride, and lofty the ambition,
Of Raymond's ſoul: theſe ſhall be ſatisfied;
Let but a few ſhort days reſtore his reaſon.

ERMINIA.

Your goodneſs flies before my boldeſt wiſh,
Accept my gratitude; 'tis all——

KING.

How bleſt were I
Could every wiſh this boſom heaves for you
Succeed ſo well, you ſhould be more than happy.
Ah, need I tell——Have not my eyes ere now
Told you I love.

ERMINIA.

Good heaven, what did I hear!
Forbear, repeat it not. [*Erminia retiring.*

KING.

Forbear to love you!
Impoſſible——and have I then——alas!

ERMINIA.

Oh gentle Peace, where ſhall I fly to find thee!
Yet let me fly from danger; where, Eemoine,
Where haſt thou fled?

KING.

Yet hear, my lovely charmer.
Oh heaven reſtrain my ardour of affection!
Boundleſs it riſes, boundleſs as the charms
Of its dear goddeſs——Have you now forgot
You talk'd of gratitude? then view me, Lady,
As your protector. Ah, what tranſport this! [*Embracing her.*

ERMINIA.

Ha, hence, preſume not. Anguiſh ſo diſtracts me,
I heard not what you ſaid. Where, are my attendants?
Have I ſaid ought? if ought to give you hope?
Oh Heaven I knew it not.

KING.

Never, O thou faireſt,
Did beauty's ſweet enchantment thus poſſeſs me:
I am all eye to dwell on theſe thy charms,
All heart to feel their power.

ERMINIA.

Oh Raymond, Raymond!
Ev'n my ſoul weeps to think how I ungenerous
Have wrong'd thy fond affection's pious care.
Ah now I ſee, and bitterly I mourn,

The ſecret cauſe thy gentle delicacy
Would ne'er reveal, why thou detaineſt me here
Far from the courtly walks of Fountainbleau,
Too well thou kneweſt——Oh, whither are ye fled,
Ye pitying Angels!

KING.

Angels of love ſurround you.
Ah kill me not with theſe forbidding frowns.
Yes, I'll preſume to name a monarch's grandeur,
And offer all my kingdom's lofty pomp.

ERMINIA.

Forbear, nor dare to offer the pollution
Ev'n of your touch again. Unfavouring Heaven,
I deem'd, had given me more than female weakneſs.
Now I behold what arts are try'd to tear me
From my poor Raymond's dear affection—now,
Now I'm a Roman, and demand you give me
My injur'd huſband. O'er his dreadful mien
Soon ſhall my tale reſtore the ſmiles of joy.

KING.

Confuſion, ruin to my hopes——Ah, Madam,
For daring actions but ſome moments old,
To you unknown, the ſtate demands his blood:
And ponder this, I, I alone can ſave him.

ERMINIA.

Your impious paſſion aſks the blood of Raymond;
But France demands his gallant ſword to ſave her.
Your wiſh now known, no more I am a ſupplian
By that which dearer than his life he holds,

My wedded faith; his life ſhall ne'er be purchas'd.
If ſtript of theſe his fair domains, and baniſh'd
His native land, his virtue ſtill will give him
Sweeter repoſe than ever tyrant knew;
But if his blood muſt ſtain the guilty ſcaffold,
Eternal infamy ſhall blot the memory
Of generous Francis, and the lateſt ages
Shall view the ſhining virtues which emblaze
His boaſted name as but the rays of tinſel.
In generous glow of mind, which coſt him nothing,
He was a heroe; but when ſelfiſh paſſion
Whiſper'd its tyrant claim, the baſeſt ſlave
Ne'er ſacrificed his neighbour's happineſs
With more ſtone-hearted colder cruelty.
Such will the heart that warms in honour's cauſe
In lateſt times pronounce thee.

KING.

Gentle Lady,
Though thus you wound my honour, by my ſceptre,
My kingdom's welfare touches not my heart
With ſuch an earneſt zealous care as yours.
O give me then the power, and thou and Raymond
Shall yet be happy.

ERMINIA.

Firmly I demand
The duteous juſtice which the Heaven's dread ſovereign
Exacts from proudeſt kings. Dark fraud, and art
Of fouleſt ſtain, alone have fix'd on Raymond,
What lighteſt colour of offence he bears.

KING.

My Honour to thy arms ſhall give thy Raymond.
O yet believe thy happineſs inſpires
My deareſt wiſh—— [*Exit.*

ERMINIA.

O Raymond, how my heart
Bleeds o'er thy wrongs!—But Heaven now gives me courage,
And I will vindicate thy injur'd honour. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE——An Apartment in the Caſtle.

ERMINIA.

Thy tidings, O Eemoine! chill my breaſt
As death's cold touch. O raſh impatient Raymond,
Why haſt thou fled thy caſtle? One ſhort hour
Had made us ever happy——Ah, how couldſt thou
Unkindly leave me in the robber's power?
Alas, my heart——

EEMOINE.

The purpos'd robbery, Madam,
Shall now defeat itſelf. Indeed the Sovereign
Rages with blindeſt paſſion, and will ſeize
His hapleſs prey, perhaps, if art prevent not.
Our art ſhall do it; from the chace we'll fly
To Bourbon's hoſt, and find the injur'd Raymond.

O happy ſhall I be to lend my aid
To blight the fraudful purpoſe, which till now
Conceal'd its horrid front.

ERMINIA.

And art thou true?

EEMOINE.

Amazement, Lady!
All, all my heart feels is the wiſh to ſerve you.
Oh, Madam, forfeit not your happineſs
By doubting my attachment!

ERMINIA.

Though Raymond love me not, yet all my ſoul
Weeps o'er the thought that Raymond loves me not
My heart ſtill loves him with a painful anguiſh.
Oh Raymond, Raymond, didſt thou feel as I do,
This, this would melt thee.

EEMOINE.

To the chace, Erminia,
And ſieze the golden moments 'ere the hand
Of envious time debaſe them.

ERMINIA.

This perhaps
May ſave my honour, and appeaſe my Raymond,
[*Snatching up a dagger and concealing it in her dreſs.*
Some ghoſtly being, by the mortal eye
Unſeen, and by human nerves unfelt,
Lays its cold hand upon my inmoſt ſoul,
And chills me with an horror mixt with boldneſs.

EEMOINE.

And let the ſpirit of your ſires inſpire you.
Be bold, and truſt in Heaven——

ERMINIA.

Thrice happy he
On whom kind Heaven beſtows a faithful friend!
Tho' danger leagued with darkneſs hover over him,
And every ſtep ſeem on a gulph's dread edge,
Yet on his friend's kind arm he ſafely leans,
And ſafely paſſes through the beating ſtorm.
Thus, leaning on thy friendſhip, to the chace
I go Eemoine.

EEMOINE.

And gay happineſs
Shall cloſe the evening of this doubtful morn. [*Exeunt together.*

SCENE——A Cave in a Wood.

BRAMVILLE and RAYMOND in Peaſants Cloaks.

BRAMVILLE.

This cave, my Lord, will give us friendly ſhelter,
While to th' embattled field the purple morn
Calls forth each army.

RAYMOND.

Hail, ye ſolemn ſhades,
Ye gloomy haunts! I feel your genius ſoothe me.
Here my laſt ſigh ſhall heave; my ſudden abſence
So Ronſard warn'd me, has alarm'd the tyrant.
This Peaſant's cloak may ſhroud me from his rage.

One wretched hour, while yet his cruel ſcorn
Might pierce my heart. I charge thee, leave me Bramville.

BRAMVILLE.

Alas, my Lord, here will we ſtay till night
Provide us ſafety: friendly ſilence here
Will beſt indulge, perhaps will ſoothe your woes.

RAYMOND.

Will ſoothe my woes! vain hope: Erminia's name,
Like a damn'd ſpell, calls up the dreary fiends
Of horror and deſpair in arms againſt me.
O wounding ſight!—lo, floating thro the duſk,
My houſehold ſmoke curls o'er the waving trees:
And does, Oh horrid, does another lover
Riot in unhallow'd dalliance by my hearth,
While I am driven from my paradiſe
To wander here. O falſe, ungenerous woman!

Enter RONSARD,

RONSARD.

Tremendous juſtice, look from heav'n, and bare
Thy red right-arm!—O beſt, O braveſt peer,
Are theſe thy fitting honours!

RAYMOND.

Never more
Shall I again put on the ſtate of greatneſs.
Wrap me, ye diſmal ſhades, from yonder ſun
That riſes hateful on me———
Heard you that groan? 'twas the wind ſadly ruſtling

Thro' the dark ſhade of yonder dreary pines———
There ſhall I reſt——The buſy buſtling world
Seems a baſe crowd to me, ſcrambling at toys
With ſuch blind rage, that o'er their brothers necks
They tread to catch them. Never ſhall I more
Mix in that impious crowd. Leave me, my friends.

RONSARD.

I owe my life to thy undaunted valour.
My life is thine, brave Count, my life ſhall ſerve thee.

RAYMOND.

What canſt thou hope with me! and canſt thou bear
To view the hideous aſpect of misfortune?
The heart is chill'd and feels a diſ-eſteem
Riſing at its approach.
A friend at firſt may feel; for kindly nature
Will give one pang: but ſoon he learns to view
His friend thro' the dim ſhade his fate caſts o'er him,
A ſhade that ſpreads its evening darkneſs o'er
His brighteſt virtues, while it ſhews his foibles
Crowding and obvious as the midnight ſtars,
Which in the ſunſhine of proſperity
Never had been deſcried.

RONSARD.

So your falſe friends, the ſun-flowers of your fortune,
Will now ſhrink from you; but may Heaven's dread bolt
Blaſt this right-arm when it deſerts your cauſe!
Reſpect your name, your peace, let vengeance rouſe you.

BRAMVILLE.

Yet, let to-morrow's thoughts mature each hope.

RONSARD.

This inſtant is the time. Your manly rage,
When you renounc'd allegiance to the tyrant,
The tyrant knows and holds as daring treaſon.
A price is on your head: then rouſe my Lord;
The King has urg'd your Counteſs by the dawn
Thro' theſe wild foreſt walks, and bordering heath,
To rouſe the ſlumbering deer. Then let full vengeance—

BRAMVILLE.

Fond youth, beware: vain were the dread attempt,
And but a prelude to the dreadful ſcaffold;
Let other means———

RAYMOND.

To give my rage the rein,
And pour my vengeance on the Sovereign's head,
Were but to give the victory to Bourbon.
See, O my country, what a ſacrifice
I give to thee, my injuries for thee
Reſt unatoned.

BRAMVILLE.

Thus time will bring calm peace,
And virtue triumph o'er the pangs of woe
As o'er the griefs of childhood. Happineſs
Is a coy plant, my Lord; 'tis not a native
Of this cold world; the delicate fair ſtranger

Demands all ſunſhine, and a conſtant tendance;
And oft when the gay bloom gives boaſtful promiſe
Of golden fruit, of ever during fruit,
The lovely plant low drops the blaſted head.
Yet there's a joy that blooms amid the ſtorms
Of fortune's coldeſt winter; a calm joy
That ſtays behind, when ev'n the laſt tir'd friend,
The lingering brother, from the ſick man's head
Withdraws his weary arm.

RAYMOND.

Tell the pale gaſping aſthma to breathe free,
And tell the burning fever to allay
Its frantic rage, but tell not woes like mine
To have no feeling———Erminia has begg'd
To be protected from me; not one thought
Sprung in this breaſt but melted with affection;
Every idea ſerv'd her; ſtill my fancy
Rov'd on her graces—her bewitching ſmiles
My heart's ſole ſunſhine; yet I hear'd her beg
To be protected from me. Hell's worſt poiſon
Burns in the wound given by a dear lov'd friend,
By ſuch a friend—Oh burſt, ye flaſhing lightnings,
Burſt round my head and wrap me———

RONSARD.

Let your trampled honour
Fire you, my Lord; let no ſoft tear unman you.
Reſpect your name, brave Count, and injur'd honour,
And form ſome reſolution to defend them.

RAYMOND.

How, how! O tell me: he that ſoothes my ſoul
In death, will do but ſecondary kindneſs.

RONSARD.

Leave vain complaint; Bourbon has turn'd his march,
A few hours more will ſee him rouſe the King
From his adulterous revels. Gallant Bourbon
Is ſtill your friend; then join his proſp'rous cauſe.

RAYMOND.

Now am I low indeed, when thou, fond boy,
Thus dar'ſt inſult me.

RONSARD.

Would to Heaven your eyes,
That now lower on me, ſaw what cruel pain
Your fate gives here!—Oh Heaven, and muſt your blood
Spout o'er the ſcaffold, while the racking wheel
And burning torture, ev'n in theſe bold eyes,
Shall bring the ſullen drop, that ſpight of courage
Will riſe, prevent my Lord———

RAYMOND.

The view of this
Has breath'd a ſteady calmneſs thro' my ſoul,
And paſſion ſpeaks not this; indeed, O Ronſard,
I fear the rack, my ſoul ſhrinks back from torment,
And I will fly it: but it is the torment,
The dreadful rack of my own mind's upbraiding,
'Tis that alone I fear, alone will fly.
Bourbon has rais'd his foot to trample on

My proſtrate country; and ſhall my deep wrongs
Cry vengeance in his camp, and nerve his arm
To parricide! No; let the ſilent grave
Bury my wrongs 'ere thus they be reveng'd
Upon my country——Never——know, fond youth,
I am no Atticus to ſmile on him
Who ſtabs my country.

BRAMVILLE.

O my Lord, while thus
Unknowing, what unhappy courſe to take
We linger here unfix'd and unreſolved
The tyrants bands.——

RAYMOND.

I am reſolv'd——Alive,
His bands ſhall never take me; never ſhall I
Be brought in chains before the exulting Tyrant,
To ſee my Traitreſs fondly ſmile on him,
And ſcowl diſdain on me. No, death ſhall ſave
From that worſt hell. Down, down, imagination,
Hence with the horrid ſcene: down, buſy thought,
O Bramville, give my limbs a decent grave.

BRAMVILLE.

Mercy, kind Heav'n——Is Raymond's noble ſoul
Vanquiſh'd at laſt and fallen! Oh had Marſeilles
Beheld you in ignoble flight, deſert
Her firmeſt ramparts 'ere my eyes had ſeen you
Deſert your mind's firm valour!

RAYMOND.

Talk of valour
To him who fears: I fear not. All I valued,
My heart's ſole joy is now for ever loſt:
Not Heaven can ſpotleſs to my arms reſtore
The loſt Erminia: my ſoul is now
Familiar with horror, and would wooe
Its dreadful ſhades—if oft at times o'erwhelm'd
Beneath its woes an unprogreſſive vacancy
Abſorb my faculties, 'tis but more livingly
To feel my firſt, my conſtant recollection,
Erminia's faleſhood. In each nerve, each thought,
My heart is wounded: to reſtrain its rage,
Its luſt of grief, were torment: let its rage
Then ſwell, 'till weary nature ſink oppreſs'd
Beneath its burden, *then may ſullen peace*
Come with her awful gloom, while from my breaſt
The life blood fails———
Ha, death, diſtraction! muſt the Tyrant's triumphs
Purſue me here! heardſt thou the huntſman's horn?

RONSARD.

This way they drive: the ſound draws near.

RAYMOND.

Is luſt ſo ſoon,
Crawl'd out of bed! fie on't, fie on't, my heart
Is ſick of this baſe world! Erminia
Be falſe, and yet endure the light! Erminia
Be falſe, and cheerful too! O haſte, my friends,
And mark their rout: 'twere well I knew———

BRAMVILLE.

Alas!
I fear you mean to leave this thickeſt ſhade,
And ruſh on danger.

RAYMOND.

Here I'll wait, believe me:
I'll never leave this thicket to be plung'd
In deeper miſeries——— [*Ex. Bram. and Ronſard.*
———What an awful ſilence
Surrounds me now! thus life's poor noiſy buſtle
Goes off at laſt. Soft gliding thro' my breaſt
I feel a peaceful foretaſte of the reſt
That ſoon will come. Perhaps to theſe lone ſhades
Some noble Patriot, fled from Cæſar's ſword,
Here wept his country's woes, then ſunk to reſt
Like a tir'd babe, while death's cold heavy ſlumbers
Crept on his yielding heart. Perhaps yon ſtone,
That grey with moſs juſt peers above the weeds,
Points to his bones that fifteen hundred years
Have ſlept in peace. O death, thou ſilent Angel,
Soon be my reſt like his. Then come, my ſword;
My wrongs ſhall thunder in my ears no more———
Yet anxious nature aſks, while holy ſilence
Wraps the cold aſhes, and calm peace invites
Ev'n the wild deer to harbour at his tomb,
Is all as peaceful with the conſcious mind?
Ah, what a depth of uncreated night
Hangs here! yet reaſon through the awful gloom
Shoots her pale beams, and caſts a feeble ray

On virtues triumph, on a ſhore beyond
The darkſome grave. Dies that pure ſpirit, thought,
Which ſhares the nature of th' eternal mind!
Sleeps that in duſt! are guilts convulſive pangs
That oft in death begin to wake their horrors,
All huſh'd in death! Who can demonſtrate this?
Ah, this wrings confeſſion ev'n from obſtinacy,
That death which brings foul guilt along with it,
May bring no reſt. Who flies from life confeſſes
He flies from ſomething that appears ſo dreadful,
He dares not face it. Is it guilt or virtue
That thus ſhrinks back and trembles at to-morrow?
Yes, this is meanneſs, and alone regards
Its ſelfiſh eaſe; virtue is never leagued
With its baſe dictates. Is it then ſuch meanneſs
To fly that point where pain and anguiſh ſhower
Their burning arrows! Oh diſtraction, where,
Where am I loſt, each feeling longs for death,
But death invited by a coward's guilt.
Oh hell——to live, perhaps to die to-morrow
On an aſſaſſin's knife———
Ha, what ungracious foot
Diſturbs theſe ſhades! O fury, vengeance fire me,
My murderer!

Enter the KING armed with a Boar ſpear.

———Indignant Heaven, proud Tyrant,
Has ſent thee here to pour its vengeance on thee.

Thou com'ſt to rouſe the boar in this lone thicket;
But thou haſt found a wounded Lion here.
Now ſhall my ſword———

KING.

Off ſacrilegious Peaſant,
And dread thy fate for daring to approach
My ſacred perſon.

RAYMOND.

Oh indignity!
Is black unmanly lurking cruelty,
Is dark adultery ſacred! But my ſword
Shall do me right.

KING.

Thee right! baſe ſlave, thy King did never wrong thee.

RAYMOND.

And know'ſt thou not the deeply injur'd Raymond!

KING.

Oh mercy, Heav'n!

RAYMOND.

Does thy deep guilt unman thee?
The wrongs which thou haſt baſely heap'd upon me,
To me unking thee. Thou art now to me
But Duke of Valois, I a Peer thine equal,
In all but guilt thy equal; there thou art.
As the vile worm, below me———Ha, where now
The eye that ſcowl'd like Jove's!—but guard thy heart.
Tho' thou haſt ſtabb'd my heart when it was guardleſs,
And glowing in thy ſervice, yet I feel
I cannot be ſo baſe as do thee juſtice;

My wrongs demand, while thou ſtand'ſt like a ſacrifice
Yielding and trembling.

KING.

Thy wrongs ſhall have full juſtice.

RAYMOND.

Yes, by Heaven,
This ſword ſhall have it.
Thy power, thy titles, all thy pageant tinſel,
The indignant hand of reaſon ſhuffles by.
And ſhews, in the true colours of thy mind,
Thy naked ſelf———Ah, bluſhing honour turns
From that poor ſight———Good heav'n, and is my ſword
Now pointed at the man it lately guarded!
I cannot view myſelf but every part
Wakes the remembrance of my loyalty.
This breaſt, *this faithful breaſt, where thou haſt planted*
The thorns of hell, is furrow'd with the wounds
Receiv'd for thee. Away, this milkineſs;
My wrongs, my wrongs, cry vengeance!

KING.

Strike it home then. *[dropping his ſpear.*

RAYMOND.

What, I attack thee guardleſs! I attack thee
Like an aſſaſſin!——No——Proſtrate, yet awful,
My country meets my view. Alas, vain man,
Thou thinks that Bourbon's fled;——The cruel ſword
Of Bourbon hangs like Heaven's own vengeance o'er thee;
Hangs o'er the land that gave my father birth.

And I, no more her ſoldier, muſt ſtand by,
Like palſied age, and ſee my country bleed.
Yet Tyrant as thou art, yet thou her King,
May'ſt ſave my country: live then, haughty plunderer!
And be thy own ſtung heart my wrongs revenger.
My wrongs——Valois, I fly thee 'ere my wrongs
Burſt into raging madneſs—— [*Ex. Raymond.*

KING.

How dreadful is the frown of injured merit!
Not Heaven's red light'ning volley'd at my head
Could thus have aw'd me. Death! and did I tremble
Before the daring Traytor! Ample vengeance
Shall yet atone——His crime againſt my royalty
Shall now give full poſſeſſion to my love.

Enter GUISE haſtily.

Why thus alarm'd! Where, where the beauteous prize
I charg'd you here to bring, that here my vows
Of faithful care might lend a healing balm
'Ere ſhe was borne to Fountainbleau——

GUISE.

My Liege,
Your crown——your life——the haughty rebel Bourbon
Has meant no flight. From the ſurrounding woods
He pours his legions, like a ſudden flood
Burſting upon us.

KING.

Tenfold vengeance ſtrike him!
And muſt this ſacred hour be ſtain'd and blighted

By his dire treaſon? But my tenfold fury
Shall thunder on his creſt.

Enter LORD ADMIRAL haſtily with Attendants.

LORD ADMIRAL.

O to the camp, my Liege,
Our troops are all in tumult and diſmay,
And on the ſtep to fly. Each common ſoldier
Reminds his fellow of old prophecies,
And wizard-rhymes, which ſay, the Houſe of Bourbon
Shall wear the crown of France.

KING.

Bring me my ſteed, [*to the Attendants.*
And bid our trumpets ſound to arms, to battle.

LORD ADMIRAL.

'Tis echoed thro' the camp, that gallant Raymond
Now fights for Bourbon: Conſternation trembles
On every knee; ſpeechleſs they eye each other.
But your bold fire, my Liege, will chaſe the paleneſs
From their cold cheeks.

KING.

And has the name of Raymond
So dread a charm? Speed to the camp of daſtards,
Lord Admiral, and let the coldeſt know,
The ſhadow has not mov'd upon the dial
Since Raymond's ſword was brandiſh'd at their ſovereign,
And dar'd his breaſt. Away, and on the inſtant
Ourſelf ſhall lead the battle——— [*Ex. Ld. Adm.*

——Where, my Guiſe,
My heart's beſt treaſure, where the deareſt fair one?

GUISE.

Safe in the deepeſt thicket of the wood,
My Spouſe, in truſt of my return, delays her.

KING.

Oh Heaven, her charms are irreſiſtible!
And Heaven gave me the power to make them mine,
And by Heaven's charter I will riot in them!
Behold theſe lofty towers, theſe lordly foreſts,
And theſe wide lawns, my Guiſe——theſe ſhall reward thee.
[pointing to the Caſtle, &c.
Raymond lurks near——and be it thine to ſeize him;
But hide the deed from the bewitching fair one.
Her, ſwift to Fountainbleau, how e'er reluctant,
With ſmootheſt art and kindeſt mien convey.
The royal promiſe grants thee theſe domains;
Theſe bands obey thy nod.

GUISE.

Theſe deeds, my Liege,
Fierce Raymond ſeiz'd, and fair Erminia thine,
Shall crown the triumph of thy victory. *Exeunt.*

SCENE——The Wood.

RAYMOND and BRAMVILLE.

BRAMVILLE.

The chaſe, my Lord, now ſounds among the hills,
That bound the foreſt on the weſtern edge:

But other toils will ſoon demand the field:
The van of Bourbon's hoſt draws on to battle.
The camp is all in tumult, and the King
Prepares to meet him.

RAYMOND.

Now, now, my heart: Oh how it pants for ſomething
That might relieve it. That poor wild fire, Reaſon,
Mocks me; it glimmers now on this ſide, now
Flits to the other, ever vaniſhing
As I approach it! What an awful gloom
Surrounds me! not a choice left to my action,
Not one my heart approves. Dreadful condition,
Where every principle that ſtirs within me
Burns to act nobly, yet ſome act of meanneſs,
Turn where I will, of madneſs or of meanneſs,
Obtrudes upon me! A ſtern Judge that never
Will pardon me; myſelf, bids me beware———

RONSARD.

Away theſe doubts: when Prudence weighs an action,
Her cold blood ſlumbers o'er it 'till the time
Of action flies. Your awful ſword was brandiſh'd
At the King's breaſt. I ſaw him join his bands.
I heard your fate pronounc'd. This is the moment
To ſhun the dreadful ſcaffold. Let the rage
Of injur'd honour guide you: mark the Tyrant,
And meet him in the flight with ſword to ſword,
And leave the event to Heaven.

RAYMOND.

It was my country,
'Twas her great cauſe diſarm'd me, when my ſword
Was pointed at the trembling heart! then what
Alone remains I'll do. Leave me, my friends;
I am mark'd out for vengeance: would you give
New tortures to my woes by falling with me?

RONSARD.

Thy blood muſt ſoon ſecure the Tyrant's rapine,
Unleſs——Ah me, and ſhall I leave thee now!
No; by thy wrongs I will not——Give the rein
To manly indignation, and atone
Thy wounded honour: let thy wrongs have vengeance.
Heavens, were thy wrongs but mine!—Yes; they are mine,
They are my friend's. The moment flies, my Lord.

BRAMVILLE.

O my fallen country! Raymond's gallant arm
Guards thee no more: upon the King's own valour
Reſts all thy hope: And ſhall my Raymond's wrongs
In theſe moſt ſacred moments cry for vengeance,
And blunt the ſword that guards his native land?
Should the King fall———

RAYMOND.

The King!——My vengeance rouſes,
My ſword plung'd in his heart were not to wrong him.

BRAMVILLE.

But it would ſtab your country.

RAYMOND.

Gracious Heaven!
This, this at laſt muſt heal my woes—— [*drawing his ſword.*

RONSARD.

What! die!
And leave th' Adulterer in triumphant riot
In your love bed, drunk with Erminia's charm's?

RAYMOND.

Speak it no more ——Oh 'tis a *glympſe of heaven*
Shewn to the damn'd.

RONSARD.

Then o'er the Tyrant's heaven
Pour hell's black ſhades. But ſpeak the word, my Lord.
Then let her die.

RAYMOND.

O God! the dreadful iſſue
My thoughts avoided——Let her die——O Tyrant,
What horrid ruin haſt thou brought on me!
Yes; let her die——

RONSARD.

Now at the chace we'll find her.
Hark! 'tis the horn: the chace draws near. Amidſt
His triumph, heavy ſhall our vengeance fall.

RAYMOND.

Then ſhall my trampled honour yet eraſe
My name's diſgrace, and tear hot breath'd pollution
From its rank ſoil; then ſhall the exulting Tyrant,
Amid the triumph of his pride, behold
His luſtful bed chang'd for her ghaſtly ſhroud.
Horror now has ſteel'd me:
Yes, I could ſmile, then drop the yearning tear,

To ſee Erminia breathleſs at my feet,
But to behold her in th' Adulterer's bed,
To ſee her but in fancy there——O Hell,
It ſtrikes with madneſs!

RONSARD.

We'll tear her thence, my Lord.

RAYMOND.

My hand ſhall ſtrike the blow: No other ſword
Shall touch her faithleſs breaſt. I cannot leave
That dreadful office to another's rage;
Yes; I ſhall drop the tear in luxury
Of raging grief, and kiſs the hands that mangle
Her faithleſs boſom. O my friends, how lovely,
How flush'd with ev'ry graceful ſeeming virtue,
Shone my Erminia! and ſhall this hand——
Oh burning anguiſh! ſtill the dear idea
Obtrudes upon me, when each happy moment
Led on another happier, till at laſt
Came one curſt hour, and darken'd all the reſt,
And loſt the world to me.

BRAMVILLE.

Hear'd you that echo?
It is the huntſman's voice: the chace turns hither.

RONSARD.

Then ſtand to arms.

RAYMOND.

And thus an happy death
May cloſe my woes. But ſhould I fall, my wiſh

Unſatisfied, by all your deareſt hopes,
Oh ſoothe my ghoſt, and blaſt the Tyrant's revels!

RONSARD.

I ſwear, my Lord, my ſword waits the fair time. [*Ex. Ronſard.*

BRAMVILLE.

And mine, my Lord.

RAYMOND.

Oh my friends indulge me!
I have been rudely waken'd from a dream
Of more than human bliſs and extacy,
To all the horrors of the madman's cell.
Heaven try'd on me what bliſs a man could know,
But gave the keeping of it to a Woman;
And that falſe-hearted woman has betray'd it,
To one who boaſts of faithleſſneſs to woman;
To one who holds the character of woman
Worthleſs and vain; deſpiſing what he conquers.
O I could weep for that unhappy man
Whoſe heart's ſole treaſure is embark'd in Woman;
Juſt when he thinks his halcyon days are come,
When on the ſmooth calm tide of life, his joys
Securely glide, poor man, what ſtorms ruſh in,
What dreadful ruin! And oh cruel wound,
He feels that flaunting baſeneſs, thinly gilded
With gallantry, gay trifling, oaths and flattery
Have had more graceful charms than all his merit.
Alas, this is but weeping for myſelf!
What now, brave youth?—— *Ronſard re-enters haſtily.*

RONSARD.

The moment ſacred to thy injur'd honour
Is now on wing,——The royal camp
Is all in tumult; thither the King has ſped;
The ladies with the huntſmen chaſe the deer
On yon nigh dale: 'ere now by the foreſts edge
May we ſurpriſe them, and atchieve our purpoſe.

RAYMOND.

My ſpirit riſes as the dreadful hour;
Riſes in horror!

RONSARD.

Righteous heaven, my Lord,
Itſelf is party in our juſt attempt;
And on my ſword, I ſwear——

BRAMVILLE.

And on my ſword, I ſwear,
All that an old man's wither'd arm can do,
This arm ſhall do!——I will not boaſt, my Lord;
Yet ſtill there's warm blood here that ſhall flow freely.

RAYMOND.

From yonder dark brow'd glade the proſpect opens
In wide extent. Thither with ſpeed, my friends.

RONSARD.

And mark the Lady in the ſilk of white,
Arm'd like the ſylvan Goddeſs of the chace,
With bow and quiver——

RAYMOND.

Hah! the falſe Erminia——

RONSARD.

Erminia's graceful port, and noble mien
Seem'd to adorn her; but the diſtance veil'd
Her ſmiles accurs'd———

RAYMOND.

Horror now ſtrengthens me.
Eternal juſtice, be my ſword thy miniſter,
To pour thy vengeance on triumphing guilt!
Yes; Heaven's own vengeance points my thirſty ſword.
Hither with ſpeed, my friends! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE——A Thicket in a Wood near the mouth of a Cave.

RAYMOND and BRAMVILLE,

RAYMOND.

Here Ronſard was to meet us——What a horror
Coldly glides through me! like a lurking felon
Muſt I approach my caſtle, while the robbers
Revel within——Oh parent Heaven, how awful
What now I feel! That ſolemn pleaſing dread
Unſpeakable! the grave's chill invitation
Sent to the good man's heart when verging on it.
That unnam'd touch, which man, ordain'd to live,
Did never feel, now thrills me: and inſpiring
A drear affection for the darkſome gulph,

Whoſe ſhore was never ſeen by human eye,
Shews ſmiling peace prepar'd to waft me through.

BRAMVILLE.

When Grief's hot fever has burn'd out its rage
Comes Melancholy, and with gentle hand
Throws a ſoft ſlumber o'er the wearied paſſions;
And then, while Reaſon ſleeps, bending the vigour
Of manly action down, thro' mournful ſhades
Of liſtleſs pleaſing woe, ſhe impious leads
The dreamful fancy.——Thus, my Lord, ſhe leads you;
The touch you feel is Melancholy's ſoothing:
But rouſe your nobler temper to the deeds
Your honour and your wrongs impoſe upon you.

RAYMOND.

Yes, I will rouſe me——Hark! the ſounds of tumult
Struggle on the foreſt's edge——

BRAMVILLE.

Bourbon, I deem,
Diſturbs the Tyrant's revels; and on ſpeed
Comes Ronſard——

Enter RONSARD.

RONSARD.

Deeper to the Cave, my Lord,
Let us retire——

RAYMOND.

Say, where, my joyful Traitreſs?

RONSARD.

Juſt when I mark'd her party, and the route,
The hounds purſued, the ſhout of Bourbon's army
Echo'd along the dales, and his bold van
Gave their firſt thunder. Inſtant o'er the downs,
Raging as burning Hercules, the King
Led forth his trembling Hoſt. In wild diſmay
The hunters fled, ſome to the Caſtle, ſome
Plung'd into the wood——

RAYMOND.

Oh Heaven, and is my vengeance,
And thy dread juſtice, yet again delay'd!

RONSARD.

Erminia's party to the Caſtle ſped:
There may we ſeize her. Let one little hour
But half expire, then will the battle rage
In its full ſtrength; then may our purpoſe fear
Wayward delay no more——

BRAMVILLE.

Hah, 'tis the ſound
Of horſemen ruſhing through the neighbouring glades;
Retire, my Lord; a price is on your blood.
'Ere to full meeting flame the battle riſe,
I'll arm your faithful ſervants to aſſiſt
Our honour's cauſe——

RAYMOND.

Oh ſpeed thee—— [*Ex. Bramville.*

——Here to lurk;

Here watch the time, to poignard that fair boſom
Where yeſterday my ſoul was all enſhrined!
Dreadful neceſſity! O living horror!
Good Heaven, couldſt thou reſtore me yeſterday!

[*Ex. Raym. and Ronſ. into the Cave.*

SCENE——A Lawn on the Edge of a Foreſt.
An Encampment at a diſtance.

Enter the KING, followed by the LORD ADMIRAL, and other Attendants.

KING.

Diſtraction, fury! blinded by my paſſion,
I have diſgraced the warlike name, have ſuffer'd
The rebel to ſurpriſe me. Oh diſhonour!
Yet ſhall both traitors mourn; the traitor Raymond,
So fame reports, commands proud Bourbon's right,
And drives our mercenary troops before him,
Who tremble at his name———

GUISE.

To ſeize his caſtle,
Doubt not he deems, and bear away the Counteſs——

KING.

The goddeſs of my heart! Heavens, if I yield her,
May Bourbon triumph!——Lord Admiral, thy battalion
Shall reinforce my Guiſe to guard the fair one,
For whom my crown now trembles on my head.

GUISE.

Be confident; our zeal ſhall be ſucceſsful.

LORD ADMIRAL.

Oh to the field, my Liege——

KING.

Yes; there the aſtoniſh'd daſtards
Require my rage to fire them——
Oh Raymond, had I now a General
As brave, as honeſt!—Heavens, am I thus reduced?
No; this is mine—— [*drawing his ſword.*
——————to this I'll truſt my kingdoms.

GUISE.

And wonted victory attend that ſword! [*Ex. King.*

LORD ADMIRAL.

Now, now, my Lord, our power expires or triumphs;
Our hope's ſole anchor is not yet ſecur'd:
The wayward Fair One means to fly the King:
Haſte, ſearch theſe wild wood thickets, and ſecure *her*;
The Caſtle be my care.

GUISE.

To ſearch the foreſt
Were now to loſe her: every moment ſeems
A long ſlow hour till my Eemoine's page
Tell where ſhe hides or flies——O frowning Heaven!
And ſhall the ſtern-brow'd Raymond yet again
Enter theſe walls in triumph, and exact
His great revenge!

LORD ADMIRAL.

No; he ſhall gnaw the duſt
Beneath the meaneſt ſpear of my Battalion

'Ere there he triumph. Inſtant, O my Lord!
Plant round theſe wild wood glades thy truſtieſt bands
And give her wiſh'd eſcape its doom'd defiance. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE——A deep gloomy Thicket.

ERMINIA, EEMOINE, a PAGE and other Attendants.

ERMINIA.

You told me, Bramville was to meet me here:
Alas, he comes not!——Of my innocence,
You ſaid, you told him, how with tears of joy
He heard the tale. Alas! his faithful ſteps
Never, till now, thus linger'd———

EEMOINE.

Patience, Lady,
Is Heaven's own balm———

ERMINIA.

Oh fly, ye gloomy hours! what boding darkneſs
Reſts on theſe moments———

EEMOINE.

'Tis the buſy working
Of Fear's keen lively ſenſe that leads your thoughts
Through waking dreams, where jealous terror ſhifts
The dim illuſive ſcenery.

ERMINIA.

Fear and terror
Become my lorn condition well——Ere yet
The matin bell has toll'd its holy ſummons,
The impious Tyrant may perhaps for ever

Divorce the noble Raymond from my arms.
Oh Heaven protect him from my loath'd betrayers!
Oh give me back my Huſband———

EEMOINE.

Utmoſt prudence, Lady,
Becomes us now: Bramville will ſoon relieve
Thy load of woes. Again I'll urge his coming. [*She diſmiſſes the Page.*
O yield not thus to unavailing paſſion!
Alas, a fever of the ſickly mind
O'erpowers thee, Lady! hear thy weeping friend,
Yield me the poignard.

ERMINIA.

Yield my Honor's ſafeguard!
No; by my wrongs——

EEMOINE.

Oh Heaven, bethink thee, Lady,
What vain repentance may for ever weep
O'er one raſh moment.

ERMINIA.

Yes; no vain repentance
Shall weep my honour's ſtain; with impious rage
The Tyrant burns; but this, perhaps, ſhall change
The fatal object that impaſſions him
Into a form of horror; or perhaps,
So guide me Heaven,—ſhall reek in his hot breaſt.
This, this were worthy gallant Raymond's ſpouſe,
And not a coward's flight——

A coward's flight, thro' ſelf-given death, but ill
Becomes the mind that feels its dignity
In vigorous health, and ſmiles upon itſelf.
And mine with joy reviews each wiſh, each thought,
That ere lived here—— [*Concealing a dagger.*

EEMOINE.

While Bramville tarries, Lady,
Yon ſhepherd's bower, where o'er the verdant bank
The roſes and the woodbine emulate
The pinks and cowſlips of the floor below;
Yon bower invites us to its ſafe retreat.

ERMINIA.

Oh Bramville, Bramville, ſpeed thee!—this delay [*they retire.*
Ill ſuits that generous friendly warmth which marks
Thy hoary age—— [*the ſcene cloſes.*

SCENE——A Glade in a Wood.

Enter RAYMOND, BRAMVILLE, and armed Peaſants.

BRAMVILLE.

Your faithful ſervants offer
Their lives, my Lord, to give your wiſh ſucceſs.
This is the moment: On the field the King
Now greets the foe with dreadful ſalutation.

RAYMOND.

Then on my friends——Good heaven, why ſhake my knees
With ſudden faltering! Why this chilly tremor!

That never ſeiz'd me in the eve of battle!
Oh judge not you, who never felt my paſſion;
Ye leaden-hearted Herd, whoſe cold baſe temper
Takes no impreſſion but of ſordid ſtamp,
Judge not my feelings———Oh Erminia!
Go I to murder thee!---Oh horror! horror!
Yet Heaven's own juſtice fires me.

Enter RONSARD in haſte.

RONSARD.

Not, my Lord.
Not to the Caſtle——In a flowery arbour,
By yonder glade, the ſylvan Goddeſs reſts
Her wearied limbs———

RAYMOND.

Waiting her paramour
When crown'd with victory. Eternal juſtice!
This, this is thy tremendous hour———
———On, on my friends!
Dark are the paths of Fate; but, led by honour,
Firm is our footing, and our peace ſecure.

RONSARD.

Now, now, my Lord, that life you bravely ſav'd
When I was down in battle, when you ruſh'd
Between me and the lifted pole-ax, now
That life ſhall ſerve you———. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE——Woodland Glades.

Enter RAYMOND and BRAMVILLE.

RAYMOND.

Here wide the proſpect opens. Ronſard watches
The other glade——Here reſts my Traitreſs——Leave me
To this dread ſcene——

BRAMVILLE.

Gladly, I turn, my Lord,
From ſuch ſad view——O gracious Heaven prevent
What e'er offends thee—— [*Ex. Bramville.*

RAYMOND.

Ah, whence this ſudden gloom which ſhoots athwart
The conſcious foreſt! As if wailing ghoſts
Were gliding thro' the trembling leaves, the ſigh
Glides ſullen on. 'Tis Nature's conſcious horror
When the ſtern robber holds his impious feaſt,
Bought with the wretchedneſs of innocence.
Oh cruel Francis, what unfeeling heart
Rages in thy dark boſom! Oh inhuman,
Haſt thou no pang that whiſpers what I feel!
Canſt thou ſit down and groſsly feaſt thy appetite,
Whilſt the juſt Maſter of the plunder'd banquet
Stabb'd by thy knife, lay bleeding in thy ſight!
Oh heaven, I could not do it——but thou ſtern Tyrant——
[*He turns and ſees Erminia at ſome diſtance.*
Ha, now horror ſteels me. [*Ex. and immediately re-enters. Another Woodland ſcene. Erminia in view and Eemoine.*

ERMINIA.

How long, ah me, his tardy ſteps delay!

RAYMOND.

And longs ſhe thus to meet him! Burning Hell,
What other torment haſt thou yet to ſtrike me?

ERMINIA.

Saw'ſt thou ſtray thro' theſe ſhades——

RAYMOND.

Saw'ſt thou! ſaw whom!
The King! And dar'ſt thou aſk thy injur'd Huſband.

[*throwing his Peaſant's cloak aſide, Eemoine retires, Raymond brandiſhes his ſword.*

ERMINIA.

Oh ſave me Heaven, my Lord—— [*going to embrace him.*

RAYMOND.

Cruel apoſtate——
Away theſe Woman's arts——Thou, thou has damn'd
My frantic ſoul.

ERMINIA.

Oh yet, my Lord, yet hear me.

RAYMOND.

And dareſt thou think I'll leave thee in the bed
Of rank pollution——Pour your tears to heaven!
Let one ſhort prayer——And horror brace my arm.

ERMINIA

Oh, what thou wilt——Yet ſpare me till my tongue
Save thee from deepeſt woes, my injur'd Raymond.

RAYMOND.

Spare thee! for whom! for the Adulterer's arms!
No; by my wrongs——This for thy faithleſs heart. [*She faints.*
Hah, do I graſp my Traitreſs! rouſing vengeance
May now attone——Yet let me one dread moment
Contemplate that fair face, where once all Heaven
Open'd its ſmiles upon me——Ah, how woeful!
What energy of deepeſt penitence [*drops his ſword.*
Tells its ſevere diſtreſs in theſe pale features!
Yes; theſe are Virtue's looks, when generous Virtue
Bares her repenting boſom to the darts
Of terrible remorſe——
How pure the innocence that once was thine!
That was, but is not now——And art thou now
My horror, freezing my blood at touch of thee.
O gracious powers, what anguiſh trembles there
On theſe pale lips of death! Yes; every feature
Speaks Innocence betray'd——Sure Angels wept
When thou——Oh fallen! Oh loſt Erminia——
Yet wake and tell me—— [*recovering.*

ERMINIA.

Canſt thou weep for me!
Oh generous Raymond, how was I betray'd!
Yet, oh forgive my aſhes when the duſt——
Yet, while I live, oh take, for pity ſnatch me
Far from my loath'd Betrayer's hateful arms

RAYMOND.

From thy loath'd Betrayer!

ERMINIA.

Yes; O witneſs Heaven!
I was betray'd to view thee as reſolved
On my deſtruction, and that all your love
Was turn'd to raging hatred.

RAYMOND.

And, oh horror!
O'erwhelm thy ſpeech, in Woman's blind revenge
Gave all——But turn your eyes to Heaven——

[*he lifts and brandiſhes his ſword.*

ERMINIA.

Yet hear,
My Lord, my huſband hear me; death will then,
If thou canſt give it, death will then be all
My heart can wiſh——

RAYMOND.

Heaven's can I hope——O ſpeak——

ERMINIA.

Oh couldſt thou yet
Forgive, and love me.

RAYMOND.

Haſte, ſpeak, tho' thy words
Strike me with death.

ERMINIA.

'Twas on his promiſe ſafely to reſtore,

And reconcile me to you, I accompanied
The chace this morning.

RAYMOND.

Was the Villain's purpoſe
Then unaccompliſh'd? Speak——

ERMINIA.

I was deceiv'd——

RAYMOND.

Oh Heaven——

ERMINIA.

Yet, yet, my Lord,
Yet hear: Oh Heaven bear witneſs how my ſoul
With ſudden impulſe trembled at the thought
When I perceiv'd his purpoſe.

RAYMOND.

Can I hope then!
Speak, and relieve me.

Enter Ermoine.

ERMINIA.

I hear the tumult
Of the King's train. O bear me hence, my Lord,
O pity me, and let not violence
Complete what all his art in vain eſſay'd.
O much have I to tell what arts they try'd
Yet all in vain——When I beheld their ſnares,
Stern tho' thy frown, my heart all raging vehemence
Burn'd thus to throw me in my Raymond's arms.

RAYMOND.

And art thou pure indeed!——O boundleſs rapture!
From hell's deep gulph methinks I ſpring to heaven!
Erminia ſpotleſs to my arms reſtored!

EEMOINE.

Yet fly not hence: As fierceſt beaſts of prey,
The cruel fugitives of either hoſt
Pour round the foreſt edge——

ERMINIA.

O generous Raymond!
What rapturous burſt of extacy o'erpowers thee
To hear my innocence! Yes; all thy rage
Was love; an endleſs theme of love thro' all
Our future ſmiling days.

RAYMOND.

Ah! what dire horrors
Have torn thy gentle breaſt——But why this dagger!

ERMINIA.

I left the chace in truſt to fly to thee,
And left the loath'd Betrayer might ſurpriſe me
This ſhould perhaps have recompenc'd his crimes.
Now I reſign it——

EEMOINE.

To my care——Ah madam—— [*receives the dagger.*

RAYMOND.

Oh my Erminia! this ſhall ever make
My love a generous debtor, with itſelf

Diſpleas'd, for never can its zeal repay
Thy matchleſs virtues.

ERMINIA.

O my Lord, my Lord——

Enter GUISE and armed Attendants.

RAYMOND.

Deteſted villain—— [*to Guiſe.*
Oh for Heavn's dear ſake.
At diſtance—— [*to Erminia, held by Eemoine.*
——Now this for thy treach'rous heart. [*to Guiſe, drawing his ſword. Guiſe retires, Raymond followed by Ronſard, Bramville and men in arms purſue him and his party. Scene changes.*

SCENE——Edge of the Wood, claſhing of Swords.

RAYMOND enters purſuing GUISE.

RAYMOND.

Now, now I have thee in the graſp of vengeance,
Lurking aſſaſſin!

GUISE.

Wilt thou ſtain thy ſword,
O generous Raymond, in a heart that pants
With its laſt pangs? What, can thy boaſted honour
Enjoy the cruel triumph o'er a wretch
Whoſe feeble arm, unſtrung by death, can cope
With thine no more?

RAYMOND.

Oh, was it all too little,
All thou haſt done, but when one gleam of hope
To tear my Counteſs from the Tyrant's arms
Shed the laſt beam of comfort on my ſoul,
That thou muſt alſo blot and trample down!
O ſtain of manhood! where are now thy *ruffians*,
Thy lurking murderers? But guard thee, villain.

GUISE.

Oh Fame, report it, how the mighty ſoul
Of noble Raymond, raging with the luſt
Of groveling vengeance, gave his ſword to mangle
The corſe already ſhivering in the arms
Of ſwift approaching death. Oh yes, bold hero,
Yes; ſtain thy honour with the unmanly rage
Of giving wound on wound when faint and dying
Thy foe *reſiſts no more.*

RAYMOND.

I thank thee Caitiff,
For warning me. I would not ſtain my ſword
To rob thee only of a dying moment.
Thy cowardice has purchas'd thee ſome minutes.
Of longer gaſping——O, thou art ſo bloated
With baſeſt guilt, I cannot bear to view thee.
My happineſs, which never was the fruit
Of other's woe, ſpread wide its blooming honours
In a kind ſoil, when thou, a brutal Plunderer,
Haſt thrown its faireſt bloſſoms in the duſt——
My life blood fails; thy lurking ruffian's ſwords

Have found the mortal part: yet, thanks to Heaven,
Thy purpoſe ſhall be blighted.

GUISE.

And art thou wounded?
Ye powers of death aſſiſt me! [*drawing his ſword.*

RAYMOND.

Villain! [*they fight, Guiſe falls.*
There lie, deteſted coward!
Cold in my boſom ſmarts the murdering ſword
That kill'd my laſt fond hope.

GUISE.

Oh this is terrible!
He that receives a wrong—he, he is happy,
Compar'd to him who gave it!
My crimes, oh horrible, and death's hand on me!

Enter BRAMVILLE, RONSARD and Servants, with EEMOINE veiled.

RONSARD.

Still not in vain, my Lord, is our attempt. [*to Raymond.*
We reſcued her from Guiſe's ruffian bands:
But let us haſte from hence. Ah heaven, you bleed.
[*Bramville and Ronſard ſupport Raymond.*

RAYMOND.

Death gently beckons me: Oh ſpeed my friends
To Sicily, and place my reſcued ſpouſe—— [*Eemoine drops the veil.*
Heavens, is it thee! O now my heart is vanquiſh'd!
My laſt fond wiſh, my laſt fond hope deſtroy'd!
[*Sinking down, Bramville and Ronſard ſupport him.*

GUISE.

O curſed woman, ſee the bitter fruits [*to Eemoine.*
Of thy intrigues, and curſt advice——
Some Dæmon drags me hence, dark ſettling horror—— [*dies.*

EEMOINE.

Dreadful, O dreadful, all my hopes are blaſted! [*looking at Guiſe.*
O injur'd Raymond, trembling I approach thee.
Much injur'd Raymond, thy Counteſs overlov'd thee;
'Twas I attempted to ſeduce her virtue,
Which mid the darkneſs of theſe plotful hours
Shone with redoubled luſtre; loud and awfully
Thy wrongs cry vengeance; and behold their victim
Kneeling before thee. Mark me, great thy wrongs,
And this their fruits—— [*Stabs herſelf, the dagger ſnatch'd from her.*
Yet life ſeems ſlow to fly.
Oh, while it lingers bear me to the Counteſs:
Purſue and ſnatch her from the ſlaves of Guiſe.
Yet let me aſk forgiveneſs.

RAYMOND.

Bramville, thy friendly arms
Were the kind ſhelter of my infant years.
Yet, yet, my friends, by all your deareſt cares,
Oh ſoothe my ghoſt, ſave my Erminia.
What pleaſing indolence——O death, I come! [*dies.*

BRAMVILLE.

Peace to thy noble ſoul!
Oh gentleneſs,

That Fortune's giddy height cou'd never change!
Oh nobleneſs of every gallant virtue,
Is this the beſt acquittance the baſe world
Could give to thee!

Enter the COUNTESS, looking at EEMOINE.

COUNTESS.

Haſt thou again betray'd me! if my ſervants
Had not now reſcued me——
My evil Angel why thus glar'ſt thou at me!

EEMOINE.

The treacherous flow of ſpirits
That gave the blow has left me: deep, oh deep, [*ſinking down.*
And deeper ſtill I ſink. Oh black'ning horrors,
Is there no help?—Alas, no gleam of hope!
How dreadful is your ſilence! Mercy Heaven,
Injur'd Erminia, canſt thou forgive me?
Thy huſband lov'd thee, ever fondly lov'd thee.
Hence, hence, ye hiſſing adders——Ah it flaſhes
Now, now 'tis darkneſs—— [*dies.*

ERMINIA.

My huſband did ſhe ſay! O yes, he lov'd me.
Ha, what—— [*turning to Raymond.*
My Huſband murder'd. [*kneeling down by him——A pauſe*
Ariſe my noble Raymond, riſe,
And let us fly——

BRAMVILLE.

Aſſume the ſacred veil,
The holy cloyſter's walls ſhall then protect you,
And melancholy peace may ſhed her balm
On life's cold evening———

ERMINIA.

Take my child away———
Oh Heaven, how dreadful theſe upbraiding looks
From my own infant! Aſk me not, I know not
Who ſlew thy Father———Gracious Heaven,
No child is here; but here my murder'd Huſband! [*faints.*

BRAMVILLE.

Ha!——what reſounding tumult!

LORD ADMIRAL.

Oh, my Lord,
'Tis treaſon's triumph o'er our country's fall.
Few moments ſince I ſaw the warlike Bourbon
Graſping the victory, ride thro' the field,
His eye-balls fir'd with joy.

BRAMVILLE.

Alas the King!
A priſoner! [*Enter the King, guarded by Spaniſh ſoldiers.*

KING.

Off——your baſe hands, you ſlaves———

BRAMVILLE.

Amidſt thy bitter feelings for thyſelf

Look here, fallen King—— [*pointing to the Counteſs and Raymond.*
Low lies thy faithfulleſt,
Thy braveſt Peer——Theſe are the horrid triumphs
Of thy lewd revels!

KING.

Theſe——Oh Heaven, couldſt thou
Reſtore me yeſterday!

RONSARD.

When gallant injur'd Raymond
Sheath'd his good ſword, then thou, and France, were conquer'd.

BRAMVILLE.

Lord Admiral, deep were your ſtate intrigues,
Yet mark his truth, the favorite care of Heaven;
Tho' fortified with all the brazen mounds
That art can rear, and watch'd by eagle's eyes,
Still will ſome rotten part betray the ſtructure
That is not bas'd by ſimple honeſty.

LORD ADMIRAL.

Patience, my Liege, were now becoming grandeur.

KING.

Inſidious villain, in a baſer ſlavery
Than this thou long haſt held me. Oh Diſgrace
Left friendleſs in the field! me, and my cauſe,
So hated, none to back me! Hah! and muſt I
Be led to Bourbon? Muſt that haughty Traytor,

Avengeful Heaven, muſt he pronounce my fate!
O had I died a Monarch in the field!
Deeply, O Raymond, deeply art thou reveng'd!
Now I'm no King indeed——

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.

00052439

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 26 July, 2016